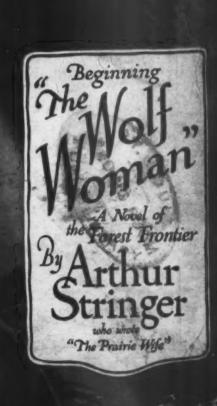
RED BOOK





After Smoking

-cool the mouth and sweeten the breath with

LIFE SAVERS

Arefreshing companion to your favorite smoke







Rouse your gums from their life-long lethargy

The soft foods you eat have put them to sleep; IPANA and massage will stir them to health

THE troubles that assail our gums today are troubles brought upon them by the "easy" life they lead—a life of too much luxury—too little work and exercise. For the gums, like every living tissue, need activity and use.

But the gums of most of us get very little. The dentists lay the blame upon the soft foods we eat, which, they say, deprive the gums of the exercise and stimulation they were meant to get from our diet. And so our gums become lifeless, dull and dormant. They lose their tone and health.

It's all very simple. Nature put fibre and roughage in our food to massage and rub the

gums—to offer resistance to the teeth. But to give us dainty and delicious things to eat, our wives and our cooks have stripped out of our food all these coarse materials. We subsist upon a soft and creamy fare. In short, as one famous dentist puts it, "We live in an age of pap."

How Ipana and massage offset the harm that soft food brings to gums

Our gums no longer receive the brisk stimulation that speeds the fresh, revitalizing blood through their walls. Deprived of the sustenance they need, the tissues grow weak and flabby. "Pink tooth brush" is the warning that commonly betrays the onset of more

late them to bealth.

To make our food delicious, modern cooks and chefs have stripped it of roughage and fibre. There is nothing in our diet to exercise the gums—nothing to stimu-

severe, more serious troubles.

The dental profession tersely informs us that we may hope for improvement only if and when we make up to our gums the stimulation so vital to their health. But the method the dentists propose—massage, with the fingers or with the brush—is both simple in performance and effective in results.

And today thousands of dentists recommend Ipana Tooth Paste as the medium for this massage, as well as for the ordinary cleaning of the teeth. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic agent which strengthens and stimulates the gums. Its presence in Ipana is perhaps the strongest reason for the professional support that has made Ipana so widely known and used throughout the country.

Make a 30-day trial of Ipana

Even if your gums seem entirely sound, start today to give them the benefits of Ipana. And in fairness to them, do not be content with the ten-day trial. True, the sample tube is gladly sent on receipt of the coupon, and it will prove both Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable cleaning power. But the full-size tube from your nearest drug store con-

tains over a month's supply—a better test of all Ipana can do for the health of your mouth.

Even for healthy gumsatwice-dailybrushing with Ipana is a wise protective measure.



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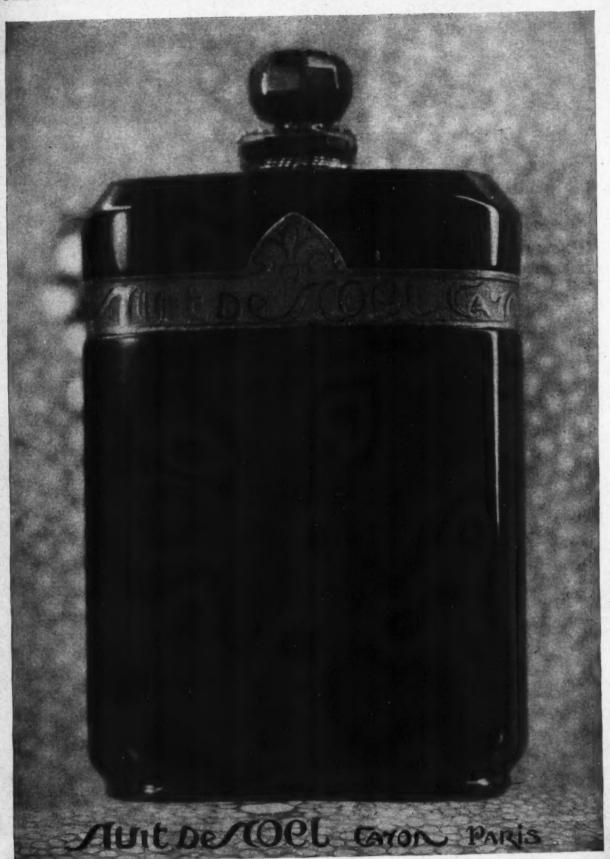
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THE SHIPWRECKED FORTIES

By M. MERCER KENDIG, A. B.

Director, Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

"THE joy of succeeding while you are young" is more than a well-written advertising caption; it is the dream of thousands who see in financial independence an opportunity for enjoying the many-sided adventure of living before age has dulled their zest for it.

Modern business conditions have made it possible for many men and women to achieve material success while they are still young enough to enjoy fully the good things of life. Yet many who have been outstanding in acquiring material prosperity, early in life, do not seem capable of enjoying their freedom in later years.

There is real tragedy in these lives which are empty at forty. Material success has been won through intelligent and directed effort. Twenty or thirty good years lie ahead, for recreation, self-cultivation and enjoyment. But these people cannot grasp their opportunities. Free to do as they please, they find little that seems really worth the doing.

This state of affairs usually appears to its victims as a gnawing discontent, vague boredom and unexplained dissatisfaction. They seek escape in the things which money can buy and do not realize that they are being thwarted by their inner selves. They lack joyous appreciation of living, and the other qualities which enrich the personality and create lasting satisfaction.

People who find themselves shipwrecked on the shoals of boredom and futility in the forties are almost invariably the products of the wrong kind of education.

The good modern school considers it quite as important to teach boys and girls to use leisure time profitably as to prepare them for examinations, or for earning better livings. It is during this period of formal education that tastes are created, appreciation of beauty developed, and new interests stimulated. The good school does not stop with the imparting of facts, but also inculcates habits of intellectual curiosity—the best insurance against bore-

dom at any age. Nor does modern education stop with training the mind and developing the body. In the best schools, emotional balance, consideration for others, and the fundamentals of group relationships are worked out under ideal laboratory conditions. These are the lasting lessons which contribute to well-rounded success and make the leisure years rich and satisfying.

The boys and girls whom I see in well-directed private schools and summer camps each year are being guided by influences which will protect them from devastating boredom or satiety. They are learning the joys of companionship and service, finding beauty in nature and art and satisfaction in self-mastery. There is no fear that for them life will narrow down. Their forties will be spirited adventures. Maturity will see them equipped to seek happiness whole-heartedly and to make the most of well-earned leisure.

For seven years, our work has been chiefly concerned with visiting and collecting first hand information about boarding schools and camps throughout the country. We have helped thousands of parents, saving them time and disappointment in their search for the schools and camps best suited to their means and to the needs of their children. We can give you intimate glimpses of these institutions, such as can be gained only by personal visits and by long experience in the field of secondary education.

Consult us freely about your special problems. A call at the office of our Department of Education, or a detailed letter will be equally welcome. There is no charge for this information, either to parents or to schools. Our Department is maintained as an aid to our readers—one of a great magazine's services to the American family.

Mellecertude





Très bien -Je vous rencontrerai à l'entrée de la bibliothèque à cinq heures et demie

Noubliez pas ... Au revoir

The Grim Mr. Haley Sat Amazed

as Stevens casually broke into French

HERE, Stevens, this call is for you," Mr. Haley said.
"For me?" Young Stevens was visibly

"For me!" Young Stevens was visiony surprised—and embarrassed.
"Yes, for you," Mr. Haley answered rather curtly.
In a flash Stevens remembered. He had been expecting a call that morning, and now that come to the last place on earth he wanted it—in Mr. Haley's office. It was the first time, too, that he had been called into the President's office. He took the receiver

and spoke.
"Hello, René, how are you?" Then, to the complete amazement of his employer, Ralph started to speak in French! "Très bien-Je vous rencontrerai à l'entrée de la bibliothèque à cinq heures et demie. . . Pouvez-vous bien trouver le chemin? . . . C'est bien . . . N'oubliez pas . . . Au revoir."

pas . . . An revoir."

When Ralph put down the telephone, Mr. Haley was gazing at him curiously. Ralph

felt an explanation was necessary.

"I'm sorry the call came here," he apologized. "A friend of mine telephoned to make an appointment. He hasn't been in this country long and he doesn't speak much

"I see. You're not French yourself, are you?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Haley," Ralph smiled.
"But I have always wanted to speak French,
so a short while ago I began spending a little

of my spare time in picking up the language."
Mr. Haley was impressed. Here was an unusual chap, he thought. He was accomplished.

For a few moments they chatted together about French. Haley mentioned a trip he had recently made to Paris.

"A buyer whom I met in France is coming

to see me tomorrow evening," he said. "Do

to see me tomorrow evening," he said. "Do yoû think you could come to my home and help me entertain him? I know even less French than he does English."

"I'll be delighted," said Ralph.
The following evening Ralph helped entertain M. Francois Glenneau, Mr. Haley's French client. Glenneau took an instant liking to young Stevens, largely, perhaps, because of his knowledge of French. The conversation was animated and continuous—Ralph responding to the Frenchman's -Ralph responding to the Frenchman's keen wit and sprightly observations with complete confidence. While Haley listened, understanding little, but edging in a cautious word now and then, Stevens and Glenneau

discussed business and other subjects dear to the Frenchman's heart. Haley was delighted. "Imagine," he told the Vice-President of his company next day —"Imagine what a 'find' for us that boy Stevens is. He doesn't know it yet—but he sails in two weeks for Paris to close a deal with the Marchand people. Stevens is going far with us—you can bet your life on that."

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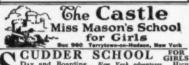


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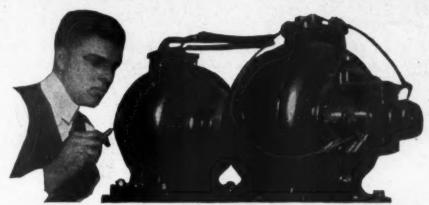
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And ever after—the scent of yellow roses recalls to her-his eyes; recalls to him-her fair and radiant face

Does fragrance paint dream pictures for you?

LOVERS OF FRAGRANCE—fortunate ones born sensitive to the beauties of scent—how much sweeter is their world than that of those who've never known... the rush of dreams brought by some old familiar aroma; the thrill of a newly discovered odor.

Scent-conscious people — blindfold — know the low spots of a country lane by their cool and grassy smell; know the flowers of their gardens, each by its sweet fragrance; such people would as soon walk in a garden of paper flowers as bathe with an unscented soap.

The dainty, fresh fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is loved by all who are keenly scent-perceptive. It is more than merely a fragrance; it emanates from those



rare flower essences which create, in this exquisite soap, a unique and twofold magic. These essences actually aid in cleansing each tiny pore, leaving the skin soothed and satin-soft. And after them lingers a lovely faint freshness which is the height of personal daintiness.

THIS FREE TRIAL CAKE WILL TEST YOUR SCENT-PERCEPTIVENESS

If you thrill with delight at its first

fragrance, you will know that you are one of those blest ones whose nostrils are keenly attuned to Nature's lovely scents. You will use Cashmere Bouquet always—finding it a joy and likewise an economy, for its hard-milled cake lasts and

lasts! The large cake may be had for 25c in drug and department stores.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 33-E, 525 Fifth Ave., New York Please send me a free trial cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and the little book "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin," endorsed by a skin specialist.

Name		
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Address		

Angelo

rautiful Doorways Pecoration by Franklin Booth,



HE who would have friends in his house should show a welcoming doorway, one that smiles serenely and promises beauty beyond the threshold.

The pioneer women carried with them the seeds of clove pinks, cuttings of the pink and white roses and the old lilacs that had made their doorways gracious. A doorway without the breath of beauty faintly perfumed with remembered joy would be too harsh, too empty, to be endured; and to make sure, they carried the germ of beauty with them in the covered wagons.

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Strangers look with hope and longing at the door-ways along the road. The blank face of the grilled palace, the grim and guarded masonry of the ex-clusive garden, speak in cold curtness: "Pass on."

But the smiling arch in the wall that opens vistas of roses and splashing fountains, of radiant sunlight flooding masses of glorious color? That is another and a far different matter. "Here is gentleness and peace and sweet content. If you have taste for such things, enter.

In the city of Rome, close by the ancient Bernini fountain, there is a little drug-shop, a single room, paneled in carved walnut. No ugly bottles marching along the shelves in flinty rows are here. Instead are charming cabinets with jars of exquisite form and color to hold the healing herbs and simples.

The shopkeeper is an old man in whose eyes dwells the light of understanding love and over whose tongue flows kindness and wisdom. In the touch of his hand there is spiritual healing. All day and far into the night people seek this little shop, but the healing they seek is not in the jars in the cabinets. It lies behind the gracious, gentle face, beyond the kind eyes, within the doorway of the spirit. To be sure, he sells things out of the jars and the drawers of the cabinet, but chiefly he sells what men crave most and can never buy

O you who stand in house and pulpit and shop, whoever you are, wherever you work out your day what sort of doorway have you builded for yourself and what sort of beauty do you sell? We are all wayfarers longing to enter a friend's house. You too are lonely. Your ear is bent to hear the footfall of the coming guest. What sort of doorway have

Look to it that it is pleasant and that it leads to inner beauties, to vistas of hidden joy. Set it open, wide, and the best the world offers will make pilgrimage through it.



After school days—

Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion, By Following This Simple Rule in Skin Care—Night and Morning

The best rule for keeping Youth, according to fore-most experts, is skin cleanliness by means of the Right Kind of Soap—which means a true complexion soap and no other on the face.

Made solely for one purpose, to safeguard the skin, Palmolive has made "that schoolgirl complexion" virtually the International Standard of youthful charm.

PALMOLIVE

Oc Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until
you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

T'S not only in the thirties and the forties that Youth Preservation presents itself as a problem. It starts in the late 'teens and the early twenties, with the admonition of experts that the time to safeguard youth is in youth.

The rule for so doing, according to the day's most eminent specialists, is the most simple of all rules in modern beauty culture—the skin cleansed thoroughly of beauty-destroying accumulations every morning and every night.

That means soap and water; but NOT just "any" good soap. A true complexion soap is meant. Others may prove too harsh. So, largely on

expert advice, thousands use gentle Palmolive in this way:

In the morning and at bedtime - this

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and especially in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

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A C O M M O N · S E N S E E D I T O R I A L

In Praise of Earthworms

By BRUCE BARTON

If the earthworms were to publish a magazine, some dramatic success stories would be recorded.

It would tell, for example, the remarkable career of John G. Worm. Born of humble parents, in dark surroundings, he managed by his own effort to push himself up to the surface. There he was spied by Fortune in the form of a robin, which snatched him high into the clouds. His moment of elevation was brief, but while it lasted the vision was splendid.

It would tell of Frederick L. Worm, who was working along quietly one day when an upheaval tossed him to fame and glory. Success was attended by pain, as is often the case. He was impaled upon a fishhook and carried away to be immersed in a strange element. There his life ended, but not before he had done the biggest job ever achieved by any member of his family. The fortune he landed devoured him, but it was a big fortune.

To the other worms these stories might be discouraging. "Fame is for the few," they would say. "Nothing ever happens to us. We just stir around awhile and die."

It would surprise them to know that a book was written about worms by the great scientist Darwin. Their surprise would be intensified if they were to learn that this book makes no mention of the exceptional members of their tribe. The few worms that are carried into the clouds, or succeed in landing big fish, are dismissed by him as of small importance.

But the great mass of unknown worms, who spend their whole lives beneath the surface of observation, he hails as the most important creatures in the world.

If for one year they should cease their industrious digestion of the leaf mold and their incessant stirring of the ground, no crops would grow, and animals and men would die.

I think that Darwin's book on earthworms should be a part of all education, along with the inspiring biographies of the great. It would tend to teach us humility. We who walk so proudly as monarchs of the world—what are we, anyway? Beneficiaries of the worms, without whose leave we could not live a year.

As for fame, it is stimulating, and lifts the spirit of the crowd. But shall we despair because to most of us it is depied?

Beneath the surface life is carried forward by the sustained loyalty of the mass. And who shall doubt that there are Purposes as far beyond our reckoning as our lives—which they make possible—are beyond the vision of the worms?

Whitman's

The SAMPLER and the SYMBOL of SERVICE

Good sweets — a happy thought — a graceful compliment! The Sampler combines an unusual idea with chocolates and confections that are exceptional.

Our authorized agencies, one in nearly every neighborhood

Sampler

in the land, help maintain Whitman reputation by giving careful service. They are selected for their care in dispensing candies of the first quality over the counter or by mail to distant points.

Every Sampler is doubly guaranteed—by our agent and by us. Anyone buying any box of Whitman's in any way unsatisfactory will confer a great favor by reporting it promptly.

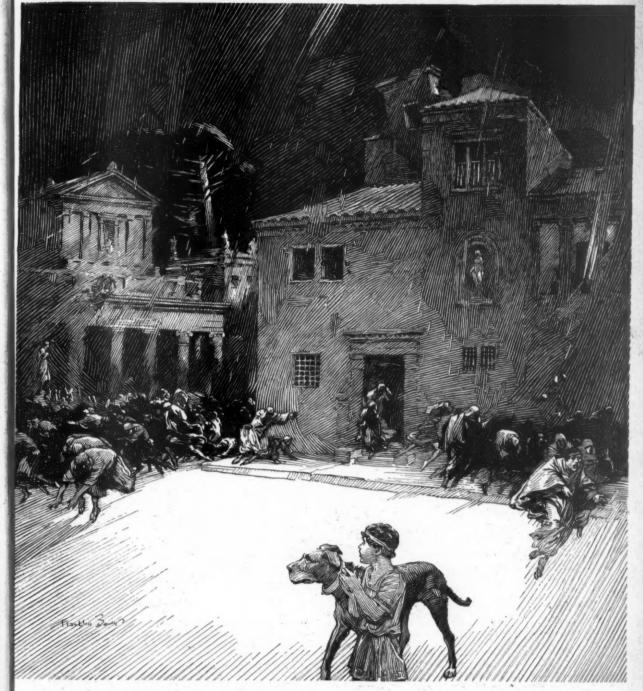
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N the night of the great terror, amid the most awful darkness of human history, little boy was left alone with a big dog.

Actually it was daytime, but the sun had been blotted out by the tremendous cloud from Vesuvius. "It had been," wrote Pliny the Younger, in the letter which told of his uncle's death near the doomed Pompeii, "at one time white, at another dingy and spotted. Now ashes were falling, pumice and other stones, black and scorched and cracked by fire a black and terrible cloud parting asunder in long trains of flame. . . . I looked back; a dense mist was closing in behind us, and following us like a torrent as it streamed bloom the ground the streamed and the streamed at the streamed when the ground the streamed and the streamed a long the ground.

"Night came on, not such as it was when there is no moon, or when there are clouds, but the night of a closed place with the lights snuffed out. One could hear the shrieks of the vomen, the cries for help of the children, the shouts of men."

THE DOG OF POMPEII

So much we know from the record of Pliny, read through the ages. From an-other record, as indisputable as Pliny's, we know of the little boy left alone with the

big dog.

Most animals escaped from Pompeii on its last day. The few which were found, when eighteen centuries later our spades explored the ruins, evidently had been trapped. But the big dog had not been trapped; he was found crouched beside the little boy in an attitude of protection which is his, now, eternally.

No one may doubt that the dog never tried to save himself. That night he had worn a collar; upon the collar was a metal

plate with an inscription which can still be read:

"This dog thrice has saved his little master; once from fire, once from thieves, once from water."

From the volcano, he could not save his master; and so we found him.



Illustrated by Iames Montgomery Flagg

WHEN Arthur Stringer wrote his great novel of the plains, "The Prairie Wife," he made the woman so vividly alive that the public demanded a second book about her; and then a third. Here is his great novel of the forest frontier and of another girl, the Wolf Woman, who will live like "The Prairie Wife."



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CAVER studied the girl at the back of the kicker-boat. She impressed him as an incredibly outlandish figure. As she lounged against the oil-stained stern-board with her khaki-clad young legs insolently crossed, she seemed both lawless and sexless. But he felt, as he continued to watch her, that there was something equally timeless about her, that she had rootage in neither the age of steel nor the age of stone. She reminded him, as she sat there oblivious of his presence, with her gaze divided between the popping gas-engine and the channel-rocks which she skirted by a crumb-toss, of a half-tamed husky that might bristle and snap at any uncertain hand about its head.

Yet she was arresting, he decided as he overlooked her soiled and grease-marked hunting-suit and let his gaze rest on her face, to which the frowning dark brows gave a hooded look that made him think of museum statuary. The cheek-bones of that face were unduly prominent, suggestive of an ancestry that might be either Celtic or Indian, or both combined. Between them, under glowering black brows, burned midnight dark eyes with an occasional animal-like glow filtering through their thickly planted lashes. Her mouth, incontestably large, seemed petu-lant and slightly imperious, showing itself rich in curves only when she smiled, which was seldom. But the reluctant red lips, once parted, revealed carnivorous white teeth that contrasted sharply with the Latin duskiness of her skin, a minutely pebbled skin further darkened by sun and wind. Her crow-dark

hair was clipped short, like a boy's, and combined with the highwaisted muscular figure to produce an effect of masculinity which was borne out by the flat and ample feet encased in moosehide moccasins and by the scarred brown hand clamped so sinewedly about the roughly spliced tiller-stick.

She looked like an awkward and morose-minded youth stumbling into sullen manhood. But somewhere about her, Caver decided, was her inalienable touch of womanhood. It wasn't altogether in the softer curve of the brown throat or in the betrayingly rounded line of the khaki-clad bosom, or the clouded wistfulness that lurked about the overpetulant lips. But it was there, proclaiming her as woman. It was so unmistakably there that Caver sat startled at her sudden sulphurous oath when a drift-log thumped against their quarter and stuttered threateningly along their side-boards.

"Where did you learn language like that?" he asked as he resettled himself in his seat.

He caught the flash of resentment from the dusky-lidded eyes. "Why 'n hell should it worry you?" she demanded. Her voice was casually resonant and full-throated. But her indifference to his implied reproof flowered eloquent in the preoccupied gaze which she directed across the more open water confronting them as they throbbed their way between two conical islands crowded with pointed fir.

Caver, as a man of the world and a twentieth-century father, Copyright, 1927, by The Consolidated Magazines Corporation (The Red Book Magazine). All rights reserved.



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could afford to smile at her insolence. But the thought of his own daughter brought the old heaviness about his heart and promptly tightened his lips again. He had been deluded, as he penetrated deeper and deeper into that Northern quietude of loon-haunted waterways and green-shadowed woodlands, into believing that he was striking deeper and deeper into the kingdom of peace. But that, he remembered, was an illusion of setting and nothing more. The seeds of unrest were in his own soul. And the momentary peace that had come to him from those higher and paler skies, from tranquil valleys and rippling waters and balsam-scented winds, was merely the crooning overture to his own noisier opera of perplexity. For his problem still lay before him. And he had traveled seven hundred miles to solve it. The succeeding thought that any possible solution of it might lie in the hands of a morose-minded young woman with a temper like a she-wolf did not add to his peace

"So you're the new manager of Trail-end Camp," he ruminated aloud. She essayed no answer to that, however, beyond a half-contemptuous glance from the overelaborate duffel amidship to the strangely clad city man in the boat's bow. "And just what," he asked with his slightly ironic smile, "am to call you?"

She recrossed her legs before answering him. "How'd Dynamite Mary do?" she finally demanded.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do at all," he said with a quietness that carried the menace of patience slightly overtaxed. they actually call you that?"

She obviously resented both the closeness and the whimsicality of his scrutiny.

"That's what I always got up to Elk Crossin'," she sullenly averred.

"And undoubtedly deserved it?" he queried.
"You're damn' right I did," she proclaimed.
"Well," he essayed as they throbbed on through the ambergreen water, "we'll have to see if we can't do a little better than that. You understand, of course, that I'm now the owner of Trail-end Camp?"

The eyes under the glowering brows studied him with a new intentness.

"Like hell you are!" she murmured, incredulous.

It gave him an appeasing sense of power, to watch her color deepen before his quietly authoritative laugh. He was still smiling as he opened his gold-monogrammed wallet and held out to her, across the duffel-pile, the documentary evidence of his proprietorship. But the blankness of her eyes as she stared down at the fluttering sheet of paper prompted him to put a question that caused a still richer flood of color to sweep up over the brown throat and face.

"Can you read?"

"O' course I can read," was the somewhat too belligerent

"Big words and all?" he exacted, smiling at the haughtily backflung head. He noticed the grimness that came about the rich red mouth.

"I can do plain readin'," she sullenly maintained. But a little of the hauteur had ebbed from the Indian-brown face.

"Then you'll understand that we may be more or less intimately associated during the next month or two."

"But ol' Colonel Bloodgood wrote up an' said he'd-

That protest, however, died away as the estimative dark eyes studied the impressively immaculate figure in the boat's bow. He came from the mysterious Big City, beyond the Line, the city of millionaires who traveled half a thousand miles to shoot a deer or catch a string of fish, the city of stately homes and paved streets and motorcars and music and books and the uncomprehended splendor of life. He had the finished and unweathered look of the elect. His unrumpled tweeds and his pallid high-templed face and his thin hand, on which a sealring flashed, proclaimed him as of that other world where women dressed in silk and sat under lawn parasols and bathed in marble bathtubs filled from a silver-plated tap in the wall. She had seen pictures of it all in the Sunday papers they

brought up to camp and so prodigally tossed aside.

"But it's what I say, from now on," John Caver was explaining. "And I'm sure we'll get along nicely."

The girl's gaze, as they threaded a flotilla of rocky islands,

was once more intent on her course.

"Then it was you sent up them layin' hens an' that crated milch-cow it took Indian Joe an' seven 'breeds to git over the portage?" she challenged.

"I was guilty of that innovation," acknowledged Caver. "And I regard fresh milk and eggs as worth both the initial outlay and the upkeep." His face sobered as he reached for his cigarette-case. "By the way, who does the milking?"

"I do," was the morose answer. "An' I had a hell of a

"An' I had a hell of a time learnin' how."

"Haven't you adequate help up at the Camp?" "I've Indian Joe an' ol' Kippewa Kate an' two half-time 'breeds, bean-eaters who aint worth powder to blow 'em to hell. They went out on their trap-lines instead o' puttin' up ice for summer use, an' I had to rustle four tons o' frozen lake-slabs with me own hands."

Caver looked at the relaxed athletic figure and the sinewed

brown forearms, looked at them with a quietly approving eye.
"You'd do it, all right!" And that unexpected note of commendation brought another wayward surge of color up into her face. She was, Caver concluded, much more used to opposition than praise. And in that, he felt, lay a hint for the future. Three pounds of chocolate-creams, he conjectured, might even take that thundercloud out of her eyes for a week.

"I really don't want to call you Dynamite Mary," he explained as he lifted his feet out of the oily bilgewater that slapped about between the boat-ribs. "Couldn't we possibly

improve on that?"

"How about Rorie?" asked the girl in the stern-seat, frowning

over an all but empty oil-cup.
"Where does the 'Rorie' come from?" inquired her puzzled passenger.

"That's short for Aurora. I was christened Aurora Mary Moyne.

'Moyne?" repeated Caver. "That has rather an Irish ring to it."

"Me father was Irish," explained the girl at the tiller, not without a touch of pride in her voice.

"Tell me about him," suggested the man from the city. And he tried to make his quiet smile a companionable one.
"What damn' good'd that do?" demanded his pilot, nosing the

craft into a six-mile current that boiled between dark-shadowed walls of rock.

Caver did not speak until they were in quieter and wider waters.

"We ought to know more about each other," he reminded her. "And when we understand our families, we're a little nearer to understanding ourselves."

Her morose eyes searched his face, as though she remained in

doubt as to his meaning.

"I guess the Moynes aint got much to be proud of," she said with an upthrust of the shoulder that seemed to contradict the words of her mouth.

"That's no reason I shouldn't know about them," persisted



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Caver. He spoke without harshness; but his words, for some reason, brought a flare of anger into her face.
"Is it me or me ancestors you're hirin'?" she demanded. And

Caver had to wait a moment or two for the fire to cool down. "I like to know about the people who work for me," he quietly enough explained, "whether it's on Park Avenue or in the forest primeval."

The thundercloud in the boat-stern lightened, at that, for

she was smiling again, though a bit grimly.
"You'll git your money's worth," she proclaimed, "when you git my private hist'ry."
"Is it so extensive?"

"Both extensive an' frost-bitten," was her sub-acid retort.

"Then let's have it," he commanded, remembering that the malemute of the North, after all, could not invariably be faced with kindness.



inspected the quartet. "Well, what is it?" she asked with her quietly challenging smile. "What're you going to do with me?"

She penalized him, however, by leisurely uncrossing her legs and blinking abstractedly over her engine.

"Me father was a bush-rat, if you know what that means," she finally said out of the silence that had lengthened between them. "He married a Quebec girl named Lacasse, an' when the Cobalt country was openin' up, he ran a road-house at the Gold Pan Portage."

"And he did well at that?" prompted the other.

"He sold red-eye on the side, an' when an Indian called Gray Blanket came down one winter with enough gold nuggets to buy a week o' firewater, Dad fed him through his treemers an' bought the secret o' the Big Squaw Mine for three quarts o' hard liquor."

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"You mean he bought a gold-mine?"
"There was damn' little mine there when Dad struck it,"
retorted the khaki-clad girl. "But he mushed through there

on a home-made sleigh. He came back a year later with a wild eye an' a frozen foot, an' told me mother he'd made a strike an' we'd all die millionaires. I was eight years ol' then, runnin' wild an' leadin' round a bear-cub for a pet. But I could pack a gun an' crack over enough rabbit an' water-fowl to keep us goin' through a winter's tie-up. Father Dumond wanted to put me in a convent, but when Dad got outfitted a year later I was set on goin' with him. So we all went. It was forty below, most o' the time, an' me mother got sick. I helped pull her on one o' the sleighs. When she died, we had to burn three cord o' wood to thaw out enough ground to bury her. But Dad went on, even after the last dog died. It was hard goin', all right. An' we et light. But we made it."

"And the mine?" prompted Caver.
But the ruminative girl was not to be hurried.

"We built a shack on the side-hill an' fished through the ice an' shot game an' got pretty comfort'ble. But Dad couldn't begin strippin' until open weather. An' even when he got his metal, he was so scared some prowlin' sour-dough'd ferret out his strike, he used to sleep on a rifle an' shoot at every bobcat that moved a chin-whisker in the moonlight. helped him git out the gold. I made the rawhide sacks we tied it up in. He used to sit up nights heftin' it, bag by bag, figgerin' out what it was worth in ready money. He used to tell me I'd never need to dress in moosehide no more, but would be ridin' round in me silks an' satins an' livin' on stuffed dates an' navel oranges for the rest o' me days."

"But what happened to that gold?" demanded Caver, with

a movement of obvious impatience.

"It was blamed near three years before Dad had that drift picked an' shoveled out complete," she resumed in her sonorous quiet voice. "But when his mine was worked out, he seemed more worried 'n ever about gittin' down with his clean-up. He was fidgety an' afraid o' thieves. He had to have a canoe, an' he wasn't clever enough to build one. But he got his birch-bark, all right. He got it when a wanderin' redskin tried to steal a calf moose I'd shot. I was fightin' for me camp-meat, an' that Indian had me up over his head, to throw me in the river, when Dad put a bullet through his heart an' threw him where he'd intended me to go. So we loaded up an' started back by waterway. Dad went with a rifle across the thwarts, watchin' both banks an' shootin' wild when even a red fox showed its nose through the underbrush. But we didn't bump into any trouble until we came to what was called the Long Portage."

The girl fell silent; the man exclaimed: "Go on!"

"It was the Long Portage, all right," she solemnly resumed.
"Dad didn't like that crossin'. He was so afraid o' that woodtrail that he sat with his gold an' sent me scoutin' in through the bush, to see if ev'rything was clear. It was mighty quiet there b'tween the pine an' tamarack. I c'd hear me own heart But I was used to the woods, an' I was in sight o' water again b'fore I heard a rifle-shot, an' then another. An' then I heard a whole spatter o' shots. So I went back. It wasn't much over a half-mile, I guess, but it seemed like a good ten miles to me. I went back, cryin' b'cause I dîdn't have a rifle of me own. But there was nothin' to go back to. Dad was gone. An' his gold was gone. All that was left was the ol' birchbark, pretty well tore to pieces with rifle-bullets an' one side of it red with blood."

AVER'S eyes widened. "But it doesn't sound credible, stuff CAVER'S eyes widehed. But it doesn't go was your like that in the twentieth century. D'you mean to say your father was robbed and murdered there?

The girl's face remained impassive.

"I thought they'd put him in the river," she continued in her almost monotonously full-throated voice. "So I stripped, an' swam an' dived around the portage landin' until me legs got numb. Then I tried to patch up the canoe, but I couldn't make it float. So I headed southwest on foot, livin' on berries an' roots an' tryin' to make bark-fiber twitch-ups that'd catch a rabbit. But they didn't work. An' when ol' Kippewa Carson picked me up along the shore o' the Little Winiska, I was mostly bone an' rags. They used to say around Elk Crossin' that ol' Kippewa found me growlin' in a wolf-den. But that's a damn' lie. I was eatin' bulrush-roots an' thinkin' about makin' a raft to float down the Little Winiska."
"How old were you then?" Caver asked out of the second

silence that had fallen between them.

"Somewhere b'tween twelve an' thirteen," was the answer. "And you're sure all this happened, that things didn't get twisted up a bit in your child's mind?"

"I damn' well know it happened," was the listless-noted reply.
"Then what occurred after this Kippewa person found you?"

"The La Tourettes took me in f'r a winter, but I ran away, an' a breed's wife taught me how to make ax-handles an' weave baskets. Then the Post priest tried to put me into some kind mission-school down to Mattawa an' I ran away again. I worked for the factor's wife an' got fired f'r goin' deer-huntin' instead o' washin' dishes, an' then f'r two winters I was second grub-rustler in a mill-camp."

"Mostly men, I suppose?"

"All men-an' with the bark on! It took mighty plain talk to make 'em keep their distance. But they learned to do it."

He smiled at her solemnity, and sobered again as he studied the intent brown face.

"They'd plague you quite a bit, I imagine."

She was prompt to resent that suggestion.

"Like hell they would! I'd cut the heart out o' any bohunk who got flip with me. An' they knew what would be comin' their way if I wasn't treated respectful."

H E knew better than to smile, this time, but he wondered how a figure so rough and vital could hold about it some thin but persistent aura of pathos.

"Then when did you first come to Trail-end Camp?" he asked with what casualness he could command.

"I used to sell 'em baskets o' wild strawberries an' Chippewa Then ol' Colonel Bloodgood found out I could archery sets. paddle a canoe an' put his city pie-faces over the proper fishin' holes, so he gave me a job that was half guide an' half undercook. That was three years ago. Last year when they fired
Lem Haines for stealin' most o' the camp outfit, they put me
in charge. They put me over Indian Joe an' ol' Mike Faubert
an' gave me Number Four Cabin to winter in."

She was, obviously, proud of her position. But to Caver it

presented certain equally obvious perplexities. "And you stay up here winter and summer?"

He could see the cloud that crept over the dusky face.
"I'm savin' up to go down to the city," she said with her first show of embarrassment.

He breathed deep of the balsam-scented air that seemed to be bringing peace to his harried soul.

"Why down to the city?" he finally inquired.

Still again he detected the vague abashment of a spirit not used to hesitation.

"I was hopin' to better myself," she said with a wistfulness that made him think of her, not as a woman, but as an uncouth

and groping girl.

"I think you're superb, just as you are," he found it easy enough to proclaim. And he was rewarded, once she had assured herself of his sincerity, by the answering surge of color that once more flowed up the butternut-brown neck and crept over the sun-darkened cheek.

"I want to learn things," she averred, disconcertingly earnest.

"What things?" he parried.

"The other things," she said gropingly. "The things you don't

learn in lumber-camps."

He stopped short at that, absorbing the shock of a transforming new thought. He had not the courage to articulate that thought, even to himself. But he felt, with a fresh surge of hope, that this lawless and loose-limbed woman of the woods might yet be made to fit into his own personal designs.

"I suppose," he quietly ventured, "you'd make a pretty big sacrifice to get down to some civilized town and learn to live

and dress and talk the way city people do?

Her sonorous laugh was slightly bitter. "You're damned well right I would," she asserted, promptly solemn again.
"I think it could be done," he murmured aloud as that absurd

new hope once more tugged at his heart.

She sat up, at that, and fixed him with her disconcertingly direct gaze. "How?" she demanded. He could not answer that question, as yet, but he felt the

expediency of keeping open any promised avenue of escape. "We can talk that over in a couple of days when my daughter Joan comes up," he said with a purely achieved casualness of voice.

"You bringin' a girl o' yours up here?" asked the woman in the boat-stern.

"Yes," he said, looking studiously ahead, "for several months." The woman at the tiller sat thoughtful a moment. "Why's she comin' to a camp like this?"

Caver was quick to resent that question. But he could not afford, all things considered, to show his resentment.

"She has a spot on her lungs," he said. ill-at-ease under the appraising cool glance of the other.

"Does that mean she's sick?"

"Yes, in a way," acknowledged the unhappy Caver.
she's able to be around all right. She's not bedridden. we thought a few months in this Northern air would fix her up. "Was she ever up to Trail End b'fore?"

"Yes, for three weeks, as a girl of fourteen."

"That," asserted Aurora Mary, "must've been before my time."
"Considerably," acknowledged Caver.
"How old is she now?"

The father of the girl in question had to give this some thought.

"She'll be twenty, I believe, on her next birthday."

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"In some ways, yes," was the slightly acrimonious acknowl-

Caver was conscious of the perplexity in the slumberously intent eyes.
"Is she married?" asked the girl at the tiller.

Her passenger, she could see, resented that question. He shrank back like a turtle in its shell, as city folks had the habit of doing when you tried to handle them too freely.

"And what if she is?" he countered, almost testily.

"It's nothin' in my young life," announced Aurora Mary with

her smoldering frontier frankness. And she gave emphasis to

her words by hitching, sailor-wise, at her oil-stained khaki trousers.

Caver could afford to smile at her. She was, after all, merely the big toad of her own particularly small puddle.

"My Joe liked it very much up here," he proceeded to explain with an achieved note of patience. "And it will make everything considerably easier for her, having a woman of about her own age around."

"Y' mean me?" was the quick demand. "Of course!"

"She may think I'm too much of a moss-back f'r a millionaire's daughter!"

"She's not in a position to be unduly toplofty," averred Joan's gray-cheeked father. And again some latent bitterness broke through his voice.

The girl at the tiller swung her boat about a pine-clad point and into a windless bay where a group of glinting log huts clustered about a bigger lodge, like snowy chicks about a mother-hen. "It's a damned good thing I got them shacks all whitewashed an' fixed up proper! How 'd you like 'em?"

CAVER, as he sat staring at the sepulchral white log-walls that stood out so startlingly from the cool blue shadows of the towering pines, felt that they would have been infinitely more pleasing to the eye if they had been left in the sober hues of the natural wood. They made him think of a frontier police-barracks, and, a moment later, of isolation-huts in a hospital zone. They almost made his eyes ache, with the afternoon sun shining against their blank and albified surfaces. But he could see the look of pride on Aurora Mary's face; and he had no intention of hurting her feelings.

"They look very neat and clean," he acknowledged.

That seemed to please her. But her reluctant wide smile was lost, a moment later, in one of her habitual quick frowns.

"They're clean, all right," she asserted in her unpleasantly booming voice. "An' everything round here is goin' to stay that

way while I'm runnin' this camp!"

"Oh!" said Caver. He made that monosyllable noncommittal, for as the boat circled up to the bone-white timbers of the boatlanding and the unspotted pale sand of the beach, he harvested the impression that everything about him was altogether too uncomfortably ordered and clean. There was a sense of cleanness in the water under their keel, in the recurring ridges of blue-green pinelands overhung by their austere Northern sky, in the very air that he was breathing. He even wished, as they nosed up to the wharf, that he was coming to it with a heart as clean as it deserved.

But he forgot that regret, a moment later, as he watched a square-shouldered old husky dog come tumbling down between the white-walled cabins, croaking a welcome to his mistress as

The girl, who had clambered up on the bleached timbers, held the wolflike black nose between her two brown hands and gazed affectionately down into the dog's uplifted face.

"Pancake," she cried with throaty rapture, "you pie-eyed ol' son of a biscuit-box, you're sure glad to see me, aint you?"

And Pancake answered that question by licking the outstretched brown hand and the broken-beaded moccasins stained with bilge-water. But Caver stood surprised to find such possibilities of emotion in a figure so wolfish.

Chapter Two

JOHN CAVER, for all his weariness, found his spirits rising as he made ready for supper that night. He detected some shadow of meaning, for the first time, in the name which had been given to that camp of his. It marked the end, he tried to tell himself, of a long trail of unrest. It carried an aspect of retreat, of escape from a more intricate and unmanageable world.

He noticed that, for the first time in a week, he was anxious to eat; he also noticed, as he seated himself in the cedar-beamed dining-room with its smoke-stained stone fireplace and its glowering mounted mooseheads, that his meal was to be an ample one. But it was not served, as he had hoped, by Aurora Mary. His sole attendant was Indian Joe, a wide-faced méti who looked unnaturally swarthy and sheepish in an enveloping white apron of butcher's linen. From the kitchen door covered with buffed buckskin, however, he could hear the girl's booming voice as she rattled range-lids and gave orders and shot oaths over

her shoulder at the none too facile Indian Joe.

But Caver, as he dined on white-meated black-bass and green peas and hot biscuits and wild strawberries stewed in maple syrup, topped off with clotted cream and surprisingly good coffee, was tempted to condone those flights of profanity. For the girl could cook as efficiently as she could curse. And for the second time that day, as he lighted a cigarette and strolled out to the rough-timbered veranda that overlooked the paling bay-waters and the lengthening shadows of the pine-fringed Point, a semblance of peace descended upon him. He found consolation in the faintly riffling water touched into orange and opal by the lowering sun, in the brooding high sky that bent over the blue-misted valleys, in the quietening call of waterfowl

along the reed-fringed shore-lines. That, after all, was Nature's way, so much more ordered and reasonable than man's. And it

was good to go into retreat.

But there were doors, he remembered as he noticed the camp cat carrying a limp kitten across the veranda-end, that could never be quite closed. And his mind went back to the scene that he had tried so assiduously to shut out from his thoughts, to that unspeakable family conference of a week ago, that awful hour in the mulberry-curtained library where he had met his defeat as a father and a man of the world.

The memory of that scene was burned in his brain, as indelible as a brand that is burnt on a writhing range-steer. always be with him, as vivid as a nightmare etched deep with unformulated agonies. Joan herself had not been there, at first. But his own sister Agatha had been there, stunned and all in black, as though it were a funeral. She had sat red-eyed in her high-backed red fauteuil, looking hopelessly Edwardian with her smelling-salts and her bewilderment before a natural enough law of biology. And his married daughter Gail had motored over to Westbrook, white and hard and indignant, with three small daughters to think of and an inexpressibly irritating way of interrupting the talk with faint and throaty groans. And their Uncle Ellis Norcross had been there, scowling and ill-at-ease and only too anxious to escape to his golf.

"This is what comes," attested Agatha, "of cigarettes and sitting on one's shoulders in speed-roadsters."

"I'd rather she was dead," sobbed Gail over her incongruously

opulent pearls.

"There was a time," Agatha Abbott thickly observed, "when situations like this were restricted to the lower orders.

Old Ellis Norcross sniffed aloud.

"It's the whole damned generation that's gone wrong," he proclaimed as he crossed to the sherry decanter. "And now, instead o' being turned out of home in a snowstorm, they blame their forebears for passing a Freud complex on to them.

BUT Caver's lost pride, at that endless and useless pother, had

turned over in its freshly mounded grave.
"All this self-pity isn't getting us anywhere," he had abruptly broken in. "We're not here to feel sorry for ourselves, but to decide on some plan of action. Just what are we going to do?" "It seems to me," quavered Gail, "that Joan herself ought to decide that. She flatly refuses to go to Europe." "Naturally," snorted Uncle Ellis Norcross, "in her condition!" "But surely some one can convince her—"

"But surely some one can convince her—"
"It's no use," interposed Gail. "Joe wont even talk about it.
She doesn't even look sorry. All she does is blink at me as though she had a secret her own sister couldn't be trusted with." And that sister rose in her tearful indignation and crossed to "I could the mullioned window overlooking the Italian garden. forgive her being a fool, but I don't see why we should all suffer this way because of her selfishness."

"Will somebody," intoned her Aunt Agatha, "kindly make sure

there are no servants outside those doors.

"Then," Caver had cried, "we'll make the man marry the girl."
"Joe," reported Gail, "says that stuff went out with crinolines. She says she couldn't morally live with a man she doesn't love."
"You mean she doesn't care for him?"
"No," affirmed Gail, "she doesn't. I think she almost hates

"I must say," asserted her Aunt Agatha over a black-bordered handkerchief, "that she chose a particularly peculiar way of demonstrating her hatred." "She still regards herself," explained Gail, "as engaged to Allan Somer."

Where is Allan now?" "Somer's down in Costa Rica," announced Uncle Ellis, "studying the banana-blight. And he might be doing more service to country if he stayed home and studied the woman-blight." 'But how and why," demanded Caver, "did a thing like this

ever happen?"
"She said," explained the tremulous-voiced Gail, "that it was the moonlight."

"Moonlight?"

"Yes-moonlight and a mood."

"They're like that, nowadays," averred her Aunt Agatha, with a melancholy shake of the head. "Going about half naked and doing negro dances and racing round three-quarters of the night in their own cars."

"Cars, my eye!" corrected Uncle Ellis. "They're not satisfied th cars. They get their kick out of (Continued on page 150) with cars.

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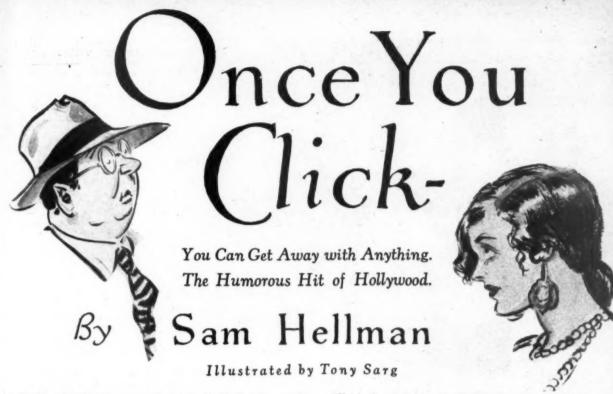
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CELIA SAVANNAH comes from proud old Southern stock and the most violent parental opposition had to be overcome before she could be brought to Hollywood to grace the silver screen. It is most unfortunate, my dear picture fans, that in the silent art the voice of this convent-bred girl is lost to you. To hear it is to think of bland breezes soughing through the

magnolias, darkies crooning in the cotton fields.)

Barney Cole and I were in the Borough of Blah shooting big time street and café stuff for "Merry Manhattan" when we runs into Midgie McCabe. She was kidnaping hats and holding 'em for ransom in a hole-in-the-wall down in Greenwich Village where the hicks go for thrillage and where we'd gone for a shot of celery phosphate, God forbid.
"Did you notice the patrician pan on her?" remarks Barney

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as we squats.
"On who?" I asks.

"The check girl," says he, "looks born to the purple."
"Born to the purple, eh?" I returns, glancing over in her direction. "Probably love's sweet gift to a taxicab driver and a shoplifter. At that," I has to admit, "she does assay neat and natty. Rag her up some, and she could park her pretties on Park Avenue all right."

Cole says nothing further, but between absent-minded sips of Scotch sarsaparilla I catches him gazing steady at the chapeau

collector.

"What do you think you've got?" I inquires, at length. "A find?"
"You never can tell till you Klieg 'em," comes back the director, "but from the curbstone I'd say that frill'd stand out on the screen like a diamond on a dirty shirt."
"Why don't you talk to her," I suggests, "and see if she's got teeth? —Wait a minute. I know the Ali Baba that runs this deadfall. I'll have him send her over. He can spare her; there want he a mob here for hours."

wont be a mob here for hours."

In a short while the chick drifts over and takes a seat at our She's even a better close-up than a distance shot, with

a pair of dark lamps that'd make a man forget his age and condition of servitude.

"Where'd you get those great big eyes?" I asks, sociably.
"I got 'em for a birthday present," snaps the gal in a raspy gas-house brogue. The looks are there, but the voice is sure on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. "We're in the motion-picture business," opens up Barney, "and I--"

"You don't have to tell Tillie," cuts in Midgie. "I tumbled the second you bozos breezed in. I'm just crazy about your 'Birth of a Nation," Mr. Griffith. And how," she inquires of me, "is Mary, Mr. Fairbanks?"

"Check the comedy with the hats," I barks, "and be sure to lose the check. Know what opportunity is?"

"Sure," she replies. "It's something that comes knocking at your door when you're out scratching up dough for the rent rap."

"Well, kid," says I, "it's caught you at home this time with your hair in curlers. As a matter of fact it's sitting in your lap right now calling you 'Mamma.' This," I goes on, "is Barney Cole, ace director of Quintessence Films—"

"Not the feller," interrupts Midgie, "that made 'Why Girls Go Strong' and 'Aren't Parents Punk'?"

"In person," I nods. "For some reason he thinks that map you're hidding behind'll click on the screen and he wants to make some tests."

some tests."

"Of me?" exclaims the McCabe wench.

"No;" I snorts. "Of your late Uncle Neuritis and that beagle hound of his that was killed four years ago come last Thursday.

"Wild horses," says Midgie, "could pry me loose from it."
"What," I pursues, "do you shake down per week in this comeon factory?"

"My income," returns the lid-lifter, "don't go riding around in sur-taxies, but I get my feathers and flapjacks out of it. You kidding me about those screen tests?"
"What makes you think so?" I asks.

"You'd think so, too," retorts Midgie, "if you heard the hooey the ginnies spray into my pink ears every night. I've had guys offer to measure me for yachts, star me in musical versions of the telephone-book, take me on non-stop flights to justice shops in Jersey—"
"If you'll report at our Bronx studio at noon tomorrow,"

cuts in Barney, passing over a card, "I'll have a good test made of you."

"In the meantime," says I, as she hesitates, "you might ask your boss what business I'm in, and incidentally you might notice that we're both sober."

"It wont be long now," remarks Midgie, gazing at the whisk-broom whisky on the table. "I'll show up," she announces, suddenly, "but who'd have thought that opportunity lives in the Bronx?"

"It's even been reported over Staten Island," I assures her. "Should the tests prove satisfactory," goes on Cole, "would there be anything to prevent you from going to California?

Your parents-

"The only parent I got," rasps the girl, "is up at the Big House doing a ten-ply stretch. All I need is a ticket out there and a good pair of shoes to hike back with."

She gets up and returns to the check-room, both of us fol-



hand-me-down struggling vainly to reach the knees.

"A natural!" exclaims Barney, enthusiastic. "Yo shape, poise—" "Youth, looks,

"Hollywood," says I, "is a clutter of 'em. Sending her out there's like taking a sandwich to a banquet."

"That's where you're wrong," comes back Cole. "Hollywood's loaded down with dolls—gigglers and lispers and deadpans—but there isn't one in a thousand you can drape over a parlor set and make anybody believe she belonged. Ninetyper cent of 'em give you the impression of having been brought up in a garage or a tool-house. Midgie's got class—she looks it and she walks it and her chin tilts it."
"Where," I inquires, "do you imagine she got it—from the

old man in the jug or from the patrons of this dive?"

"Where she got those great big eyes," returns Barney. "For a birthday present. I've got what I've been looking for for months if she tests O. K."

She does. Two days later Barney runs off the trial footage

for me. He'd diked Midgie out in a summery gown and floppy hat and shot her in a phony garden against a Southern set-porch with high pillars we'd used in "Old Carolina." She stac up like a million dollars-and a million miles away from a Greenwich Village speakeasy.

"Boy," says I, enthusiastic, to Barney, "can you imagine that genteel jane spilling dese, dose, dat and dems in a honky-

"The dese and dose wont show up on the screen," comes ack Cole. "Neither will the dat and dems."

(In keeping with her gentle rearing and cultured environment, Quintessence Films has employed Miss Savannah only in productions dealing with types and situations of refinement—in short, the haute monde. To use her, for example, in a story of the underworld, would, of course, be the height of absurdity. Great actress though the Sweetheart of Dixie is, she would be lost in such an atmosphere, as my readers might well imagine.)

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I have to beat it west the next day on some errand for the infant industry and it's two weeks before I meets up with Barney in Hollywood. We have a long talk about Midgie and his plans for the gal, after which I beats it over to the hotel for a call on her. No sooner does she spot me in the lobby than she makes a grab for my hat.

"Check yourself, girlie," ys I. "Check yourself. savs I. Midgie McCabe might snatch dome-pieces for dimes, but not Celia Savannah, the Sweetheart of Shake hands with Dixie. yourself and meet Celia."

She bunches up her lips. "That the monicker they're going to hang on me?"
"Yep," I replies. "How does you-all like it?"

"Celia's not such a pain,"

returns Midgie, "but where'd the cat catch Savannah?" "Savannah," I explains, "is a town in Georgia that's all festooned with traditions and cemeteries and other historical tooned with traditions and cemeteries and other historical allusions. We're playing you as a swell Southern moll—one of the F. F. V.'s. Know what they are?"

"Any relation to the F. O. B.'s?" inquires the McCabe frill.

"No," says I. "The F. O. B.'s are from Detroit and Toledo. The F. F. V.'s are the first families of Virginia—as you come in from Maryland."

"I see," nods Midgie. "On account of my being from a spiffy mob in Virginia you're going to name me after a tank in Georgia.

I suppose if I'd really kicked out of the cradle in Connecticut you'd call me Hattie Hackensack or Sophie Scranton. As a matter of fact," she goes on, "I was born in the South."

"What?" "South Brooklyn. So," she adds, seriously, "you really aint faking as much as you think. South Brooklyn's not so far from Georgia, is it?"
"In art," I informs her, "there are no distances, only dimen-

art." I informs her, "there are no distances, only dimen-You-'uns got no objections, have you, to being related

"Not at all," she returns. "Anything's better than being related to a number."

"Forget all of that," I growls, kind of harsh. "Celia Savannah has no past. You're Celia Savannah and until we get you good and planted at the B. O., you've got to do as the Celia Savannah nahs do."

"How do they do," asks Midgie, "what I ought to do?"
"I'll tell you," says I. "This is straight from Cole, so hog "I'll tell you," says I. "This is straight from Cole, so hog yourself an earful. To begin with, you're on the pay-roll for a hundred smackers a week. For that you're to do everything you're told to do-"

"Just a minute," cuts in the McCabe frail.
"—at the studio," I goes on. "Off the lot you're to lay low and hide out until the first picture is released. After you click—and Barney and I are making book that you will—we don't give a hoot in Houston what you do on your own. But we don't want the kidders to crab our act before the curtain goes up.

"Sing that chorus over again, will you?" requests Midgie, with a puzzled frown. "I didn't get the words."

You're supposed to be a refined Sally Lou, aren't you? Well, how long do you think you can get away with the demure Dixie damsel racket if you start slipping all comers the chatter you picked up in that Greenwich Village fade-away? How long do you figure a coy Carolina Sue front'll stand up with you absentmindedly snatching toppers from patrons in cafés? How long—"
"I tumble," interrupts the ex-McCabe, "but I can't keep under

cover forever. A young misery is got to have her company."

"A month's hide-away will be enough," I assures her. "In that time we'll spill enough hop to make the pro bonehead that time we'll spill enough nop to make the pro bonenead publico cuckoo to see you. Joe Allison's been put on the job of smoking you up and that baby'll have the folks below the Macy-Gimbel line ready to fire on Fort Sumter again just for a peek at Dixie's fairest daughter. After you register," I goes on, "it wont make any difference whether you're Dixie's fairest daughter or the bride of a Boston bartender. It's like oysters." 'Oysters?" wrinkles Midgie.

"Yep," says I. "You have to be coaxed into eating your first mess of the garrulous sea-food. You want to know all about 'em, where they came from and the so-forths; but once you get to like 'em-what do 'you care about their private life? You don't even think of it."

"About this Dixie stuff," remarks the frill. "Wont they get

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11--we jerry, down in Mammyland, that I'm a phony?"

"Be yourself," I snaps. "Do you imagine a blue-blooded scion of the South would drag a proud old name across a movie screen? Of course, Savannah's a stage handle. They can spend the long winter nights in the land of cotton figuring whether you're really a Fairfax or a Tolliver or what have you. main thing, girlie, is that you have the pan and the coloring that people associate with the perfect Southern type. Live

up to it."
"All right," says Midgie. "Now that I've got my marbles,
the time-clock at the studio?"

I'll play. When do I punch the time-clock at the studio?"
"Tomorrow," I returns. "Barney's reshooting scenes in 'Creole Nights' just to work you into the piece. The dame we started with in the part looks about as much like a Creole belle as I look like a pair of Swiss sharpshooters. Quintessence has been keen to get in strong with the corn-pone exhibitors—"
"What," cuts in the late Miss McCabe, "are Creole nights

and what's all the shooting for?"

"When the sun sets in Louisiana," I explains, "it's Creole ght. Want to hear the story?"
"After all," shrugs Midgie, "why not? If you're sitting in

in a card-game, it wont cramp you any to know whether it's casino or stud-poker."

"This game's hearts, sister," says I. "'Creole Nights' is a love yarn with a brand new plot-one that hasn't been used any oftener than a towel in a print-shop. You're the prize palooka of New Orleans. Two brothers are nuts and raisins You're hipped on the younger one, who's a wild about you. garçon. While he's courting you he jams up with another jane who threatens to crash the church and make a tramp out of the wedding unless she's done right by. The elder boy buys off

the hussy with every cent he has, takes the baby—"
"What baby?" wide-eyes Midgie.
"Never mind what baby," I comes back. "You don't have to double in the part. Let the Philadelphia censors worry. All you're called on to do in this pic," I goes on, "is to look pretty; and you can do that, kid, in a kimono, cold cream and curl-papers. If you don't knock 'em ga-ga in the balcony, ballroom and wedding shots I'm no judge. How does the lay-

out hit you?"

"I don't care so much about those sappy plays," says she. "I'd kind of hoped that I'd be put in something where I could be queen of the rumrunners or the swell front for a mob of coke peddlers—you know, one where I shoots my way out through a squad of dicks—" a squad of dicks-

"Celia Savannah!" I exclaims, "How can shocked. a well-bred

Southern girl even think of such things? What would old Colonel Culpepper say?"
"Who?" frowns Midgie.
"Colonel Culpepper," I repeats,
"of Clapham Co'thouse, in whose arms your father died at the battle of Bay Rum."

Just then a tall, foreign-looking bimbo as sleek as a hired escort

walks past us and nods to me.
"Who's he?" Midgie wants to

know, right off.
"Oh," I returns, carelessly, "some

Spanish don or grandee or something who's over at the Criterion lot learning the flicker business. I met him at a blowout the other night. Handsome, eh?"

"The answer to a maiden's prayer," she comes back. "We had lunch together at different tables today and he nearly choked on a blue plate trying to get a rise out of me."

"Want to meet him?" I asks.
"There wont be much percentage in it. He doesn't speak a word of English."

"Leave it to me, baby," returns e Sweetheart of Dixie. "I'll learn the Sweetheart of Dixie.

(At the Ouintessence studio, directors almost come to blows the privilege of working with Miss Savannah. Sweet, unassuming and



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kindly, she is at her happiest when helpful. Unlike many stars who resent any prominence given to lesser luminaries on the set, the Sweetheart of Dixie goes to extreme limits in forwarding the screen ambitions of others. Her quick, orderly mind has straightened out many a scenario snarl; nor is her savoir faire as to what is comme il faut socially a mean asset in class

pictures.)
Like I expected, Midgie wows 'em in Nights." Thoug Though the feature was built for a male star he hasn't a look-in once her oval face, slim figure and languorous grace dazzle from the screen into the pop"Who you been talking to?" I yelps. "Agents or glib tongues from the other studios?"

"I haven't been talking to hardly anyone," says Midgie, "but the Bell boys and Mr. Wu have been talking plenty to me."

the Bell boys and Mr. Wu have "Mr. Wu?" I puzzles.

"Western Union, sap," comes back the Sweetheart of Dixie.

"Don't you sand-crabs out here keep up with the English language? Give it a read." And she tosses over a bunch of yel-

I don't have to look at 'em to know that they're offers and eavy sugar offers at that. That's Hollywood all over. You

heavy sugar offers at that. That's Hollywood all over. You find 'em and make 'em, and they sign 'em and take 'em.

"The ones I got over the phone," remarks Midgie, sweetly, "are even cushier. Want to hear—"

"What good'll they do you?" I cuts in. "You're under contract for a year with Quintessence."



eyes of the come-ons. The gal clicks everywhere, but in the South she's a panic.

Joe Allison's done a great job in spreading the Savannah salve, and Dixie, always loyal to its own, breaks down the doors for a peek at the sweetheart wished on it. And that's nothing against Dixie. The way Midgie stacks up in the flickers, any section of the country would shoot the rapids to stake a claim to her.

THE ex-checker helps some in the put-over, too, keeping her trap shut during the making of the picture, even on the set, and herself under cover when off it. I sees her out a couple of times with Don Pedro de Barcelona, the Spanish slicker I'd introduced her to, but that doesn't worry me any. For all that mañana knows, the lingo Midgie's been slipping him is the same brand dispensed by the Lowells, the Cabots and the Lodges.

With Barney all set for another story featuring Celia Savannah I drops over to the hotel for a talk with her. While gagging on the lot's my regular job with Quintessence, Cole's been using me as a sort of liaison officer, probably because Midgie and I talk the same language. The gal's sitting in a clutter of clippings when I drifts in on her.

"I don't believe everything I see in the newspapers," says she, "but they all seem to guess I'm there with pink ribbons in my hair."

"Don't go betting the milk money on a consensus," I advises, "and don't go hocking your fur benny on the strength of one

"One swallow, eh?" comes back Midgie. "Pipe the flock!" And she tosses a cloud of the clips toward the ceiling. "Spring

"Meaning what?" I asks, watching her closely. I don't like her line.

"Meaning," she returns, "that I've clicked; and them that clicks gets.

"Contract or not," snaps Celia Savannah, "my art refuse to operate any longer for a hundred berries a week. Old Mar Rulen's cleaning up enough out of 'Creole Nights' alone to pay me fifty grand a year. Aint I entitled to a cut of the net?"

"You are not," says I. "Barney took a gamble bringing you

out here, didn't he? If you'd have flopped, the concern would have been out fifty-two hundred seeds, not counting the wast of time and film and publicity. Would you've been willing t take a split of the red ink?"

"You're overlooking one thing," smiles Midgie.

"You're overlooking out this,"

"What's that?" I inquires.

"I am not a flop," says she.

"Well," I shrugs, "there's no use talking about more jack well,"

"Well," I shrugs, "there's no use talking about more jack well," I shrugs, "there's no use talking about more in the shrugs, "there's no use talking about more in the shrugs, "there's no use talking about more in the shrugs, "the shrugs," the shrugs, "the s me. I'm for you and hope you get it—but don't overplay you hand and gold-dig your grave. If it gets around that a contradon't mean any more in your life than last year's snowfall i Peru, you'll be about as popular in Hollywood as a vice com mission.

"I'll think it over," says Midgie. "When do I work again? "Monday," I returns. "Barney's got a script that just drip "Monday," I returns. "Barney's got a scrifat for you. He's going to feature you and—"

"You mean star, don't you?" she cuts in.
"No," says I. "Bruce Gray is starred, but the billing'll re 'with Celia Savannah.' Pretty good for the second time out, eh

"No He's belt to two-w "WI interes him ca "Wh "Has feeding

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"Not good enough," comes back Midgie, cold. "I'm starred or curfew doesn't ring."
"You kidding?" I asks.

"If you think so," comes back the frill prompt, "two'll get you

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"You must be going cuckoo," says I. "You have to be an actress to be a star, girlie. So far you're just a flash—an eyeful of envy for the kitchen mechanics and a swell number for the boys out in the sticks. I suppose," I goes on, sarcastic, you'd expect Bruce Gray, the highest-priced baby we have, to play lead to you."

"I wouldn't have him," returns Midgie. "In 'Creole Nights' he had a breath on him so strong you could chin yourself up on it. I can just see myself letting that alky kiss me. If Quintessence doesn't think I'm an actress, let 'em give me my out. There are other and better lay-outs that think I am."

In the lobby I runs into Pedro just as he's getting into the elevator. "How's tricks, caballero?" I asks.
"Hotsy y totsy," he grins. "On top of some worlds I are sitting. Laugh off thems."

(Miss Savannah met Don Pedro de Barcelona at Biarrits, id the friendship begun then has developed rapidly in Hollywood. There are those who hint that the grandee came to California not so much to learn the picture business as to forward his interests with the Sweetheart of Dixie. The possibility of a union between the scion of one of the proudest families in Spain and the daughter of the Southern noblesse has the film colony all a-flutter. However, wedding bells are far away. At present Miss Savannah is too wrapped up in her art and her public.)

The box-office wave stirred up by "Creole Nights" is so great that Quintessence is compelled to play the cards that Midgie



who's turning my meekness into a

fine frenzy. This afternoon he raised

Castilian hell all over the lot because

Hal Dunphy was kissing his girl friend."

five hundred iron men per week and she has her way about starring in "Cotton Blossoms," which has to be entirely rewritten as a re-Bruce Gray is shifted over to another production.

"Who's been drilling ideas into the head of that dumb Dinah?"

ideas into the scowls Barney. "That toreador she's running around with?"
"No," says I. "The don doesn't know what it's all about. Midgie's not so dumb, though, the comes to getting hers. You can learn that a second she's "

when it comes to getting hers. You can learn much in a check-room besides the art of mixing up hats."
"I got an idea," remarks Cole, "that what I brought from New York is going to develop into a lot of sleepless nights."
"Wouldn't surprise me any," I comes back. "You know how these alley cats are. Give 'em an ell and they'll want the subway. After all," I goes on, "Midgie's worth all of the five she's getting. She's a better turnstile turner right new then Green"

getting. She's a better turnstile-turner right now than Gray."
"I got no kick with that part of it," says Cole. "She'd be foolish if she didn't pick herself an armful of flowers while the garden gate's open. But some of her other cute tricks—"
"Such as?" I inquires.

"Last night," returns the director, "I went over the scenario of 'Cotton Blossoms' with her. She wants to make a solo out of the thing. Leave it to her, and all (Continued on page 96)

"Now listen," says I. "Gray is a good guy and a pal of mine. He's been slipping fast and needs one good picture under his belt to step him up again. This thing that Barney has for you two will be a life-saver for him and-

"What do I care what happens to him?" she snaps. "I'm only interested in McCabe's Midgie. If Gray needs any help, let him call the numbers on the cover of the phone-book."

"What a twelve-minute egg you've turned out to be!" I growls. "Has that Spanish wop, you've been teaching English to, been feeding you rusty nails?"

"Padro" comes back Midgie bankty "i's a Spanish durker."

"Pedro," comes back Midgie, haughty, "is a Spanish duchess

and much too dignified a gent to be dragged into a conversation with you. *Buenos notches*. That," she explains, pointedly, "is good-by in Spanish."

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And Yet Woman-

By

Coningsby Dawson

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

DON SCUDDER, rising lawyer, fond parent of three small children, adoring husband, let the cat out of the bag by accident. He was thirty-three when this happened and has since fallen into the habit of saying: "I know now that women must be good, when I remember those who have rejected me."

must be good, when I remember those who have rejected me."

His story is entitled "And Yet Woman" because he insists that an and yet woman haunts every man who has made the irrevocable choice whereby he has ceased to be a bachelor. Husbands, according to him, are like sailors who have settled down on land. The seven seas still beckon; they explore them no longer. Palmfringed islands, deluged by tropic skies, are theirs to visit only in dreams. Safe in port with the chosen woman, adventuring ended, thankful most of the time for their security, they treasure the recollection of some more evasive woman whom they just missed marrying. Probably they're glad they did miss her. But, if they hadn't!

The uncertainty as to what might have befallen, allures them. It affords a fairy-tale, in which they play the rôle of prince, for which they can perpetually invent new endings. Because of this—because the lost woman must remain forever a guess—she spells romance. All of which is mere assertion—an attempt on Don's part, by herding all men into the same category, to

make his own conduct appear less abnormal.

He had been married eight years—long enough to forget that he had ever been single. It was a cold February morning. The clock in the library was striking eight as he descended from his bedroom. As he crossed the hall, he glanced through the glass doors and saw that his chauffeur had the car drawn up against the pavement, ready to run him down to business. In the dining-room his wife Nan was seated ahead of him, presiding over the coffee and giving their eldest child Jackie his breakfast. Their two younger children, Madge and the baby, had had their meals carried to them upstairs. He had already visited them in the nursery, been greeted by their milky mouths and bidden an uproarious good-morning. Completing the ritual of family salutations, he now embraced his wife and tilted up the bright little face of Jackie. Everything was happening as usual. Thus it would go on happening, till the children grew up and went out into the world, leaving himself and Nan alone—just the two of them, as they had been at that first honeymoon breakfast when he had pressed her lips so gratefully for having accepted him. There wasn't a hint to suggest that fate was planning an escapade for him.

Beside his plate lay a pile of letters. One caught his attention, chiefly because it was in an unfamiliar hand. He slit it open. It was from the headmaster of a New England school, inviting him to address the boys on any subject he might consider suitable. Not possessing any fame as a public speaker, he was somewhat surprised by the request. "Frayling Academy," he read: "Headmaster, Dr. Luke Stight." He'd never heard of Dr. Stight, though he vaguely recollected having seen advertisements of his academy. Reading on, he found the explanation in the final paragraph: "I must apologize for my intrusion. The idea that you might care thus to favor us was suggested by my wife. She saw mention of you in a paper. Of course you wont recognize her as Mrs. Luke Stight. Her maiden name, the care have the same Pagent. Barbara."

the one by which you knew her, was Peggy Barbara."

The girl he had missed marrying! The girl whose loss for

a time had left him inconsolable! So she'd married a school-master—the last person in the world he would have expected! He wondered whether she was as mischievously beautiful as ever and how she fitted into a clockwork institution with barrack-like regulations. He hadn't heard from her since that night in Paris when she had thrown him down so ruthlessly. Having listened to his fervent protestations, she had laughed into his face: "Are you crazy?" The sharp stab of humiliation still ached on occasions.

It wasn't that he wanted her now; it was merely that he could not forget her, which wasn't wonderful considering how much she had made him suffer. At first he'd had to fight against her memory. A character in a novel would suggest her; a face, glimpsed fleetingly in a crowd, would seem to resemble her. Once he'd followed a girl in the subway—how ashamed he'd felt when he'd come to his senses!—because something in her poise had convinced him that she was Peggy. As a matter of fact, it was a fancied likeness to Peggy that had first attracted him to Nan. For years he'd been haunted by her, though till this morning no smallest detail had ever reached him as to how she fared. The coming of children had done more than anything else to lay her ghost. Yet only the other day, when he was fully persuaded that he had rid his system of her poison, he had surprised himself by defending her. His wife, in mentioning an acquaintance who had jilted a man, had compared her heartlessness to that of Peggy Earbara.

"But she didn't jilt me!" he had exploded. "If you think

"But she didn't jilt me!" he had exploded. "If you think she did, you're exaggerating—either that, or I've given you the wrong impression. Till that last night, when I proposed to her, there was no love-making. I guess I startled her. Embarrassment made her ask me that cruel question. She was perfectly within her rights in telling me she didn't want me.

And then, why blame her, since she saved me for you?"

That wasn't the truth. He'd never admitted the whole truth to anyone. A wistful chivalry, undeserved on Peggy's part and hard to define on his, had led him to disguise the careless frivolity of his dismissal. Peggy Barbara must have seen from the moment he'd clapped eyes on her that he was dead in love with her; to fill an idle hour and to flatter her vanity, she had coined amusement from his adoration. When he had reached the point of confession, she had treated his emotional crisis as Because she had used him as a divinity might a footman, he had come to think of her as unquestionably aristocratic. He had been prepared to hear, if ever he again got trace of her, that she had auctioned her exquisiteness for wealth or a title. He had pictured her as being presented at court, being received at embassies, queening it over statesmen. all the time she had been back in America, only a few hours removed from him, mated to a pedagogue who bore the nig-gardly name of Stight! He fell into a day-dream, re-conjuring the ecstasy and heartbreak her misdirected fascination had caused him.

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Nan's voice, from behind the coffee-pot, restored him to the present. The old despair, which had benumbed his young manhood, faded. Jackie was wriggling to the floor in a hurry to be off to kindergarten. Overhead he heard the pattering feet of Madge and the baby. Yes, he owed Nan a debt he never

could repay; she had rescued his happiness.



Nan was tolerant as ever, an unspoken interrogation in her eyes. He romped with the children.

He glanced at her self-consciously. "Did you ask me some-

"What's in that letter to make you frown so dreadfully?" "Only an invitation, of all odd things, to address a school."
Nan was practical. "Why not, since they offer to pay you?"
"They don't, noticeably."

"Then, of course, you'll refuse."
"I suppose I shall."

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Since he fully intended to refuse, he ought to have stated his decision without equivocation. In the car, as he was driven downtown, he reproached himself with duplicity. What he ought to have done was to have tossed the letter across the table:

"What do you make of it? After nine years-nine years

almost to the day—she's grown curious?"

But he hadn't. He had made the receiving of such a letter important by his secretiveness. If in the evening he were to reopen the subject,—"Oh, about that letter! It was from Peggy's husband,"—Nan would at once see through him. At least she would suspect he had toyed with temptation. That least she would suspect he had toyed with temptation. would entail explaining his lack of frankness. His real motive had been to spare her discomfort. If he were to avoid such

an explanation, his wise policy was to treat the letter as negligible and dictate a perfunctory answer to his stenographer; that business pressure made the acceptance of Dr. Stight's kind offer impossible. There must be no mention of Peggy; he must allow her to suppose that her name had ceased long ago to hold any interest for him.

The law firm of which he was a member was Nan's father's. He'd come home from the war jobless, demobilized in spirit, be-lieving that all women were untrue. She'd restored his faith, lieving that all women were untrue. married him, mothered him, compelled her father to take him in as junior partner. Was there anything she had not done for him? When he thought of what he might have become without her, he was appalled.

Having entered his office, the first thing he did was to ring

for his secretary and dictate his answer.

"Bring it back for my signature," he requested. "I'm in a hurry to get it mailed."

Left alone, he tried in vain to concentrate on the routine work before him. Perhaps the best way to face the situation was, without prejudice and for a last time, to re-open the case against Peggy. How sweet she had been! It was possible he

"Our last night! Wheth.r we meet again, who knows?" But she dodged sentimentalizing. it should be our last, the more reason for enjoying it," she retorted.

had misjudged her and she truly had been sweet. No girl could say no to a man who asked her hand in wedlock and retain her reputation with him for kind-ness. . . . After all, it wasn't altogether a girl's fault if involuntarily she in-fatuated. The soundest proof of the rightness of her conduct was that they had each gone to the altar with a more predestined person. And yet

His secretary, entering quietly, placed the typed sheet before him. Finding him absorbed, she made a tiptoeing exit. glanced at the page. He imagined Peggy —not the Peggy who was Mrs. Stight, but the Peggy who had spelled romance for him—glancing at it. It was too cold, too ungenerous. She had held out her hand for forgiveness. He was too good a lawyer not to know that the most dangerous thing a man can do is to forgive woman. At the same time, this refusal was an ignoble tit-for-tat, as though he in his turn were asking, "Are you he in his turn were asking, "Are you crazy?" And after all the flowers he'd sent her, when flowers were scarcely ob-tainable! Only infatuated subalterns had gone in search of flowers when enemy airplanes were continually dropping death on Paris.

The nine years which had intervened were annihilated. He was again a poor little lieutenant, swanked up in a brandnew uniform, arriving on that Paris-leave he had so magically wangled. His regiment—the Twenty-sixth—was still in training behind Nancy. Ahead of most of his comrades, he'd received his baptism of fire. He'd been doing liaison with the French. The horror of men mangled was a nightmare which pursued him. For a few days he was reprieved from the shambles. Next trip up the line might see him smashed into something scarlet and unsightly. Out of all his life there remained to him this brief interval to cultivate cleanness and goodness. He didn't know a soul in the French capital. His one chance of making a respectable contact was the letter to a girl which he carried in his pocket. She was the fiancée of a brother officer.

Through unfamiliar boulevards the little lieutenant had plodded. He'd gone straight to the Jockey Club, the American

Red Cross Headquarters, where the one girl he had a right to talk with worked. He'd been so hungry for decency after the slatterns who were the only feminine products of the battle-areas. To meet a girl from home would be to insure comprehension; it would be purifying. To be made pure after the filth of the trenches—that was what he coveted. She had spoken with him only for a second. She was dying to hear about her fiancé. Wouldn't he dine with her that night? So away he had trotted to search for a hotel, never guessing he was living the first chapter of a legend. The rest of the day had been spent prosaically in tubbing, getting a haircut, making himself presentable.

The address she had given him was that of a pension, just off the Place de l'Etoile. When he inquired for her, the porter handed him a scribbled note. She was sorry not to keep the appointment, but she'd been swamped by a rush of correspond-



ence. She'd asked her chum, Peggy Barbara, to substitute for her. So if he would ask for Miss Barbara— He was disappointed. With the first girl he could have made conversation about her lover; with this other girl, so far as he

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knew, he had no points of contact. Only politeness persuaded him to carry out instructions.

He had waited perhaps ten minutes in the reception-room, when he saw her coming down the stairs. His heart flew into a panic. It was unbelievable that she was to be his companion. She wasn't attired as a war-worker; she was modish and elegant. He expected to see her pass the porter's lodge and vanish. She didn't. Buttoning her gloves, she halted in the foyer. Arch and demure, with an indefinable air of triumph—that was how he described her now. But the quality at the time which had leaped to his eyes was her cloying sweetness. Self-composed,



too, for all her unprotectedness. Sacred in her taunting girlhood. She asked a question of the porter and slowly, with restrained naughtiness, gazed in his direction. Suddenly he knew the war had happened that they two might be brought together. No taxies had been available. They had had to walk the darkened streets and travel by the Métro. She'd been slyly amused, probably by the awe with which he'd treated her. He'd tried the walking the her where he'd been the terrors of shell for what the

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explain to her where he'd been, the terror of shell-fire, what this meant to him, straight from hell, to be accompanying a goddess. How he'd never expected to live to see another girl—let alone a girl so beautiful. She'd said very little. He was the one who had done the talking. She had regarded him wonderingly, with wide, smiling eyes, which left him puzzled as to whether she was thinking him a braggart or divining how her presence was consoling him. consoling him.

They had dined at a stylish restaurant and attended the Casino de Paris, where the performance was gayly wicked. On the score of taste he had had nothing to reproach himself with, since everything was of her choosing. As he had escorted her to her pension, a flurry of snow was falling.

"And tomorrow?" he had begged.

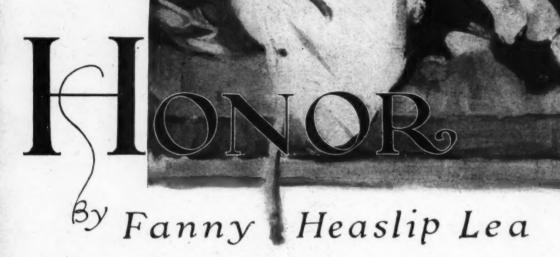
"Tomorrow?" And she had shrugged her shoulders. "Oh—

phone me."

"Tomorrow" he had phoned her. All the subsequent tomorrows he had phoned her. She had placed herself at his disposal; she had always been ready to break a previous engagement. Yet he had been so afraid of presuming, so cautious over betraying boldness. He had longed to take her in his arms; instead, he had kept postponing in order that she might know him better. In lieu of making love, he (Continued on page 108)

A writer who has won the affectionate regard of millions for her fine, frank portrayals of people known to us all, here tells the poignant story of two girls who are beset by a question of honor that involves them bothand a man as well.

> Illustrated by W. B. King



FLO came home at dusk, Laura a little later.

When Laura opened the door of the apartment, whistling softly between her teeth, Flo was already curled up in the windowgazing out into the tree-shadows of the Square, with her smooth dark head flung back, white hands clenched in her lap,

tense in every line of her—and waiting.

Laura said, "Lo! . . . How's everything?" with her customary briefness, although she had more than a suspicion that everything was very much as it had been when she and Flo parted that morning: unhappy-darned unhappy-and complicated. However, there was always the chance of a fresh angle on any complication, so Laura uttered her salutation calmly, then dropped hat, purse and gloves on the table and jerked the cord of the lamp which stood there, flooding the room with a soft yellowish light. "Don't!" cried Flo, sharply. "What do you want the

"What do you want the lights

"The better to see you, my dear!" said Laura. "I had a hunch you'd be mooning. Very bad for you, and gets nobody nowhere, so I stopped in at the tea-room and bought us some buns and things—"

"I'm not hungry," said Flo without moving. She had a lovely throaty voice with frankly emotional cadences.
"Dare say not," Laura retorted in her own curt drawl, which

was neither emotional nor throaty. "Still, you've got to eat, haven't you?"

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"I can't," said Flo wretchedly. "Don't make me, Lollie!" By which Laura knew at once that things were still as bad as they could be with Flo, and that for the time being, at least,

buns could not ameliorate. She said, gathering up her several packages: "I'll put this stuff away and be right back."

Before the mirror in her own little cubbyhole of a bedroom, she wagged her curly cropped head and scowled. do over! I'm getting pretty well fed up." "Gosh-all to

She went back into the living-room, sat down in the windowseat facing Flo calmly and inquired with businesslike directness:

"Been crying again?"

Flo said, "Yes—" in a smothered whisper.
"Foolish!" said Laura. "Doesn't do a darn' bit of good. D'you hear from Lawrence today?

"Yes, he telephoned—at lunch-time."
"Want to see you?"

"He's coming out tonight."

Laura whistled gently. She linked her strong little hands about her knees and leaned back against the window-casing, regarding Flo gravely.



"It means there's no one else who knows -about him and me. It might never have happened."

"He'd never look at me again," said Flo tonelessly.

"Why wouldn't he?" "Because he's in love with

"If he is, he's square-Larry's one of the squarest men I ever knew. I don't believe he'd want you-to hold anything out on him."

"He's not in love with you. You don't know him-as I

of course," agreed "No-Laura, "he's not in love with She gave a short laugh and nibbled the side of her forefinger, an odd gesture for her. "Still, I've known him rather longer than you have. You may remember-I introduced you to each other."
"Remember!" Flo's whis-

per broke in a smothered

"When you'd been here about a month," Laura went on briskly. "He dropped in one Sunday night,-he almost always dropped in Sunday nights when he wasn't out of town,—and I said:
'Larry—I've got a new bunkie
—girl from Georgia—want you to meet her.' Then you came into the room in a blue

"That blue georgette. murmured Flo brokenly. "I had kingfisher feather earrings—sweet, weren't they, Lollie. . . . He liked me— you could see he liked me, from the first—couldn't you?"

"He fell hard," said Laura "So did you. I'd seen him playing around with one girl after another—for years—but when he met you that night, he fell-like a shooting star."

"And so did I," said Flo dreamily.

"I said—and so did you."
"Laura—"

"Yes-I'm listening.

She was listening, but she knew fairly well what was coming, having been for three endless days and nights confessor to Flo's tortured soul. Flo always began by remembering how Lawrence had liked her from the first; that with Walt Shephard it had been different-utterly different;

and yet-they had both cared-terribly. She always went over and over the way she and Walt had cared, the reasons why their caring was hopeless—hopeless and desperate. "I was lonely, Lol-lie—and so was he—you don't know what loneliness can do to you—out in that beastly little hole in Texas."

At which point Laura, who had been walking by her lone in

the wild wet woods since her small fifteenth year, would inter-ject dryly: "Yeah! I s'pose so!"

But no matter how Flo began, nor how madly she talked, al-

ways she wound up with a flare of hope. "Of course-since he's dead-

"Flo," said Laura suddenly, hugging her knees up almost to

as a bird's or a squirrel's, gleamed under half-dropped lids; the small straight nose, the humor-ous mouth, the boyishly modeled chin were seen in a cool blunt mask of amiability. Beneath close brown curls, her brows drew together frowningly, but there was a kind of nearsighted good-humor even in the frown.

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"Don't whistle-please!" said Flo wearily. "You know how hate it."

Abruptly Laura stopped whistling. "Sorry!" she said. Flo stared out into the Square in silence, a lovely image of "Well," said Laura presently, "want me to talk—or shut up?"
"I want you to talk—if you can see any way out of things."
"Always a way out, old girl—same as there's always a way in." "I'd like you to show me."

"Told you this morning what I thought. Tell him! Take your nerve in your two hands and tell him! Then you're free—to

care all you like. Then you start fair."

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her chin, "if Walt Shephard hadn't died the other day,-if you hadn't seen his death in that newspaper,—would you ever have told me—or anyone—anything about it?"

I don't know what you mean," said Flo miserably.

She and Laura there in the window-seat like a sort of decorative design, two slim female figures cut out against the velvety darkness of the window, faced each other quietly, intently, as if they preserved a pattern under some queer inner compulsion.
"I had—almost—forgotten him," said Flo.
"And yet—he'd always have been there—when it came to

Larry. "Yes-

"His being dead-makes a difference?"

"Yes. It does. It means-there's no one else in the worldwho knows-about him and me. It might-never have happened -now.

"I see," said Laura. "Nobody's knowing—makes a difference."
"Of course it does!" said Flo fiercely. "I'm safe—now." "I'm safe-now." "H'm-in a way," said Laura.

Flo said with tears like music in her voice-she was going "You see-I don't blame myself-I back over it all once more: can't blame myself altogether—"
"One mostly doesn't," said La

' said Laura.

FLO barely heard her. She needed to tell her soul once moreand Laura was safe; Laura would listen and never betray what she knew. In the months the two girls had lived together, Laura's safeness and Flo's reliance on it had been proven time They had been happy together-even with Larry O'Neill on the horizon; Flo's softness, her almost moody tenderness, fed some shy lack in Laura, just as Laura's dauntless frankness refreshed and stimulated Flo.

Until Larry demanded a definite understanding, until Flo came home from the office where she worked, with a Texas newspaper gripped in one shaking hand, until Laura learned about and the power of loneliness and the beastly little hole on the edge of the prairie—the two girls had been happy, and contented,

Now-the scene was shifting. Endless confession, broken with tears and wild regret-endless discussion of the necessity for further confession where Larry was concerned-endless coming

in at the same door where out one went.

"The first time I saw Walt," said Flo, staring out of the window with great dark, unhappy eyes, "he was coming out of the post office-the horrible, filthy, dusty little post office-with a letter in his hand. And I was going in-with a letter in mine-He looked like home—the only creature I'd seen in months that looked like home. And I suppose I looked like home to him. He had on white trousers and a gray tweed coat-fancy! In that place!"

"Fancy your remembering!" said Laura.
Flo went on unsteadily: "I had on a little white voile—hemstitched-and a wide straw hat, with roses."

"Roses, roses all the way," said Laura.

"I loathe sarcasm," said Flo with exquisite reproach in her voice. "Laura—how can you? Don't you know I couldn't tell this to anyone in the world but you?"

Laura said after a moment: "Go on, old dear—I'm listening."

She knew Flo would go on in any case, that the floodgates

were once more opened.

"He was standing beside his roadster when I came out," said to in a hushed tremulous murmur. "I told you he had a Flo in a hushed tremulous murmur. roadster?"

"Yes-oh, yes-you told me he had a roadster," said Laura. "And he was there to get over flu—trouble with his lungs—and he was good-looking and young—"

"Not too young," put in Flo hurriedly; "he was over thirty. Oh, Laura—can't I make you see how—inevitable—the whole thing was? Both of us wretched, both of us exiles; I'd been teaching in that unspeakable school almost four months when I met him-getting lonelier and more unhappy all the time, no one to talk to, no one to go around with—even if there'd been anywhere to go; and I was only twenty. You can make almost

any sort of fool of yourself with no trouble at all—at twenty."
"Dare say!" said Laura. At twenty, Laura had been holding down a job in a publisher's office, proudly remunerated by a hundred dollars a month, and laying plans eventually to oust the publisher himself from his swivel-chair and his walnut-paneled

"I dropped my mail—and he picked it up," said Flo. "That's been done before," observed Laura pleasantly.

Flo turned on her in a flame of resentment. The murmur

broke-harshly.

"Yes-I did it on purpose! So did he! Do you think we were going to let each other get away? For the sake of one or two silly old-maid conventions? In that ghastly place—with the desert next door—with a brassy sun all day and a sickly moon all night-and a hot lifeless wind that never stopped blowing! If Walt hadn't spoken to me-I think I'd have run after him-"Flo," said Laura, "you don't mean that!"

"Flo," said Laura, "you don't mean that!"
But she rather suspected Flo did. It was amazing the number of things Flo could mean—behind that Madonna face, with its smoothly parted dark hair, with its wide soft eyes and its sweet

wistful mouth.

"Well-I didn't have to," said Flo almost sullenly. "Because he did speak. He drove me back to my boarding-house. I lived with some people named Barnes in a two-story frame thing, with the paint peeling off it and chickens forever getting into the front yard. He drove me home. . . . And

"Tell me one thing," said Laura suddenly. "Did you begi -just friends? Did you like to—talk to each other and so on— "Did you begin

or straight from the start, was it-something else?"

"We began—friends," said Flo. She added with an odd suggestion of pride: "But we didn't stay friends long—we were too And then you see, Lollie-there was his wife-"Should think that might have kept you-just friends," said

Laura. "No, it didn't. It made us both-more desperate-if you see

what I mean."

If Laura saw what Flo meant, she didn't say so.

"There she was," explained Flo, "back East, with everything in the world she wanted. She wouldn't come out to him. And he was still afraid-the doctors made him afraid-to go home. She wouldn't divorce him, and he'd no way of divorcing her. Oh, Lollie, that woman must have been a devil in the flesh! She knew he'd met me because he wrote her all about it. And he told me, that first day driving back—about her."
"Seems to have laid all his cards on the table—that's some-

thing," said Laura coolly.
"Oh, Walt was always the honestest thing!" said Flo. Laura laughed abruptly. The other girl glanced up surprised. "Go on, Flo! So you did try—I mean he tried—to have her

"Yes-and she wouldn't."

"Did you ever try-letting each other alone?"

"No," said Flo simply. "Out there? What would have been the use? Besides, it was one of those things that sort of blaze up in you, sometimes-you know, Lollie?"

"H'm-m-not from any personal experience," said Laura.
"I mean," said Flo, "I couldn't have stopped it-and I don't think he could. Every time we saw each other, we slipped a little further. It was no good pretending-so we didn't try. to feel as if we'd been-well-dropped down on the edge of the world—by Fate—don't you know? And what we did or didn't do was just that—Fate—and not our fault. It didn't seem then as if there'd ever be a-tomorrow. And in that particular today, each other was all we had-to make life worth living.

S HE was silent unexpectedly, twisting restless hands in her lap, never looking at Laura, gazing always down into the Square where the thin silver of the arc-lights spattered the walks beneath the trees.

"If you'd known him—" she said at last, with a long, long gh. "He was just the one to make a kid of twenty go off her head-tall, awfully tall and slim, with smooth dark hair and long dark eyes, a little dark mustache—and the whitest teeth. He had marvelous long bronzed hands. That's the one thing I've never forgotten about him. The feel—of his hands."

"Ran true to type, apparently," suggested Laura, examining

her own finger-nails closely. "Lollie-what do you mean?"

"Sounds a good bit like Desperate Desmond-doesn't it? Only needs riding-breeches-and a crop thwacking the boot from time to time."

"Lollie-how hateful of you!"

"Sorry. Not exactly Larry's sort, was he?"
"Larry!" said Flo softly. A kind of thwarted longing echoed

in the name as she said it.
"Yeah—Larry," said Laura, staring out of the window in her turn. "Larry's a different breed-isn't he?"

Like a phantom, Larry took shape between them, big and lazy

"Got to go," she repeated. She looked him in the eyes, a long straining moment. "Good luck, old thing," she said.

and blond, with his gray eyes narrowed, laughing, his clean, sen-

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"Larry!" said Flo more softly yet. "Larry's different—yes."
"Can't imagine Larry yowling about Fate—after he'd gotten himself into a mess—can you?"

"Larry doesn't get himself into messes—much. He uses his head. Poor Walt never did. That's one reason I want to—" "Marry Larry?"

"Lollie—you're so crude sometimes. I mean—I feel safe—with him."

"You'll never be too safe-with anybody," said Laura; "don't The faintest shadow of a dimple flickered in Flo's cheek, near

the perfect lips. Laura, seeing it, set her own mouth hard.
"You've never told me, Flo—what makes you so sure there was no one who knew? In a little bit of a place like that—how on earth could you and—this man—get away with it? You must

have made talk."

"Talk—oh, I suppose so!" said Flo. She shrugged slim shoulders and mopped her eyes. "Talk's nothing—unless people have facts to go on. I am absolutely sure no one knew-what Walt and I were-to each other. You see, he lived on the edge of town—off the road—and I had a horse—I used to ride by myself a lot. . . . It was easy to meet—ah, that part of it's clear!"
"Clear—is good!" said Laura briefly.
"Lollie—you think I'm vile!"

"No-I don't. I can't quite understand how this Walt man could have meant all that to you six years ago-yet mean so little to you, now, that all you feel when you find his death-notice in a newspaper is-wild relief. I can't quite get that."

"Because-you're not an emotional person, Lollie."

"No?"

"Love's like that, Lollie; it blazes up—and sinks down. It's silly to pretend that it doesn't. When Walt and I were in love, there was nothing else in the world for us. But that was six years

"Maybe it isn't love that's like that, Flo-maybe it's-you."
Flo shrugged once more. Her lifted eyebrows said that love and she were likely indissoluble.

Suddenly, Laura sat straight and folded her arms. She looked

at Flo keenly and long.
"Anyhow," she said, "taking it all, (Continued on page 112)

When a Woman Marries a Man Younger Than Herself

By Gertrude Atherton

ARE marriages contracted when the woman is ten or twenty years older than the man invariably unhappy after Time has begun to show his teeth? I fancy this is one of the subjects that can be treated from personal observation only, although on general principles it would seem that the disparate union is one of the greatest risks to which reckless human nature is liable.

A facile answer to this is that all marriage is a risk, and heaven knows it is. But when the two are of approximate age, at least there is a certain community of tastes that carries them along until living together becomes a habit, and they are contented enough. If not, they dissolve the contract; but prevalent as divorce is, the vast majority of couples jog along contentedly enough until the end. And of course the majority in either case are of the orthodox difference in age.

Looking back, I recall very few "happy" marriages, but a

Looking back, I recall very few "happy" marriages, but a vast number of comfortable ones. The trouble is of course that women understand men too well, and men understand women too little—and imagine they understand them perfectly. Or perhaps that is the reason the majority of marriages are a success!

I long since concluded that success in marriage depends upon the woman, not only because women—leaving the morons out of the question—are cleverer than men, but because they have infinitely more patience.

When a woman has married a man much younger than herseif patience does not always avail—nor cleverness. For that matter, although a woman may be very brilliant intellectually who commits this folly, she can hardly be called clever.

As far as I have observed, where there is only a difference of five or six years on the wrong side there is quite as good a prospect of adjustment as in the average marriage. The more experience a girl can take into matrimony the better, for the woman needs so much inventive resource to manage a man (at heart both savage and child), that she is fortunate to be able to begin at once.

It is generally supposed that when a young man marries a woman many years older than himself he is—money aside—carried away by a wild gust of passion. But this is not always

the case. Some men want a mother.

Several years before the Boer War one of the most brilliant of the London correspondents, a delicate man in his twenties, astounded his world by marrying a woman of fifty. She was not even a young fifty—dressed dowdily, and wore caps. Her pleasant kind face was extremely plain. But there never was a more successful marriage as long as fate permitted it to last. She had a charming country house, and when he returned from one of his trips to America, Russia, the Balkans, or wherever, he thankfully hurried home to her to be put to bed and nursed back to strength. His newspaper always gave him a long vacation after each of his exhausting trips, and during that time he was comfortable and happy in her companionship, and returned to his exhausting work with renewed energies. He died of enteric in Ladysmith.

I fancy he had had no mother since childhood, and with his feeble frame driven by a mind of abnormal activity, he wanted a mother more than anything else on earth. She had never had

any children. Here was one of the rare cases where both got what they wanted. After his death she adopted a number of children. These and her memories sufficed her. Such an opportunity for completion does not come a woman's way twice.

I met once when traveling another delicate young man, who was also a correspondent—for one of the New York journals. He was a bright youth, and I kept up a desultory correspondence with him. One day I received a letter saying that he was about to be married and should take New York in on his honeymoon. He brought his wife to see me as soon as he arrived. He was a little fellow and not more than twenty-three. She was well past thirty, quite a head taller, and decidedly spinsterish, but very amiable and intelligent.

Some other people came in and when her attention was engaged elsewhere I couldn't help asking him if he hadn't wanted a mother. He looked surprised for a moment and then answered frankly, "Why yes, I believe I did!" I lost sight of him after a time but have every reason to think that the marriage turned out well.

Perhaps it may be argued from these two examples that only delicate young men should defy what we somewhat loosely call the laws of nature, but it is always unwise to generalize. Possibly we are all the victims of convention, and if it had been the custom from time immemorial to indulge in these disparities, or if we enjoyed a higher state of civilization where we were less animal and more intellectual, age would not come into the question at all.

But in present conditions age is one of the determining factors in matrimonial orientation. And it is one of the cases where inherited impressions are triumphant.

AN interesting example of marital unbalance occurred in this country some years ago. A woman of wealth, distinguished social position in one of our first cities, a leader of fashion and still handsome at forty-five, ran away with her son's college chum and took him to one of the most picturesque cities of Europe. Her husband divorced her and she married her infant and settled down in a palace.

Some six years later I crossed with them from Cherbourg on an Atlantic liner. It was to be seen at a glance that she had no ambition to play the mother. Her hair was dyed a bright scarlet, and her excessive and determined animation was one of the most fatiguing exhibitions I ever witnessed. But she was still a handsome woman, exquisitely dressed and groomed, and her tall attenuated figure was style personified.

her tall attenuated figure was style personified.

I never saw him talk to her. He lay all day long in his steamer chair gazing moodily out to sea, a rather stout sulky young man who looked as if he could make himself extremely disagreeable. I was told that his Americanism had asserted itself and she could keep him in Europe no longer. He was determined to return to his energetic American city and go into his father's business. I believe the inevitable happened not long after.

It occurred to me as I watched them sitting side by side, he silent and withdrawn, she talking with her terrible animation to several friends who happened to be on board, that she was

probably more tired of him than he of her. She was a bright woman of great worldly experience; in the city where she had been a power for nearly a quarter of a century she must have had the social companionship of the most brilliant and im-portant men of her day. What in heaven's name could she have found even in the beginning to talk about to a raw youth? He looked anything but brilliant, and although he may have been handsome when she eloped with him, there was little trace of it six years later-looks talk only during the first few months of matrimony. A quite devoted husband said to me once: "Oh, a man, no matter how fond he may be of his wife, doesn't know what she looks like after six months of married life." I should think this would be even truer in the reverse, for men have none

of the resources of art and

fashion.

After all, as another man, and one highly experienced in women, also confided to me, it all comes down to mental companionship. And of course this means not only a similarity of intellectual tastes, but of ideals, interests, aspirations, and the experiences common to the same generation.

I used to look at those

two on the boat and wonder what they had talked about for six years, and why it had lasted that long. They had lived in a city where there were no clubs for American men, and they must have been thrown wholly on each other's so-

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She may perhaps have undertaken to instruct him in art, but he didn't look very responsive to the higher en-joyments. "Business" was written all over him. No doubt she had given him up as a bad job long since and bitterly repented her folly, but pride had kept her in Europe, and she had held him there by appealing to his chivalry—he didn't look as if he had a great amount -and playing on his appre-hensions of being laughed at if he returned home with an elderly wife. However, all resources failed, and they had set out at last for the ultimate rocks. T do not doubt that when the worst was over she drew a deep breath of relief, ate what she pleased, enjoyed long spells of silence, and amused herself with her

grandchildren. I was associated more intimately with a somewhat similar se when I was in my twenties. I had drifted into an inticase when I was in my twenties. I had drifted into an inti-mate friendship with a widow of thirty-nine; a woman with five or six children, whose face was still lovely, if her figure was long past its youth. Although she made little effort I have never met anyone with more of that insidious quality known

as charm.

She had created some talk by permitting the attentions of a boy of nineteen, a youth who up to that time had shown a decided preference for girls. But although her friends thought her "rather silly" for indulging in such a flirtation, no one looked upon it as anything else, and as he must return to his Eastern college before long, really gave it little thought.

One day she walked into my house in the country looking flushed and agitated. I knew that she was subject to violent headaches, so I pushed her into a chair and went at once for

When I returned she was drumming her aspirin and water.

fingers on the table and ignored my ministrations.
"I have come to tell you something," she said, "and please do not be horrified. I have just promised to marry Richard."

Now, even at that early age I prided myself upon being unconventional, possibly because my lines were cast among the most conventional social group in all California. But I exclaimed involuntarily, "Oh, don't!" Then remembering myself I added with a blasé air: "Why not have an affair with him and get over it?"

She looked at me in absolute horror. "You naughty child!" she said severely. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You know I never would do such a thing. Do you suppose that is all there is to love?"

Then I thought I would e quite honest. "But a be quite honest. boy-nineteen! It isn't fair to him, to say nothing of yourself. You are old enough to have more sense if he hasn't-"

She was a sweet-tempered woman but she interrupted angrily and half-rose. "I came to tell you first be-cause I thought you were different from the others, and really fond of me, and would sympathize and understand. And you treat me like this when I never needed a friend more!"

I turned another mental somersault. "Of course I am fond of you," I protested, "and I'll stand by you no matter what happens. I am only thinking of you. I have always heard that such marriages don't turn out well, and there will be a terrible uproar. Other men are in love with you. Why do you pick out a mere boyalthough I will admit that he is old for his age-

"That is just it," she in-terrupted eagerly. "And I am very young for mine."

This was true. She went on to tell me all about it and I had convinced myself before we parted that here was a romance both ideal and unique. After all, Ninon de l'Enclos had had lovers at eighty and kept them, so why not Penelope with eternal youth in her face and composition, if not in her figure. She had not been very happy in her first

marriage, so why shouldn't she have her chance? What business after all was it of anyone else? The young man was very clever and old for his years; although anything less romantic in looks, or less alluring in manner, I had never met.

There was a social hurricane when the engagement was announced, for both families were among the most prominent in San Francisco. Society was divided into two camps. No other subject was discussed for weeks. The fathers of both were dead but their mothers stood by them, after all protests had proved unavailing. Her elder children were furious but helpless, and they were equally angry with me for encouraging her. All kinds of pressure was brought to bear, but she was one of those sweet determined women whose passive resistance is impregnable, and he was sincerely in love with her. The wedding was set for a certain date.

They had taken a house in the country, as both hated city (Continued on page 98) life. A week before the wedding



GERTRUDE ATHERTON, who wrote the brilliant romance of an older woman and a young man, "Black Oxen" and, recently, "The Immortal Marriage."

The Lovely Ducklings His Own Life

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by John La Gatta

THE whole Todd family was worried about the firstborn. Gilman was twenty-six, had a good job at fair wages, and was supposed to be able to take care of himself. But all the family felt that he was quite unable to accomplish that miracle alone.

The worst of it was that Gilman was not going it alone. This was what worried the Todds. None of them spoke about it to any of them, but all of them gave it occasional anxious thought.

And Gilman was the worst worried of the lot, for he knew more than any of them even surmised.

His father was too busy to fret much about him, and had neither time nor inclination to snoop. But now and then he was troubled; for now and then Gilman would call on him at the office-never at home-and begin:

"Dad, old boy-

Whenever Gilman said, "Dad, old boy," it somehow seemed to mean: "Fellow-conspirator, I have a bit of crockedness in mind that needs your help." crookedness in mind that needs your help.

Dad-old-boy never expressed his fears, but even paternal hacks have flashes of what is known as womanly intuition. Only they don't dare act upon them often; they find it safer not to pursue them.

Once when Gilman had made one of his sly visits to his father and had visibly touched him for a handful of green leaves from the old wallet, a fellow-worker, Hake,

the office humorist, grinned and said:
"Have you shersed the fem?"
"How?" said Father, who was a bit "How?" said Father, who was a bit thick of hearing always, and almost totally deaf to unfamiliar phrases.
"French for—'There's a woman in the wood-pile!'" Hake

explained. "And 'y gollies, but the young fellers these daysthey're all sheiks and sultans in a world of shebas."

This last was more foreign than Hake's French, so Mr. Todd simply gave a deaf man's genial pretense of having understood, and with a tinny laugh assented: "That's so!"

He went back to his desk, poorer in purse but richer in

anxieties.

Gilman's mother had worried about him ever since she had been accustomed to waking up in the middle of the coldest nights suspecting that he was uncovered in his bed. had shivered through the dark chill to his room, she always found her suspicions confirmed. Gilman had a wonderful gift for throwing off protections and exposing himself to the wintry

He had had no secrets from his mother then, or certainly not many; but of late he had had nothing else. She knew hardly any of his thoughts or his deeds. He lived away from home-

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at the Athletic Club-he said; and he dropped in with increasing infrequency for calls of diminishing

length. He always had to get away early, too.
Of cold nights now Mrs. Todd still woke up and
wondered if Gilman needed tucking in. It would have delighted her to go barefoot across the town to his room and draw the coverlets over him. But that would have startled even an athletic club, and probably embarrassed him. And perhaps he would not have been there.

This forbidding and forbidden thought fermented at the back of her soul in the suppressed and self-reproachful meditation a mother gives to the hidden conduct of a son. She told herself that all men, even the nicest ones, were probably different from nice women, and that nice women stifled their imaginations.

Yet her brain ran on in spite of her prohibitions. It took a

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A genius for graphic character interpretation takes, one by one, the members of an American family each at the crisis of his, or her, life.



fierce spurt when she overheard her daughter Louise confide in her young man something about Gilman being mighty lucky,

but unable to "graze through everything forever."

What was that "everything" that he had hitherto "grazed through" but could not always? She was in a torment now. The following evening Gilman sat on the front porch for a short while interrupted with constant conspicuously inconspicuous references to his wrist-watch, and finally tore himself away from her pleas

for a few moments more. Mrs. Todd sighed aloud to Louise: "What d'you suppose he's always in such a hurry for? He has no night-work to do."

"Ha!" Louise cackled stridently. Mrs. Todd looked surprised. "And what do you mean by that?"

Louise indulged in one of her clamlike shell-closings:

"Nothing at all, my dear. I mean, he has to get to the hayhe has a heap of pillow-pounding to do before the alarm-clock shouts hallelujah!"

And that was all that could be got out of Louise. Mrs. Todd turned to her eldest daughter, Helen. She was even more dis-

"If I were you, Mother, I wouldn't ask too many questions; you might find out something you wished you hadn't. grown up, you know; and a man has a right to lead his own life—and so has a woman, if anybody should drive up and ask you."

This sounded like a warning on her own account, and her mother dropped the subject from her talk, but not from her

The next time Gilman came home, he looked as if he had gone through some infernal trouble. He did not twist his watchwrist to look at the time, but he was preoccupied about some distress that made him catch great breaths like cavernous sighs.

When his mother asked him what was on his mind, he barred her out with: "Oh, nothing! Everything's all right—perfectly all right!"

If he had not repeated it, it would have been

more convincing.

He sat like a man half-alive until it came time for the youngest daughter, Dorothy, to go up to As the child, who was dangerously unlike a child, went to Gilman to kiss him good-night, she giggled with malice and sang:

> Honey, my heart's on fire, Send me a kiss by wire, Oh, telephome-oh, tell a phome!

Her young brother whooped with sudden laughter. Which was strange, for Clifford al-ways sneered at his little sister's jokes unless hurt somebody else. And he matched Dorothy's puerility with a worse: "Haw, haw, Gil! That's a good one on you!"

With an amazing rage Gilman lunged at him, and he fell off the porch into a rosebush to escape, emerging so torn that he began to bawl, and his mother took him in to extract the thorns from his face and elsewhere.

When Mrs. Todd came back, Gilman was gone. Helen and Louise pretended not to know what the joke might be that Gilman found so infuriating. Then Mrs. Todd went up to tuck in Dodie, who was awake, of course, when her mother came in, and reading a book which she kept covered with cautious carelessness. Her mother began turning out the lights and asked as casually as she could:

"What did you mean by what you said to your brother about 'Honey, my heart's on fire?" Oh, nothing! Nothing a-tall, Momma."

Mrs. Todd glared at the baby face, babyfying itself still further, and she muttered: "If you children don't quit saying, 'Oh, nothing!' to every question I ask you, there's going to be an 'Oh, something!' around here that will hurt somehody.

Dorothy looked frightened but persisted that she meant nothing, and pretended to go to sleep until her mother left the room, when she got up

and turned on the lights again.

Mrs. Todd had not caught the telephone significance of Dorothy's song, but what Dorothy had really referred to was what was keeping Gilman preoccupied. His heart was both occupied and preoccupied, and the preoccupant was a telephone girl, a pretty one and a bright one, a smile-voiced one. telephone girl, a pretty one and a bright one, a smile-voiced one. Miss Cora Liddy could say "Excuse it, please!" in a tone that would make a man give her a wrong number just to hear her beg his pardon with her entrancing music.

How Dorothy and Clifford had heard of Cora staggered Gil-

man more than his first rage at being laughed at. It was a flareback to his earliest feelings concerning Cora, when he would have defended her with his life. Now he was trying to defend his life from her. To be treated as if he were still infatuated with her was too much.

The family had found out about her only when she was more or less ancient history to him. Gossip spreads fast, but it often reaches its farthest points after the initial impetus is dead.

Cora Liddy's sweetness of voice was maddening to Gilman now. For a time he had been jealous of its public employment, as only a lover could be jealous of a multi-tude. Then it grated on his nerves, and he wished she would spare him its syrup.

Once he had marveled at her invincible

patience with ill-tempered and anonymous brutes. Now when he was ill-tempered and she answered him sweetly, he wanted to shriek at her:

Quit talking shop!"

He longed to hear her snap at him. He would have respected her more if she had held up her end of the quarrel he kept trying to pick with her. The worst of it trying to pick with her. The worst of it was that he doubted the sincerity of her placidity.

He realized that her amiability had been drilled into her; it was part of her trade. It was as maddening as his own employer's "The customer is always right, which made Gilman want to cut every customer's throat.

Gilman was one of the head clerks in the office of L. L. Elwood, president of the "Elwood Elevators, Passenger and Freight, Dumb Waiters, Electric and Hand.

His branch of the work brought him into close contact with the president and he had a deal of telephoning to do. office was so big that it kept two switchboard operators; one of them was always being changed because only a superhuman being could keep the job.

Offices have characters, and the Elwood force took its tone from Mr. Elwood, who barked and bit all day. So everybody in the concern fawned on his superiors and barked and bit at everybody The place was a gigantic kennel.

The telephone girls in such an atmosphere lead the life of Gehenna. It was Elwood's custom to answer any assertion of human dignity with his final bark: "You're fired!" Telephone girls came and Telephone girls came and went, but one of them always stayed, because she had always acted as if Mr. Elwood's bark were the most natural thing in the world. When he was wrong, she was sweeter than ever. She was so sweet that even this angelic quality did not drive him frantic.

Gilman Todd had learned to wonder at her imperturbability. He was a mild and well-meaning soul, and he never bit. Even his bark was merely a yip of anxious fear lest his number be delayed.

One of the telephone girls came to know his name. When he asked for a number, she always answered, "Yes, Mr. Todd," "Here you are, Mr. Todd," "Don't hold the wire—I'll call you, Mr. Todd!"

Her siren song began to enchant him. He took pains to linger near the switchboard till he made out by her voice which one she was. He stood off and watched her.

She was as pretty as her speech. She dressed well. Of course nearly everybody did nowadays. There was so little dressing to do that it was hard to go far wrong.

Still, as she sat there yanking out plugs and stabbing them in, and sprinkling her rain-sweet voice all over town, she looked particularly sweet.

The president's daughter passed by and spoke to Gilman very weetly too, but with what a difference! Her voice had a twang like one of the Elwood elevator doors squealing. Gilman had



happened to be in her father's office so often when she called on him for money that they had got to know each other. Some-times, when they waited in the anteroom while the president finished a conference or a long-distance call, they had had quite long chats.

She was mighty nice to Gilman for a president's daughter, but he had to admit that she was not one-two-three with the telephone girl, either as a looker or a dresser-even though she did have ten to one to spend on clothes and beauty shoppes-Gilman pronounced "Shoppies."

When Miss Elwood had passed by, Gilman went on about his business. He was back again staring at Miss Liddy a little later. His devouring eyes seemed to swing hers away from the hanging cup into which she poured her song. She caught his eye and

smiled—gosh, what a smile!

She said: "How-do, Mr. Todd?"

Gosh, what a voice! Galli-Cursy, and the Radio Queen rolled

into one with maple syrup poured over 'em.
He gasped and said: "How d'ya do!"



Cora took the pocketbook and offered a little wad of bills to Mrs. Todd. "Take what you want, please." That was when Gilman

he said: "D'ya ever get hungry?"

"I'm hungry now. -H'lo sorry-gone for the day. "I don't suppose you'd have a bite with me?"

"Don't see why not!"
"Reely? Well, how about

a little dinner?"

"Fy-uv-ny-un, thrrreefy-uv— than—kyoo! Well, how about it? —No, no, dearie, fy-uv, ny-un, thrrree-fy-uv! That's right. Don't mention it."
"Tonight?"

"Tonight's the night.

--Hello! Gone for the day! ---I'll be through in a minute. -Hello! Gone for the day!"

HE waited until she was free and the office was to be locked up. Only one clerk and a dismal stenographer saw them go out together.

Miss Liddy was young and cynical and a despiser of males, and she had snapped off the insinuations of many a rich man and proffers of money, meals, furs, flats, love and all sorts of other dishonest things. But there was something so pathetic and necessitous about Gilman's invitation that it was like a prayer So for sympathy. granted it at once with a promptness free of hypoc-

Her motive must have looked better to heaven than it did to man. Gilman was very much man in that he respected a woman in the inverse ratio to the generosity of her answers to his petitions.

Cora was gay and reckless, and when Gilman wasted no time in getting what is known as "fresh," she made not even a pretence of being what is known as "shocked." He had known many girls who did not care how far they went so long as they went there slowly, and who insisted on nothing but an elaborate prelude of courtship.

Cora said right off the bat: "I like you, boy. I've liked your voice since I first began to recognize it. You sounded so sort of lonely. And you look it. I'm lonesome too. All day long I listen to a million whip-crackers and smart-crackers bossing me around, or snuggling up to me. I tell you, boy, I'm simply starved for a lad that's starved like I am. Looks like to me you're just lonesome and want to share your misery with Mamma. Am I right?"

"Right as left never was," said Gilman.

Her mingled honesty and compassion, and her courage to be submissive swept him off his feet. He had been prepared for everything from a woman except the omission of what he called "p'eliminary sparrin' matches." (Continued on page 116)

"Couldn't be finer. -Hello! Excuse it, please! -Listen, dear, you gave me a wrong number. I said-

But Gilman had gone on in a dream. He paused oftener and longer. Now and then he would lean on the rail, and she would talk with him while she carried on her intricate business.

Her voice followed him to the Athletic Club where he took his meals and his exercises and his sleep. He wearied for her. Her voice plugged in on his dreams as if he had a wire to heaven and a seraph was saying, "Hello!"

One afternoon when he was kept so late that nearly everyone One afternoon when he was kept so fate that hearly everyone else was gone, he drifted to her switchboard and drank in one of her smiles and her extra-fine powdered-sugar hello's.

He started to move on, paused, faltered:

"Gettin' pretty late for you."

"It's the job. —Hello! Sorry, he's gone for the day. Take

I's the job.—Hello! Sorry, he's gone for the day. Guy!
I'm lucky to have it.—H'lo. Sorry, he's gone for the day. Take
a message, surely! Go ahead!"
Gilman waited till she transcribed the note. With as much

courage as it would have taken him to charge Vesuvius in full play,

By Robert Casey

who went to the war in the A. E. F. and carried through it and out of it his native humor.

A Messen to Garcia Illustrated by

A LONG the ridge above the plank road the summer lightning flashed white and ghostly. Through the night from unseen horizons crashed the summer thunder. In the depths of the valley—heard only at intervals—somewhere echoed a cowbell.

And this was a pretty pastoral setting, even in the dark, save for the fact that the summer lightning was the flashing of the G. P. F.'s, the summer thunder was the snarling of 75's with a counterpoint of howitzers and bursting shells, and the cowbell was an impromptu affair, marking a line of wire where a night or two ago had been a front-line trench.

Through the valley swept a high, cold wind, flavored with mustard and arsenic and the acid of powder smoke. And on the plank road toward Epinonville shadows moved steadily forward into the wind. Unidentifiable shapes-merely darker spots in the blackness-that the unseen tenants of the valley knew to be fourgons and ammunition trucks and ambulances and caissons and ration-wagons and reel carts-the weird night-life of battle.

From the crests to the east came the typewriter clatter of a machine-gun. An anguished cry, "First aid! First aid!" broke through the din. A gas-shell plopped near by and the calling ceased. And against the northern sky the Véry lights traced the cold pattern of their legend: "All's well!"

Southbound, down the hill, came two gentlemen with rifles.

"Well, here's the joint," remarked Private Joe Watson cheerily. "We ought to be right comfortable here till morning."

"Humph," grunted Private William Geeghan. "Maybe it's all you say it is, but it aint much farther back than Paris, and it don't smell like no bargain to me."

Mr. Watson sighed. His companion must have sensed the

Mr. Watson sighed. His companion must have sensed the gesture of helplessness that he could not see.

"The science in this," Mr. Watson observed, "is to get just as far back as you can get without running into no M. P. convention an' this is it. The artillery's in this hole—if nobody's shot it out since I was by here yesterday. An' where they's artillery you can always find coffee an' dead horses.

"I could use the coffee," murmured Mr. Geeghan.
"That comes later," Mr. Watson explained patiently. "First we find us a dead horse that aint too dead an' we camp beside him for a good, peaceful night's rest. Then in the morning we mooch some chow from these redlegs an' we pick us out a good sector to go on with the war."

"That is, if we can get across this damn' road without gettin' croppied by a truck. I don't like these trucks. Whizbangs is bad enough. But trucks— Once in Missoula I was almost popped off with a truck. . . . An' these drivers is all

Wallace Morgan

crazy and in a hell of a hurry."

"A lot you know about war," chided his companion. "Trucks aint supposed to get no place. That's why they put so many of 'em on the road. They run five minutes an' stop an hour an' when they get a jam ten miles long, Jerry shells the whole works over the hill an' it all starts over again." There seemed to be some logic to this, so Mr. Geeghan made no further pro-test and the pair picked their difficult way between the wrecked barbed-wire entanglements down the hillside. They came presently to the edge of the board road. Great blots drummed past them so close that the wind of their passage was noticeable, while the G. I. cans cracked on the crest behind and in the valley beyond and the G. P. F.'s growled their sullen and lazy protest. "Well," demanded Mr. Geeghan at length, "I don't see the

traffic cops blowin' any whistles around here."

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"You're alive, aint you?" inquired Mr. Watson. "I aint knockin', see," returned Mr. Geeghan. "But I can't see that this was such a good move. What's the difference be-"But I can't tween waitin' to get shot up front and waitin' to get run over here?

"You'll see, when we find us a dead horse."

"How the hell is a dead horse goin' to get across this road?

A live one couldn't do it."
"There's sense to that," admitted Mr. Watson. "Maybe we'd better streak along to the right till we get to a crossroads.



"They'll be M. P.'s at the crossroads," objected Mr. Geeghan. "They don't live long at crossroads. We'll wait till they change shifts." So they plodded painfully along a ditch where change shifts." So they produced paintury along a discn where the going was fairly good, save for smashed wagons, frames of burned camions, piles of German ordnance, abandoned 77's and sleeping doughboys. There was a foot of water at the bottom of the trench, but they soon ceased to notice this slight annoyance. "Where is this here dead horse?" demanded Mr. Geeghan. "Or are we waitin' for him to die? Why can't we find a place in the disch to dead?"

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Time-fuse shells, searching the slope, prevented his hearing Mr. Watson's answer, and when at last the cannonade had subsided enough for him to lift his face out of the mud he did not feel capable of pressing the argument. They staggered on through the dark and so unwittingly passed over the left edge of their divisional sector and into a booming area north of Vauquois Hill where the tattered Bearcats were hanging on by their teeth. Hardly worth mentioning except as a detail, this geographical error. Even in daylight the scenery would have been no different from that of the zone they had just left. By night it was one with the blackness that covered the rest of

France. Its difference lay in that abstract quality that even hardened strategists frequently fail to recognize-opportunity!

Destiny was at the side of Private Watson at that mo-ment. But he did not recognize it. He was looking for something more tangible-a

There was no trouble finding the artillery here. It was wakeful and peevish and the shells of the 75's streaked hysterically overhead. The burdened soul of Mr. Geeghan was without expression. Talk would have been so useless in such competition.

cursed occasionally when he collided with some jumble of what had been wheeled matériel, but long ago his movement had become automatic, as it always does with the trained soldier. He thought of himself sleeping in a house with a roof on it in Missoula, Montana, and so became detached from his more unpleasant surroundings. He was only dimly conscious when the Germans started their counter battery work and a short shot from a zone fire on the artillery expunged a quad truck in the road. It registered on his numbed mind that the traffic on the board highway had come to a crashing halt in which three or four trucks were piled up one on top of the other. Without any process of thought whatever, he took advantage of the situation and followed Mr. Watson to the other side. Long ago he had ordered himself to cross the road if ever opportunity should offer and now he was carrying out the maneuver by a sort of post-suggestion.

His ears were ringing with all the effect of too much quinine and he did not bother to trace the ailment to the noise of the 75's..... It was a bright, summery day in Missoula and the smoke of forest fires was hanging in wreaths to the mountaintops.... He was lifting up one foot and putting it down and

then lifting the other and putting it down on his way to the railroad station to see the North Coast Limited come in and take a good look at the dining-car. It seemed like a pleasant pastime when one had been three days-or was it three weekswithout anything to eat. Somebody was talking to him—some-body who said: "Well, here's the dead horse!"

And so his mind came winging back from Montana to France and arrived just in time to activate him so that he heard him-self replying to Mr. Watson: "Well, it's about time." And without further comment he snuggled into the lee of a ponder-

ous bulk from which not all the hint of life had departed.
"Thank the Lord it's a warm one," he heard Mr. Watson

saying as he fell into a dreamless sleep.

CAME the dawn and with it a cook. Mr. Geeghan became conscious at last of a hobnailed shoe applied in a manner and place suggestive of argument. He sat up. He was not

disappointed in the scene.

There was a ruined town on his left, or rather a pile of rock that might have been a town. Up toward it wound the plank road along which trucks and ambulances were making brisk dashes at hundred-meter intervals. Wounded men were being brought back on litters over the hill to the west. shot through the knee, came staggering by alone, his rifle strapped to his leg like a cast. He fell while the cook was coming to the climax of his labors with the hobnailed shoe. The typewriters were at work-hundreds of them-a woodpeckers' chorus against which the tearing crack of the 75's was a mere obbligato. bligato. The sky overhead was smoky gray and dripping. "What the what?" inquired Mr. Geeghan.

"What the what?" inquired Mr. Geeghan. "Get up outa that," commanded the cook. "What the hell

do you think this is, a rest-camp?"

Mr. Geeghan got to his feet and picked up his rifle before replying, because after all the owner of hobnailed shoes thus applied might reasonably be a general-or anybody. he found himself looking at a cook—profession made manifest by a slab of bacon in his hand—he was torn between a desire

or action and a more poignant desire for something to eat.

"Keep your shirt on," he advised diplomatically. "Is there any rule against sleepin' in your war?"

"There's rules against messing around with people's horses," the cook reminded him. "They's enough on that animal's mind

without havin' wet doughboys piled up on him."

Mr. Geeghan looked wide-eyed. This was something unexpected even at the front where so many things happen to men's How these artillerymen must love their horses when they show so much sentiment in the protection of their corpses!

"Well, considering as how he's dead—" he began.
"Dead!" ejaculated the cook. "Hell of a lot you know about That horse-his name is Otto-he's twice as French horses! alive as any other two horses in this battery. How do you suppose we got here if he's dead?"

"I was thinkin' he might of died afterward."

"He might of-wonder he didn't think of it, the skate! He's just in pain. He busted loose last night and ate a crate of hardtack and then drank some water out of a shell-hole. Funny how it affected him. Horses just naturally aint got no stamina. But you can see he's been moving around a little during the ." The cook pointed toward the rear of the pseudo-corpse and there Mr. Geeghan descried the outstretched form of Mr. Joe Watson, his gas mask some three inches beyond an extended hoof.

"Pretty good

"Got him," observed the cook critically. "kickin' for a sick horse, in the dark."

"Is he dead?" gasped Mr. Geeghan in panic.
"I don't think so," diagnosed the artilleryman. got him on the tin hat. But if he's a doughboy he should worry about gettin' kicked by a hoss. Why, man, that's a godsend!"

For the first time it seemed to occur to the cook that he was dealing with infantrymen. Infantrymen were no novelty of course, but on the other hand there were plenty of redlegs in the neighborhood to use up all the choice bedrooms in that particular mud-lot and one had to be a bit careful with his uninvited guests.

"What are you guys doin' here, anyway?" he inquired.
"We're soldiers," explained Mr. Geeghan. "We belong to the
Spearhead division, see? Been up there in the woods for four
days. An' we just got plumb tired and come down here for a little sleep. And maybe you could give us a can of coffee if my buddy there wakes up." The cook passed over the hint. "Do they blow a whistle up there for you guys to knock off

work?" he inquired. "I been hearin'-you know, just the usual

rumor—that the war keeps right on goin' ahead after dark."
"I'll say it does! What the hell did you think we come out for? We been up there four days lyin' on our bellies snipin' at one thing or another an' gettin' shot up with sharpnel.....
The sharpnel is somethin' fierce. Our company is all gone but one goldfish an' about two squads. An' we kinda figured that maybe the war would be better in a new sector. So we come back here like-I said to get some sleep an' some coffee, an' find us a new outfit that eats regular."

"Good idea," admitted the cook. "I always figured I'd like

to commute to the war myself—an' eat regular—like you say.

They's sense to that. Us—we're just the artillery—little Orphan Annie. Always gettin' attached to doughboy divisions for administration and rations. An' everybody gives us the administration." He broke off to take another look at Mr. Watson.
"He aint movin' very much," murmured Mr. Geeghan tration."

nervously.

"Aint no infantry movin' very much in this sector. He musta got a nasty wallop or the smell o' bacon'd be bringin' him right out of it. It sure must be hell to be a doughboy an' come eight thousand miles to France to get kicked out action by a sick horse. Just plumb S. O. L. the infantry—"

Mr. Geeghan gulped down simultaneously his pride of service and his concern for the unconscious Joe. After all one must "Maybe if you put out some java I'd kinda be strong enough

to carry Joe back to the Front," he suggested.
"Naw," disagreed the cook. "Leave him here. If he stays unconscious he has a good chance gettin' commissioned a shavetail. Come on, I'll slip you the coffee before the M. P.'s hoist

your tail out of here."

He led the way to a clump of trees where a soup cannon was making an uncertain effort at the warming of a still more uncertain breakfast. Mr. Geeghan gulped down a pint of coffee without pause and his eyes filled with gratitude as the lovely cook made him a hasty sandwich with two slabs of bread and three strips of fat known euphemistically in the quartermaster's reports as bacon. Mr. Geeghan was just extending his cup for a second helping of coffee when disaster overtook him. eyed young man with a red brassard on his arm stepped down

the path from the hill and confronted him.
"What are you doing here, soldier?" he inquired.
"Just gettin' a cup of coffee before huntin' my outfit," replied

Mr. Geeghan.
"Good," cheered the M. P. "You're just in time. forming up a new all-straggler outfit down there on the road. There's a war going on about three kilometers north and these

lads are just r'arin' to get into it. What say, buddy?"
"Umph," replied Mr. Geeghan, and the M. P. turned him over without comment to the guide who was getting ready to move the commuters back to the line. Then he resumed his weary task of gathering the driftwood from this red beach of the A. E. F. and his quick eye discerning in the prostrate Mr. Watson certain signs of life, he called loudly for first aid.

WITH the aid of a brace of persons from the medical corps, Mr. Watson presently came back to consciousness, but brought with him no very connected idea of what had occurred. "Wounded any place?" inquired the M. P.

"Nope," "Near as I can make out a good ' reported the medic. big shell fragment or something socked him right in the head. You know—hit him on the hat and glanced off. He'll be all right."

What are you doing here, soldier?" the M. P. demanded. "I disremember, but I think it's to make the war safe for

democracy," replied Mr. Watson a bit hazily.
"The war isn't back here, you know," the M. P. explained as soon as he could make himself heard over the smash of four batteries of 75's which had just cut loose.

Mr. Watson may have been unconscious, but he could always tell an M. P. and he knew all the rules of back-area exploration. "I'm a runner," he announced. "I gotta right to be here

getting wounded and everything."

The M. P. took more interest. "Runner?" he repeated. "Where did you come from?"

"I just come back from the Front. Lookin' for General Mason's headquarters."

Mr. Watson almost smiled as he mentioned General Mason. It was good strategy, that touch. . . . A bit of subtlety made possible by the fact that Mr. Watson could always store up ine usual ark." me out ipin' at ne but ed that e come ee, an'

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formation that he thought might some day do him some good. Only last night he had heard that the division on the left of the Spearheads was the Bearcats with General Mason commanding.

Spearneads was the bearcats with General Mason commanding. Naturally the M. P. would not stop to cross-examine a runner from an adjoining division. . . . A brilliant stroke, save for one important point—Mr. Watson's ignorance of local geography. "Good!" snapped the M. P. "General Mason's headquarters is just beyond the town to the left. And he'll be damned glad to see you! When I came by, I heard him yowling about what the hell had happened to all the runners. Come on! I'll guide you get over your dizze spell."

the neil had nappened to all the runners. Come on! I'll guide you till you get over your dizzy spell."

"But—" began Mr. Watson. He let it go at that because having used up all his talents on one particularly fanciful bit of narrative he was without words for another effort. He started for the road, wondering what a court-martial might elect to do to a volunteer runner.

The rattle of the typewriters up ahead had become more insistent and there were echoes of a heavy cannonading to the north. Ambulances were stalled all along the highway while quads loaded with shell streaked forward toward the right. Wherever there was a cellar intact with an unblocked entryway, medical men were carrying on their ghastly work. Lying flat under careening walls, signal-corps men were going about the endless and useless job of patching their wires. Well away from the road a machine-gun outfit was going forward at double time. The dust of powdering limestone gave the scene an eerie unreality that did not deceive Mr. Watson. This place was

decidedly unhealthy and that gave him hope. He had a good chance of being knocked off by a merciful shell before he should be called upon to face the wrath of the general to whose staff he had attached himself.

HE hope that the M. P. might be shaken off in this exciting madhouse speedily left Mr. Watson. He tried it once madhouse speedily left Mr. Watson. He tried it once—just by way of experiment—shortly after they had come past the rubbish-pile that had been the village church. The guide had prostrated himself out of deference to an inbound shell. Mr. Watson, on the contrary, had started to run down the middle of the road, hopefully at first, then despairingly as he heard the grinding of hobnails on the pavement behind him. The M. P. apparently was a quick riser as well as a quick flopper. Mr. Watson made the best of a bad bargain. "Well burry, up" he suggested "We can't lie around here."

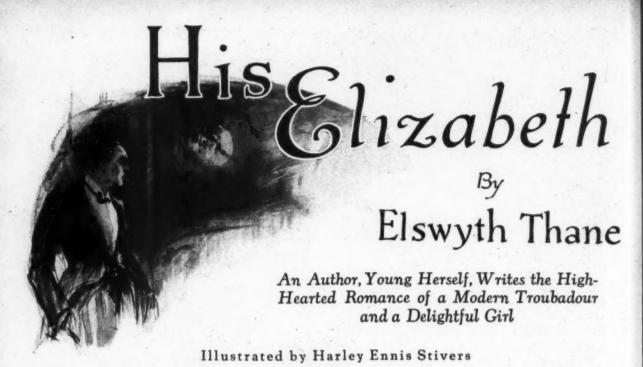
Well, hurry up," he suggested. "We can't lie around here all day.

So they came at last to a patch of woods on the edge of which a partly wrecked pill-box had been appropriated by

which a partly wrecked pill-oox had been appropriated by the general staff as a headquarters.

An over-supply of second lieutenants was grouped about the entrance, waiting no doubt for some distant and problematical usefulness. The M. P. paid no heed to these. He made a lane through them by pushing Mr. Watson ahead and so brought up presently in a candle-lighted compartment where a rather stout man bent studiously over a map.

Both the M. P. and Mr. Watson (Continued on page 102)



The Story So Far:

SHE was all that man has dreamed of, and fought for, and sometimes won. She was twenty-two; and Tommy Chandler, impetuous son of an English bishop and a charming French lady, determined to win her at once.

Because she and he had played together in England, ten years before, he claimed it reasonable to ask her to marry him im-

mediately after finding her in France.

Bertie, one friend aided and abetted Tommy; but Derek, who mself was engaged to a girl yet unnamed to the others, emphatically objected.

"Do you know anything about Elizabeth?" Tommy demanded. "Know anything about her?" rejoined Derek. "God forbid!" And he turned on his heel and left. (The story continues in

TOMMY spent the afternoon in a sort of trance, wandering about the graceful little town as though on the end of a chain attached to a stake driven into the ground where the hotel stood.

Provençal towns are all pretty much alike, with varying de-grees of charm. And Tommy, knowing Provence as well as he knew his native Surrey, passed unseeing down a street of dreaming houses with old doorways, each a separate gem; a shaded street whose sycamores were mercifully unclipped. The street dwindled rather abruptly into the scenery at the edge of the town, and Tommy kept on moodily up a gentle incline. At last he paused, perceiving with a vague surprise that in the pure, precise light the distant Mediterranean was visible, azure and seemingly motionless, framed between two olive trees.

He sat him down under another olive tree to ponder this and perhaps he dozed, there under the grave foliage of the sturdy little tree. Anyway, his thoughts were mostly of Elizabeth. Sometime he would bring her here at sunset, and watch the slanting rosy light on her face, until the twilight came and she was only a pearly blur, with eyes. She would soon be his, all the hours of all the days, so that he wouldn't be sitting about under olive trees without her. And here he rose and retraced his steps to the hotel, hurriedly, lest she might be looking for

It was Bertie who was looking for him. Bertie was apprehensive of a dragon mother or a ramping uncle. He had come as a rear guard, and he was heroically prepared to do his duty, but a man is the better for some sort of moral support. Instead of which he had spent an unnerving afternoon moping about by himself in an atmosphere of mystery and tension. His unerring sense told him that trouble was brewing somewhere.

Even Derek brushed him aside with an unnatural irritability. Neither Derek's fiancée nor Tommy's moon princess was any-

where to be seen. Derek said his girl had a headache, and Tommy had told his faithful henchman to go to blazes, and biffed out for another of his aimless tours of the town.

Derek was then seen hobnobbing with a mysterious cove with Undoubtedly the scandalous chappy with the diswhiskers. Undoubtedly the scandarous enappy with the dis-reputable library. Surveying him in a Watsonian manner from behind the door, Bertie suspected a disguise, and then decided that if it was a disguise it was one of long standing, for Rome whiskers. was not built in a day and the whiskers were real. some curious escapade of the man's Victorian youth, reflected Bertie, whose taste in fiction ran to the sensational. step, and now look! Nobody since Browning would go about looking like that except of horrid necessity. And this would be Derek's future father-in-law. Bertie wondered if Derek knew the sad story.

The whiskered cove had finally clapped on his hat-and what a hat!—and legged it down the village street; whereupon Derek perceived Bertie lurking behind the door and looked

"I say," he suggested diffidently. "Don't—that is, don't mention this to Tommy. Not just yet, I mean."
"Mention what?" inquired Bertie, all his forebodings aquiver. Derek waved his stick after the retreating back of the whiskered cove.

"I don't know him," he stated simply. "You haven't seen me exchange a word with him."

"Right-o," said Bertie agreeably, feeling that he was being

let off very easily.

"I don't even know his name," insisted Derek, driving it home.
"Quite," said Bertie, nodding. "What's up, old boy?"
"Nothing. Everything. Keep out of it," said Derek darkly,

and went away.

There was nothing which appealed to Bertie more than keep ing out of it. The air was thick with impending disaster. He did not like it at all.

The dinner hour passed somberly. Neither girl appeared. The whiskered cove dined alone in a corner and did not know Derek; the other three sat together, and made an indifferent meal.

When they rose from the table, Derek evaporated up the stairs, and Tommy became aware of Bertie's presence long enough to request him to make two reservations on the night train for Paris. "For us?" asked Bertie, brightening.
"That depends," said Tommy, and strolled away into the parlor, where there was an ancient upright piano whose ac-

quaintance he had made earlier in the afternoon.

There was a sort of writing-desk with the usual veteran pens long past use, and an uncompromising sofa. The piano was draped with stuff of an unpalatable color. The carpet was a Copyright, 1927, by The Consolidated Magazines Corporation (The Red Book Magazine). All rights reserved.



"Oh, Tommy, you'll never stop loving me now?" she asked. "And you'll never let me go?"

nightmare, the china lamp-shade a pink horror. Altogether

nd nd ith ism ne ly ed nit ıld ek at ed n-

> the ugliest room Tommy had ever encountered.
>
> And it was here in this airless, cheerless, charmless place that the crisis of his life had come upon him, he reflected with an ironical satisfaction. His beautiful life, hitherto so carefully stage-managed, so meticulously arranged as regarded lights and properties, back-drop and chorus. And now, in a setting magic-less except for Elizabeth herself, he had come to grips with things at last. This was realism with a vengeance.

> He went to the battered piano and began his habitual happy improvising, his long brown fingers easy and sure on the keys while the scent of dusty roses crept on a shaft of moonlight through the open window.

> Celeste entered with the air of First Conspirator, a secretive hand inside her apron, and slid a folded note along the keyboard.

With a rippling chord into the treble, Tommy captured it and the bass faded into silence as a coin changed hands. Celeste shut the window emphatically, and went away with a backward look.

Her darling handwriting. Her sweet capitals with tails in all the right places. Her funny little e's.

I'm forbidden to see you again—the fat man with the whiskers is smoking somewhere outside—his name is Lyle; please try to reason with him, but if there is no other way I will go with you to Paris tonight.

Oh, Elizabeth! And it was all over tears. Fancy anyone making her cry! What brutes people were. Something in the corner— "Please don't stop playing." He put the note into his pocket and obediently resumed his lute.

Who was this fellow with all the whiskers, Tommy asked himself angrily as he played. What was he, to make her miserable? Where on earth did he come into it? In loco parentis, said Tommy to himself with fine sarcasm. Overdoing the heavy father a bit, no doubt from inexperience. And now he became aware of a presence in the doorway at his back, and the faint aroma of a good cigar. The old boy himself. Now for it.
"Do come in," suggested Tommy hospitably, without turning his head or missing a note.
A chair creaked. Nothing more.
"Of course it sounds rather odd," he apologized

pleasantly, as Mr. Lyle appeared to be listening. The middle C is silent and the B flat has a bad He demonstrated each, without losing the thread of things. There was no response. He went on playing. At last, sweetly: "Do you like it?" "What's it called?" queried his audience sus-

piciously.

"'La Duchesse Marguerite.'"
"Who wrote it?"

"This is an arrangement of my mother's." He finished the bar lovingly. "My mother," he added with a touch of pride, "is a d'Alincourt." The chair creaked. "Marguerite Alayonne d'Alincourt," murmured Tommy into his music.

Your mother wrote the 'Chanson d'un Nuage Noir?'" cried

the man behind him.

Tommy spun around. "Do you know her?"
"Did she write it? Is that your mother?"

"Yes. Do you know her?"
"No," said Mr. Lyle fretfully. "Yes-and no. And so she is mortal woman, after all. I had begun to wonder, fided. "My name's Lyle," he added. "Angus Lyle." he con-

"Good Lord, of course!" Tommy smote his forehead. "I've heard about you! Grasse! Fragonard! You're the man who knows all about Fragonard!"

They shook hands solemnly like brethren, Mr. Lyle looking

modest and pleased.

"I have been at Tourves," he said then, with the air of one who imparts information of international significance, Draguignan."

"Branching out a bit?" queried Tommy interestedly.

Mr. Lyle bent toward him and breathed a name: "Valbelle." "Oho!" said Tommy. "That was the family which had such

singularly bad luck with its wives."
"I don't agree with you," stated Mr. Lyle flatly. "The Valbelle women were no worse than their times. You will remember that our chief source of information is a crochety old bachelor who got his history from the anecdotes of his grandmother, who lived to be a hundred. Old wives' tales!" He spread his hands. "You know what old women are! Obviously the old lady harbored grudges. Obviously there was a younger generation even then. I have been looking into the matter pretty thoroughly and I have come to the conclusion—" This went on for five minutes.

At the end of that time Tommy, who was genuinely interested,

acknowledged himself converted to the ladies of Valbelle.
"And now," he suggested tactfully, "what about my seeing Elizabeth?"

Mr. Lyle groped visibly; then light dawned. He had forgotten Elizabeth. "So," he said, "you're the fellow that little fool thinks she's fallen in love with!"

"She's not a little fool," remonstrated Tommy gently. "She's

starshine-cobwebs with dew on them-willows in spring-

"But my dear fellow, you're a poet."
"Thank you!" grinned Tommy.
"I don't know that I altogether approve of poets as husbands.

And I didn't know you played the piano too."
"I don't sing," Tommy offered hopefully.
"That's something." Mr. Lyle's bright gray eyes dwelt upon him with grim humor.

When is she coming down?"

"She's sitting with my sister Agatha, who has a headache."
"I'm sorry," murmured Tommy.

"All this has been most unprecedented. Most-upsetting." "Yes, hasn't it!"

"In fact, I hold you directly responsible for Agatha's headache." "I am sorry!"

"Yes, but what's to be done about it, I want to know."

"Her headache, or my marrying Elizabeth?"
"Your what?" Lyle demanded explosively.



"Would you mind," began Tommy reasonably enough, "would you mind sketching briefly your chief objections to me—apart from those already named?"
"I think you're mad!" Mr. Lyle bit down on the cigar. "Any

man who would propose marriage to a defenseless girl after ten minutes' illegitimate conversation- I fail to see anything funny minutes' illegitimate conversation— I fail to see anything funny about that!" He waited, while Tommy wiped the incipient grin from his face. "Put yourself in my position," pleaded Mr. Lyle from behind the cigar. "I allow the child to stop for another fortnight in Paris with a friend and come on here alone to join us. And what happens?" He paused dramatically. "She acquires a lover," supplied Tommy brightly, as though it

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were a guessing-game.

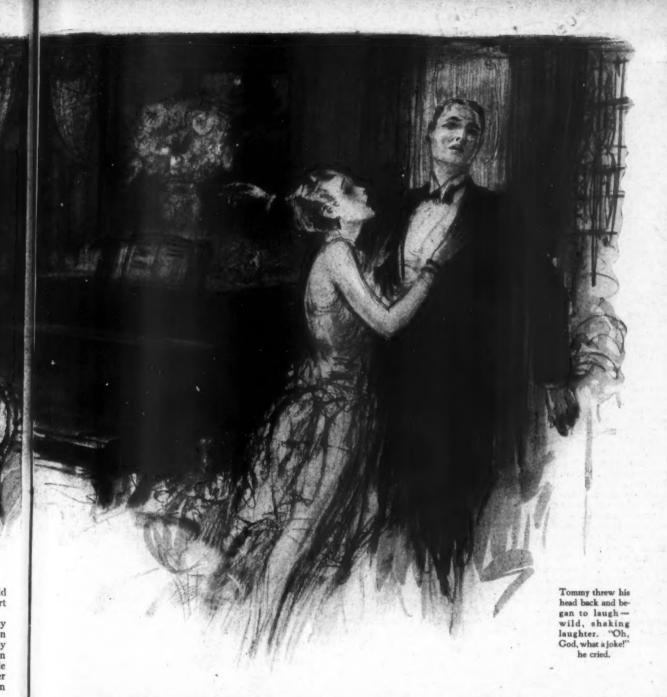
"Eh—what—what—I—!" Mr. Lyle's question had been more or less rhetorical, and he was dimly shocked at the prompt answer.
"That is to say, a future husband." Tommy looked pained.
These words! There was no longer a language; it had degenerated into a vile jargon of innuendo and euphemism, full of traps for the purist. "Don't be un-British!" said Tommy irritably. "Un—!" Mr. Lyle stared, speech forsaking him.

"I do myself the honor to ask you for her hand in marriage," elaborated Tommy with ironical evenness of tone. if you cast yourself for the rôle of despotic guardian, Elizabeth and I will—run true to form. You aren't going to put us to the necessity of eloping by withholding your consent, are you?"

"Why should you marry her?" Lyle demanded. "Have you ever looked at her?"

"What do you know of her or she of you?"

"Well, once upon a time she hit me over the head with a tennis racquet," Tommy began conscientiously, "and once I fished her out of the pond—"



"Arrrrh, bah!" said Lyle, tramping off down the room with his cigar at a belligerent angle. "This is what's the matter with marriage! It's too damned easy! A wink and a kiss and the thing's done! In my day-

"What's in your mind, anyway?" demanded Tommy in his turn. "Such minds people have! Do you think if I hadn't recognized her I should ever have dared speak to her this morn-Or that if I hadn't been able to prove myself to her she would ever have listened to me? Elizabeth isn't—'
"Rot!" said Mr. Lyle rudely.

"You mean to say you actually don't believe we knew one another—loved one another—as children?"

"I know damn' well you didn't!" And then he looked as

though he had said too much, and stamped away again, his cigar

"You doubt my word?" wondered Tommy, busy with his own aspect of the matter. "She told you how it was. You mean to insinuate that you think Elizabeth was lying?"

"N-no," Lyle recanted cautiously. "N-no, but—"

"Good God, man, haven't you ever looked at her? Can't you

see that a girl like Elizabeth—oh, there is no other girl like Elizabeth!—but can't you see that Elizabeth is the soul of truth,

the spirit of beauty, the incarnation—"
"Easy, now, just let me get this thing straight." Mr. Lyle "You say you tapped a placating finger on Tommy's sleeve. lived in—in Guildford, was it?"
"Dorking."

"And you're Marguerite d'Alincourt's son?"

"Yes, and my father was a bishop. Does that get me through?"
"I have heard," said Mr. Lyle, his gaze adream, "that she is a—a remarkable woman." Even so, with just such a catch of the breath did men speak of her who had known and loved her

for years.

"My mother," said Tommy, and his eyes were solemn above his smile, "must be seen to be believed."

"I have seen her," said Lyle briefly.

"Then you know," said Tommy.

"Yes." Their eyes met on a smile. When Angus Lyle smiled, one forgot the whiskers, forgot the three stone extra weight he carried, and, half blinded, beheld only the gigantic, tender



soul of the man. Marguerite d'Almo was a name which rang in his ears like Beatrice and Lisa—her music, her translations, her association with his adored Provence, her rarely glimpsed beauty, were a secret obsession of his. And this fine lad was her son! "Life is queer," said Mr. Lyle suddenly, for no reason apparent to himself.
"Then may I please have Elizabeth for my very own?" asked

Tommy with perfect logic.
"I'll look into it." Lyle turned away and laid his hand on the

door.

"But what are we to do in the meantime? Do be reasonable!" "If when we return to England next month you wish to call-" he began with a certain Gladstonian dignity.

BUT Tommy flung out a hand to detain him. "Can't you understand? Must you spoil it all? Once I fished Elizabeth out of the pond—that was twelve years ago. I can't come a-wooing now in a top hat! It would be ridiculous! I—we've found now in a top hat! It would be ridiculous! I—we've found one another here. We want to begin just where we left off. Don't you understand?"

"I'm afraid I like you," said Lyle regretfully. His hand fell from the doorknob. "But I don't want to like you," argued Mr. Lyle, feeling for a match. "If I do, it makes a pretty kettle of fish."

Tommy produced a neat lighter from his pocket, which worked

the first time, and held it to the tortured cigar.
"Now look here, young man," said Mr. Lyle firmly, getting a belated grip on things, "it's not a bit of good talking me round, because Agatha is dead set against you."

"She doesn't know me yet!"

"She doesn't want to know you. She declines to know you. You couldn't do anything with Agatha!"

Tommy sprang to arms. This amounted to a professional challenge. "How much will you bet that I can't do anything with any woman named Agatha?"

"Five pounds that she routs you in five minutes!" said Lyle promptly. His sporting blood was up.
"Done!" cried Tommy. "Where is she?"
"Does a poet ever have five pounds of his very own?"
Lyle gravely inspected the roll which Tommy instantly produced.
Enough to choke a cow. French money went into wade. He Enough to choke a cow. French money went into wads. He noted too that the hand which held it was lean-fingered and clean. There was race in that hand, and damn the money. "Well, young-feller-me-lad—" A reluctant grin imperiled the longsuffering cigar. "I don't mind admitting that there seems to be suffering cigar. "I don't mind admitting that there seems to be something in you. Poet or no poet, you have my permission to go as far as you like—with Agatha."

"Thanks, awfully. How am I to see her?"

"Up to you. So far as I know, you can't see her."

"But I can see Elizabeth, can't I? You'll wangle that for me?"

"Don't see how. Agatha-

"You send Elizabeth to me here, and leave everything else to me." "But Agatha will object—" Lyle felt himself borne on the tide, he knew not whither, of this young man's preposterous charm. "She'll object like hell!" said Mr. Lyle, suddenly objecting himself.

"Put your foot down. A man should be master in his own

"That's what I'm always telling Agatha!"

"Be firm!" Tommy saw that he was making an impression and hastened on. "The minute I saw you I said to myself, 'Here is a man who indulges his womenfolk.' Too much of it isn't a good thing, you know, sir. After all, a man knows best about things.

"That's exactly what I tell Agatha!" said Mr. Lyle, much

"By the way," said Tommy as he reached the threshold,

"have you got five pounds of your very own?"

Lyle turned and looked at him. And behind him he seemed to see the wisely smiling memory of Marguerite d'Alincourt, the shadowy romance of a sober life.

"I think so," said Lyle absently, preoccupied.

Chapter Seven

THE long-suffering luck of the d'Alincourts was bearing up pretty well under the strain. One of Tommy's forefathers had sung himself out of the hangman's noose, and another had escaped torture by the length of a rhyming couplet which pleased an old count's peasant mistress.

Tommy opened the window again, and stood contemplating the moonlight. He looked at his watch impatiently. minutes gone already. The time people wasted!

Then she came at last, and she had changed her frock to a misty thing of chiffon and silver, but it was white again. And there were shadows round her eyes and the lids looked a little heavy, so that she resembled a wise, drowsy child brought suddenly into the light.
"What's the matter?" she whispered, standing against the

door which she had closed behind her.
"How queer it does feel," he said slowly, "to be in a room-"How queer it does teel," he said slowly, "to be in a room—even a room like this one—and have you open the door and come in, just as though you'd done it all your life—just as you're going to do it all the rest of your life—oh, Elizabeth!" He went to her swiftly, and she yielded a warm, quick hand.

"You say such beautiful things to me, you must have had lots of practice being in love," she remarked unexpectedly.

"But I've never been in love with anybody but you!" He believed it then, and so did she. And she looked so trustful, so adorably helplessly credulous, that he kiesed her almost auto-

adorably, helplessly credulous, that he kissed her almost auto-matically, out of sheer habit. Midway, he remembered that this was Elizabeth's come-back to him, and kissed her in earnest. It took quite a while.

"But you have kissed other people, haven't you?" And while her lifted eyes were utterly without guile, for just an instant his guilty conscience wasn't sure.

"Look here, who's been telling you things?" he demanded suspiciously.
"Nobody."

"Nobody." And with her quaint persistence: "Haven't you?"
"Well—that is—haven't you?" he countered.
"No!" Her eyes were round with surprise. How could she

have kissed other people? One didn't just go about kissing

people. Not, at least, if one was a girl.
"Oh, forgive me, of course you haven't! I'd got so used to the idea that even the nicest girl can be kissed if you're careful, that I— Oh, Elizabeth, please believe that I've never felt about any other woman as I feel about you!" Thus pitiably he strove for one immaculate phrase to set before her, one untarnished extravagance to lay at her feet, one glorious truth that had never been twisted and stretched out of shape—for she should have phrases made specially for her, she must not be offered hand-me-down homage and cast-off compliments. "I've never thought of—marriage—and all that, with anyone else," he said. "Even they knew that. But can you ever forgive me for being a man and a poet?"

"I could never forgive you," she said solemnly, "for being different." And standing on tiptoe she laid her lips against his cheek, and it felt somehow like his mother's kiss, which sobered him still further. "What was that you were playing?" she went on, with her irrelevant matter-of-factness, pulling him toward

"It's about a lovely lady long ago," he said. stately and good and fair, with the gold of nations in her hair-

SHE stood leaning against his shoulder while he played it to the end; and then her voice, very small, came into the silence: "Tommy.

"Yes, dear?" His fingers strayed again on the keys, making little lilting nothings.

"Would you love me just the same if I—"
"Yes, dear?" he prompted when she seemed quite unable to ish. "If you what?"

"Well, I—was only wondering it—"
"If—?" he smiled, still playing softly, so that she might smuggle it out, as it were, under cover of his music.

"Oh, Tommy, you'll never stop loving me now! Promise!"

she cried all in a breath and clutched his sleeve.

"Of course I wont!" He took both her tense hands in his.
"I couldn't. You're you. What's troubling you, dear?"

"And you'll never let me go?"

Elizabeth, I don't quite follow. Tell me what's the matter."

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"Say it, Tommy! Say you'll never let me go!"

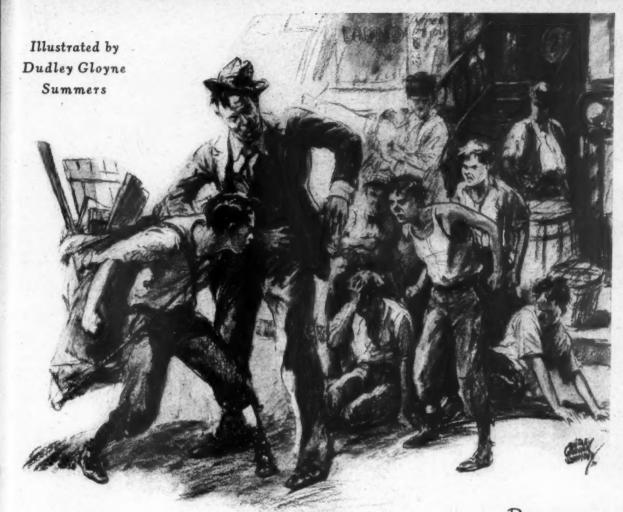
"Indeed I'll never let you go! Darling, what is it? Come, this isn't at all like you. You're never afraid."

"But I am! Afraid of losing you!"

"Just you try it!" he boasted with all confidence. "Come—'fess

What's on your mind?"

up. What's on your mind?"
"Well—it's only—what if I hadn't been Elizabeth after all?"
"I don't— Could you make it a little easier?" His eyes laughed down at her. His hands held hers.
"I mean," she stumbled on, "if you (Continued on page 126)



The Velocity Maude Zella Herrick Who teaches, in an East Side New York school, these hopeful, charming, pathetic children.

ANGELO DE MIO, lovable, fiery, sturdily intrepid for his twelve years, prowled along a run-down street leading into the Bowery. His liquid brown eyes were serious and intense; nervously he twisted the cap on his curly brown head.

The front of Angelo's coat was decorated by thirty Music Contest buttons—all the buttons given out by Public School 124 in a recent Music Appreciation Contest. Angelo had not won them by skill in music appreciation. He had won them by skill in crap-shooting-from their owners.

The teacher had written a note about it to his mother. The teacher was like that—always writing notes to mothers! And now Angelo was afraid to go home!

Fighting, too. The note had that in it.

How could he help fighting?

Was he going to be called "the boy tailor" and "guinney sewing-

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girl" just because he had to carry to the contractor the piles of vests and pants his mother stitched—and because, from across the court, they had seen him sewing too? And how could he help sewing, when they didn't have any money but from sewing, and his father dead three years!

He stumbled on, over the littered uneven pavement.

A dozen nationalities peopled the sidewalk, rough well-dressed men, slatternly women grasping children or market bags, Bowery derelicts shambling along-here, a boy bawling bad language at another, there the quick-stepping flapper in high heels and brief At the curb was a ruck of push-carts. From upper tenement windows, grimy curtains fluttered or unkempt children leaned out.

Angelo wondered if anyone had planned to sleep in that large s empty wooden box behind the drug-store. Probably, and some

guy who was bigger than himself, too.
Of course he wouldn't

home to supper.

He would just go along and see if there was a light "up his house."

Yes, a bright this How pleasant it light! looked up there so high, this chilly October evening! Nothing above but the clouds. He was lucky to live up on the top floor, with only his mother and the children. Lots of families had boarders or a father to interfere with them.

He gazed up soberly, mutely, lonesomely—be-gan to feel wicked and good-for-nothing. had gone to school three days with his shoes unshined. That was in the note too.

He looked down at the thirty music but-tons, and almost quailed before the guilt of his conscience—felt smaller and smaller, and wickeder and wickeder, standing in the chilly dusk

Stiffening his hardy muscles, he tried to walk on, but his feet lagged, and his eyes went stubbornly back to that high little window.

The baby, with her tiny black curls and red earrings, would be chattering and running about their two rooms into everybody's arms. Maybe she'd cry for him! He took the most care of her. Tony and Teeny would be whispering and laughing, doing their home-work; while his mother sewed on pants, and the supper cooked-spaghetti with tomatoes and nice grated cheese, and a good smell of cabbage bubbling on the fire.

He faced away resolutely. . . . A desolate feeling swept over him, a queer convulsive choking in his throat.

It was so nice in his home, with the saint's picture above the bed, all blues and yellows and reds! And on the bureau the vase he had got at the ten-cent store for his mother's birthday, with the two cloth roses in it. And the sound of the phonograph from across the court. . .

But still he stood motionless. He must go on. But still he stood motionless. Who'd help Tony with his fractions? Would they have fun watching the little mouse that sometimes poked his head out of the air-shaft?

He started on, dejectedly, forlornly, then retraced a bit. How bright that light looked! It must be the lamp they kept for when company came.

Oh, there was Teeny coming out the street door now, with a pail to go for the milk! He called out. She saw him and at once crossed over.

"The Sunday lamp—for why is it shining?"
"A man there is, at our house. Mamma laughs, she talks, she likes."

"The note from Teacher-did Mamma holler on me?"

"Oh, the note from Teacher!"-scorn. "Mamma didn't looked It stays held under the sugar dish, or maybe in the trashbox already!"

Angelo waited for no more. He plunged across to the entrance of the tenement and up the five flights of dark ill-smelling stair-

His mother was not sewing on pants! She was in the front room, laughing and talking with a man!

"Mamma, I set the table for you," Angelo called winningly from the doorway.

"Sh-h-h!" said younger brother Tony.
"Excoosa me," his mother was saying, her round rosy face

looking shy and confused at her own boldness. "Next time you come, Mr. Vico, you stay to eat—on Friday."

The whitest of white teeth flashed out from Mr. Vico's black mustaches in

go wit' me to eat on six o'clock!"

His mother and the man kept on like that, talking and laughing. Catching sight of Angelo and the music buttons, the visitor laughed more loudly still, his swarthy cheeks wrinkling into amused lines. "You is some kinds of policemans, yes-wit' all doze buttons?"

A few minutes later he left. He shook hands with the children before he went out the door, and left a nickel in each hand as he shook it.

Angelo pricked up interest. A nice man, this Mr. Vico-all full of nickels! Clothes so neat and new, shoes all shined, black hair so smooth!

As his mother went in, still smiling, to put out the Sunday lamp, Angelo prepared to close in on a piece of paper he had had his eye on, sticking out from under a dish in the cupboard, as Teeny had said.

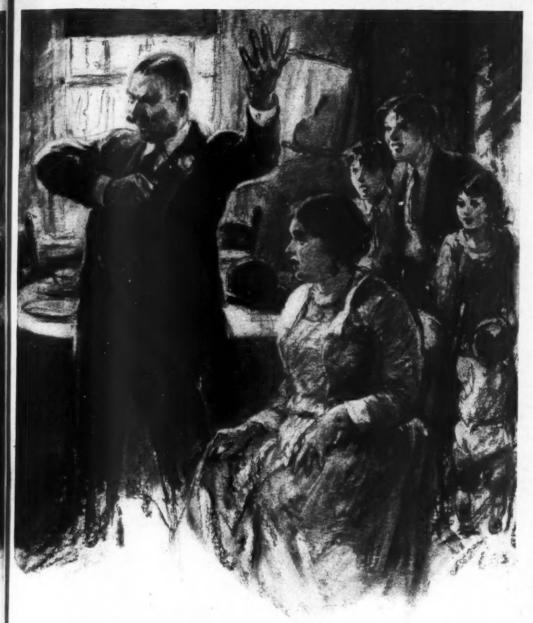
The way was easy. Angelo began to set the table. pulled the dish out, the paper fell to the floor, among the clippings from his mother's sewing.

"The floor it not look nice for company! I clear for you, Mamma," volunteered Angelo.

He gathered up the clippings, a folded paper lurking among them, and thrust all into the kitchen fire.

"You is good boy, Angelo!" said his mother.

So all was well now, until Teacher wrote another note, which



"You t'ink I am like crooks what's at Black Pete's? Me, I am honest all time. I am never crook!"

Showed it hesitatingly to Teeny. Finally: "That picture aint for real," he said. "No places aint so nice like that. Somebody makes it up extra, to fool us."

At noon the next day he and Philip Ruzzi, coming from school, saw his mother's caller, Mr. Vico, popping into a gambling dive that was run by a hard-boiled character named Black Pete.

"I know that mans!" bragged Angelo. Sel-dom did he have such a chance to feel import-

"All peoples what goes in Black Pete's is tough," deprecated

"Mr. Vico aint tough —he gives me nickels! said Angelo.

"It's tough in Black Pete's," repeated Philip. 'A man gets shooted in there last week! It's

a gang there already."
"Mr. Vico aint no gang." Angelo drew on

"It's tough in there—and gangs," Philip went on stubbornly.
"They make like this ah-paper money-from machines. It is namecoun—counterfeitin', Cops is ketch da ma-chines!"

Angelo, not a ready

talker, let the subject drop. He had other matters to consider. That business of the note, now; he knew he was in for trouble. He took his five flights with brown eyes darkening in worry.

He wouldn't play craps again, he decided humbly. But where was there room to run and play? He would try not to fight,

But alas, at three-thirty that afternoon Angelo waited in his doorway, ready for battle. Another note from Teacher was on its way. Philip had run ahead to tell him that Giovanni and Iluminato Pelosani were bringing it.

In three or four minutes the note-bearers appeared. He advanced upon them threateningly, doubling his hardy fists. They wavered, then backed. They knew his prowess. They didn't like to try out with a boy who was so indifferent to con-

sequences.

As they backed, he said in a mollified tone: "Bring it tomorrow after school. I let you in then." For he knew that his mother, busy tomorrow getting a company meal for this Mr. Vico, would merely throw the note down. There would be no time for them all to get together to decipher it—Teacher's notes always brought the family together. Later, that note also would fall among the clippings.

Teacher might finally tire of writing these notes—especially as he was behaving so perfectly now. (Continued on page 142)

she would do just about tomorrow, when there came no answer to this one. Oh, to live some place where there was not always trouble and notes and threats of being put back to a lower class for punishment!

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His mother was not impatient and worried tonight; she stopped work on the everlasting vests and pants-didn't have him sew on pants that evening at all! She even hummed a song and helped Angelo with the dishes. Talked, too.
She got out her best dress, a plain black serge, and basted a

lace collar on it. She also took down her black hat, selected the best rose out of the vase Angelo had bought at the ten-cent store, sat down on Angelo's bed in the crowded kitchen, and fastened the rose on the hat.

Never once did she say: "Jus' one poor womans sewing pantses to pay for all this family!"

The atmosphere was so pleasant, Angelo thought of something. "Mamma, in the street I get you lots more boxes for to make fires!

"Tomorrow, yes," said his mother. "But do home-work pow." Angelo reluctantly got out his books. In the reader as a picture of a boy walking on a country road. On one side vas a stone wall and a hedge with bluebirds fluttering about; other, a meadow, cedars, and a brook bubbling over stones.

Angelo gazed at it long and earnestly, almost hyprotized.



Since anonymity was pledged, all incidents and details of this story have been transposed beyond recognition.

THE envy my large income excites entertains me. It is one of the few sources of amusement a great fortune leaves its owner. The most disillusioned men I know are those millionaires who dreamed there was a connection between ability to buy and desire to have, and on waking found that the power to

satisfy appetite, destroyed it.

Here am I, for instance, only a shade over fifty years of age, wondering how I can make tomorrow different from yesterday. I have been what is called a multi-millionaire since the war, and have acquired the full set of precious or expensive things my kind collects—villas in Palm Beach and Aiken, shooting lodges where the game flies freest, a town house in New York, one of those ornate mansions on the Sound, an apartment on the Champs Elysées, a parterre box in the Metropolitan, many of Duveen's old masters and much of Baumgarten's period furniture, together with automobiles, motorboats, and other paraphernalia of great wealth. Add to these assets a well-mannered, presentable wife, two girls and a boy who sowed their wild oats without discommoding me, and you have the picture of this narrator blessed with every recognized appurtenance of happiness—and bored to death.

recognized appurtenance of happiness—and bored to death.

More psychopathology, some one says—take your complexes to White or Jelliffe or go to headquarters and consult Jung. On the contrary I am, according to a board of specialists, in the best of health. The afternoon before we pulled out of New York, I played six sets of tennis without a strain. My chef has no sinecure. Any investment banker will tell you my list of securities is as sound if not as long as Baker's. I have had all the Wall Street diseases and survived. Your own broker will assure you I am still able to protect what is mine. My friend Judge Gary used to ask and seemed to respect my opinion; and Andy Mellon occasionally consults me on the nation's financial problems. It would be difficult to persuade my downtown associates

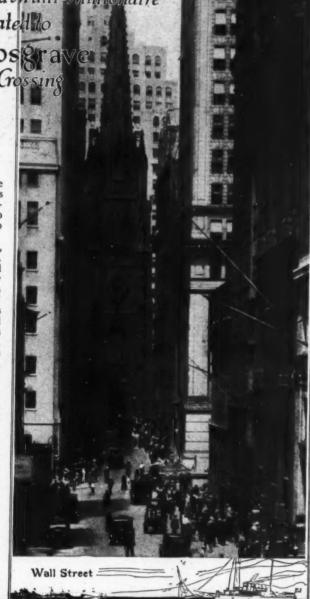
that I am meat for an alienist.

So do not imagine my disillusionment is due to any of the popular neuroses. It is simply that I've everything I want and want nothing that I have. For me the amusement bank of the

planet is "broke."

There is still philanthropy, I hear some fool suggest. Really I am just as wise as any editorial writer, and have tried all the familiar escapes. Bishop Manning would assure you I have done nobly by St. John the Divine. I am treasurer of two of the largest hospitals and actually attend meetings when I am in New York. The Metropolitan Museum costs me as much as my golf clubs, and I belong to a dozen of the best here and abroad. My conscience is heavily insured with the Associated Charities and there are certain unadvertised institutions of which I am chief almoner.

My personal associations, naturally enough, are with persons of my own credit rating. Though I have a turn for democracy, I am denied the intimacies the average man may enjoy. Whenever I feel drawn to anyone whose talk interests me, I wonder how soon he will ask me for a tip or a subscription. If I could find anything to court half as devotedly as I have been wooed by sycophants, panderers or salesmen for educational or religious projects, it would mean rejuvenation. I cannot look into a shop-window without the doorman inviting me inside, and I'm



hotographs by Underwood and Underwood

never ten minutes in a restaurant before mine host sidles up to find if Mr. X. is being served to his "liking." At the theater I feel the eyes of the curious boring into my spine, and faint whispers of my identity burn my ears. Perhaps I should value all this publicity if I were a movie star or an author, but being merely an uncommonly rich man with no way to capitalize it, I despise and resent the attentions forced on me.

Incidentally I am among the shining marks for the damagesuit industry. It requires a sheaf of liability insurance policies to make it safe for the members of my household to stir abroad. I should no more dream of being alone with a woman I did not know than I would think of consulting an astrologer. Why, for a time I observed prohibition for fear of being blackmailed by



my servants. An obsession, you say? Just inquire of any casualty company the reasons why millionaires are their best customers.

If the irony of my situation were not so desperate, I might suspect myself of self-pity, but I can still laugh. Imagine having the world by the tail and no place to swing it! It's an immortal

Are you of the credulous who believe in free will? I shared that delusion until one afternoon—it was in South Africa—I faced the facts of my own destiny. It was while I was all too successfully hunting wild game in Nogoroto, the land of the Craters. A huge tusker, the largest bull I had ever seen, had fallen to my rifle, and it was a splendid shot. The men had gone to dig out the ivory and I was alone. Never do I remember being so keenly aware of the monotony of triumph. I had been assured that the crowning sensation was being charged by a wounded elephant, and the thing had happened without my pulse-rate lifting a single beat. Perhaps I should premise this by explaining that I have an inexorable passion for being thorough. This safari of mine was the best equipped and most efficient that had ever penetrated these wilds. I had with me scientists, taxidermists, camera-men and the two most famous hunters in the territory. Every step and stop was charted before I left London. We had taken our toll of lions and hippopotami with never a I wandered off into the bush up the slope. An hour's cli

An hour's climb and I came on a deep ravine that cleft the plateau and seemed to open a secret way to the plains beyond. As I looked down, a voice whispered in my mind: "Here's your avenue of escape step into the unknown, rejoin the world under a new name and without resource save your intelligence. Try over the battle and re-prove your mettle, and Life will again be worth living. There are thrills still in a victory against odds."

I had my rifle, which would ensure food, and matches enough for fire, a compass, even a map. I have the gift of direction. There would be hardships, savages, but I might make my way across to Johannesburg and enter the diamond game. death would be duly announced, my estate distributed to the heirs without fuss or friction, since my affairs are always in shape for that emergency. Later there would be the disinterested entertainment of reading the obituaries.

Why not head for the Zambesi, float down and cut for the why not head for the Zambesi, noat down and cut for the mountains behind Delagoa Bay? Gold in quantity there, and that's a game I know. I can talk the lingo. It would be a devil of a trek, but I had the strength and endurance for it. A flood of plans poured into my brain—my blood stirred. I could do it, I told myself, and be richer than ever ten years

hence. There I stopped.

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Every scene and step of the rise from the rôle of my father's son to the eminence of my many money-bags filmed through my mind. Even the fortune I inherited, I had made; for my apparently conservative and churchly parent was secretly a gambler, and his weakness was mining stocks. Spaniards bringing letters from missionaries loaded him with semi-defunct properties in several parts of the Andes, and no sooner was I out

of Sheffield than I was shipped South and set to work to rescue these wrecks. I owe much to these eight years of training in dealing with the most cunning and rapacious set of adventurers on the face of the earth. I have been ambushed, shot at, stabbed-but I came through.

I had no help. Every social overture was a plot. have neither friends or confidants. I lived alone and within my

own soul. So my will grew firm and my head cold.

Of the monotony I never complained. It did not occur to e I was a martyr. The man who talks of his toil and the me I was a martyr. deprivations endured in the climb, is a hypocrite. As well might a Marathon runner moan of leg-strain after he breaks the tape at the winning-post. When I read the biographies of so-called captains of industry in which their struggles up the ladder of success are represented as a sort of Way of the Cross, I laugh. I know them to have been no more than a set of adventurers loving the fight for itself, ever preferring risks to safety. It was not the millions they were after, but the game of taking something that seemed for the moment worth having.

I have sat in my library night after night till dawn poring over schemes to capture a bank or a railway or some other tool I needed to round out an interest. My wife would come to me with tears in her eyes to beg me to rest. She would say the gain was not worth the risk to my health. Invariably I assumed the rôle of the conscientious toiler and recited the fable that this was essential labor that might mean ruin if not completed in time. Why, those long hours of concentration were the top of life to me! I was in the heaven of battle strategy, charting advances, retreats, flank movements, charges. Dynamite might have dislodged me, but not any woman's Poor Edison sleeps four hours a night or not at all prayers. when he is watching a crucible boiling out a new principle. The man who cannot lose himself on his job needs a change of

Those were the good brave days of my life-but as my glance followed the steep lines of the ravine, another self asked: did I really care to live them over again? To what end-enlargement of living? No, just repetition of experience, for I knew I should surely reproduce the abandoned millions. Ten years hence I, under just another name, might be peering through older eyes perhaps into this very gulch with an even deeper loathing. In that moment of realization I saw I could not dodge success. It is a mode of the brain of him in whose blood it runs.

Abruptly I picked up my gun and tramped back to my safari. I have not yet decided whether then and there I did not com-

mit my greatest mistake.

So I returned to New York to take up the millionaire's burden, to flock with my kind to our pleasure asylums South or North with the changing seasons, to listen to the monotonous cackle of sumptuous dinner-parties or the pleasant trivialities of my excellent wife. But it was not the same I. That moment of insight had wrought some inscrutable chemical change in temperament. I knew myself just another slave of fate. If I am ever dictator, I shall (Continued on page 148)

A Little Cown Lost The Story So Far: PHEBE had come to him strangely—had begged a night's odging because the old herb-doctor, her father, lay ill in their vagon outside. And Shepherd Tide-toy, living alone on the old Louisible, and shepherd Tide-toy, living alone on the old Louisible plantation, that was his had

The Story So Far:

PHEBE had come to him strangely—had begged a night's lodging because the old herb-doctor, her father, lay ill in their wagon outside. And Shepherd Tideboy, living alone on the old Louisiana plantation that was his, had taken them in—and shortly afterward had seen to the medicine-man's funeral. Phoebe had stayed on with Shepherd for an innocent and idyllic while, thinking of marriage only after the neighbors "talked" and made trouble.

Shepherd now realized he must face life seriously, must first finish his neglected education. The young people therefore went to Austin, where Shepherd entered the University and brave unlettered Phœbe entered grammar school with the children. This endured three years; and then Phoebe, desperate with the Romany call of the road, and feeling herself a drag on Shepherd, left him-ran away with a travel-ing "medicine show."

Heartbroken, Shepherd traveled long in vain search for her, then returned to the Louisiana plantation. To obtain funds he sold the place to an English remittance man, Hal Denham, and his wife Ida, agreeing to stay on for a time and teach them farming.

Denham did well at first: then his old enemy overcame him and after protracted and varied ca-rouses, he disappeared. Shepherd stayed on in his houseboat near there one night Ida Denham came to him, and stayed over-

Meanwhile Hal Denham, wan-dering about, obtained work with a circus, and presently learned that the girl clown was none other than Shepherd's lost wife Phœbe. He wrote Shepherd, who came at once—and took Phœbe home to Abancourt and the houseboat, while Hal went back to Ida at the big house. Ida Denham, Phoebe learned presently, was expecting a

(The story continues in detail:)

BRUCE DENHAM had two D worshipers open and ashamed—the bad-egg man unand the little yellow-haired clown. His mother was silently and grimly possessive, watching him

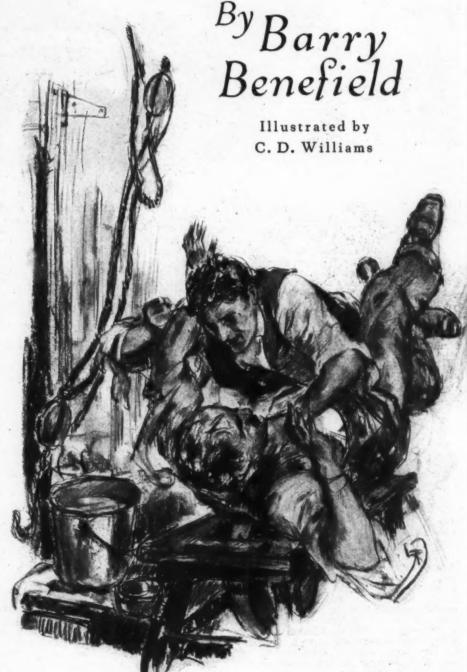
constantly with her piercing black eyes, yet giving no evidence of thinking him a new marvel come to earth. As for Shep, he seemed to avoid the third member of the Denham family. name of that bald-headed, amiable newcomer should have been Haliburton Henry, after the head of the house, he thought; but Mrs. Denham had settled that matter long before in her own mind, and so it was. Bruce was a favorite uncle of hers.

Phæbe had moved her black kitten and her household goods when wet blowy December came, occupying the western half of her old home; it was too muddy on the bayou after November, she had explained; and besides, she had wanted to be near to lend a hand when Mrs. Denham was sick. th

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Hal had had bad news from England in December-his father had died; but somehow distance from the scene had softened the

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news. Moreover, he had been so excited by the event of which his wife had told him immediately after his return from the circus, that he couldn't long dwell on the image of the ruddy, roundshouldered, dictatorial old gentleman or on his own filial sins.

For a week after the coming of the black-bordered letter from England, Hal had spent most of his time at the store, which was on week-days almost a solitary retreat; and his ready loud laughter

had expected that, and he generously agreed with some speaker inside his mind that he had already received more than he was entitled to. Besides, he had indeed done what he had fancied himself possibly doing when, in Austin, Phœbe

was silenced, and the twinkle dead in his reddish brown eyes. in his reddish brown eyes.

He had felt no ill-will against anyone for his final cutting off family's finances. He

Phoebe caught a glimpse of an Two figures agonized red face. clinched, fell out, struck a big grindstone standing by the wall, broke apart, tumbled to the ground.

eloquently commanded his return: he had flung himself into the management of the plantation, walked for these several months in the path of all the rectitudes, easily won back at least the indulgent surface amiability of his acquaintances in town and in the country, and was rapidly reëstablishing himself financially.

And then a son and heir-he had been fatuously certain as to the son-had been promised him, to the ex-tramp and ballyhoo man. Moreover, Ida was apparently pleased that he had come back, apparently wished him to stay; and though she was dourly penurious as to tenderness in word or act; he had been happy to remain and eager to work, his hope centered on the coming event.

Now Bruce stimulated him to frame ambitious new business including ultimately a sawmill on Abancourt Bayou to cut the magnificent pine and cypress timber there; stimulated him also to resolutions on future conduct as gorgeous as they were repentant and sincere. He chafed at the delay demanded by the wet weather of January and February. He longed to see his land all ridged with long black rows seeded with cotton and corn thrillingly promising a great profit at the end of the year. He impatiently waited for the full tide of spring planting. when he should be unusually busy at the store selling seed, new farm equipment and general supplies. . . . Yes, Bruce should have such advantages! Hal's imagination ran on far ahead, putting the boy in college, starting him in a profession, setting him Meanwhile the remaining notes against the farm must

be lifted, and vast stores of wealth laid up for the new master of Abancourt Plantation. Besides, Bruce might have brothers and sisters. Who could tell now? Therefore to work.

The former volunteer manager, Shep, relapsed into a still. apparently placidexistence that should have been perfectly suited to a student. Every day he went to the houseboat, explaining to Phœbe that habit made him feel more home there with his books, and that it was much better for his purpose anyway than the big house now.

Countless hours of free time lay There before him. were four thick volumes in German. six in French and eight in English that he had been awaiting the chance to read. The room was warm and dry

and cheerful and comfortable, whatever the weather outside.

Down there in the deep woods no disturbing sound could reach him; all he could hear when he tried was the swish and gurgle of the bayou risen to its winter height, the creak of the ropes holding the boat, the occasional quacking of ducks near by, the lonely slap of a leap-ing fish on the water, the wind among the cypress and the pines. No monk of Cluny

or Citeaux had had so beautiful an opportunity as he. So he told himself gloomily. They had had much manual labor to attend to each day, and many prayers; and they wore hair-shirts lest the body be too comfortable. If he wore a hair-shirt, it was invisible: his body was su-

premely comfortable. And this was the opportunity he had longed for. Phoebe was back; Hal had returned and was in the saddle. And yet Shep spent hours staring over the black-printed pages, getting nothing from them. Where was his old eagerness and hunger? Some light had dimmed for him; some faint sweet music heard afar had slipped beyond his reach. The wistful old centuries called to him, but he could not go to them now. Shadowy figures that he had been wanting to know intimately lingered just around the corners of the pages for him, but he could not get to them. To Phœbe asking, with anxiety she could not conceal, how he was making out, he replied: "Oh, pretty well."

But when they should go East next autumn,-that move he had finally decided upon, -he would slip back into the swing of the things he loved; he had been out of the atmosphere too long. So he told himself. Meanwhile he must go through the appropriate motions lest Phœbe be discouraged; so every day he stalked across the fields to the boat, smoked, opened and shut books, wandered in the wet woods on soggy ground, and re-

turned to the big house when darkness fell.

The two families sat together in the evenings; Mrs. Denham crocheting or hand-sewing with silent intensity; Phœbe entertaining the baby, sometimes even dressing in one of her old polkadotted clown suits, thinking that thus she might bring to herself a lighter mood; the two husbands playing cards or chess or checkers—Hal loud-voiced and gay, slouched easily in his chair, his round shoulders slack; Shep erect, serious, of few words. And they all went to bed early.

There was these days an unnecessary hurried note in Phœbe's footsteps as she flew about the house; unnecessary because Loretta and a tall cream-colored daughter of hers named Shirley, assisted by Seneca's Airy, were ready to do all the housework. There were tiny strained puckerings at the outer corners of Phoebe's blue eyes, a droop of her wide mouth, an unusual gravity in her gallant lifted face.

"Never mind, Phoebe," Shep said as often as he dared, "we'll

make another start soon now; I think you'll like it up there in the East."

"Oh, I'm all right, Shepherd. Havin' the time of my life. Restin' an' takin' it easy; I haven't enough to do to keep me out of mischief here. Oh, yes, we'll like it up yonder, I'll be bound. Don't you worry about me."

Waiting! Shep and Phoebe waited eagerly for the fresh start that was to achieve a miracle of which they did not speak, Hal impatiently for the crops to come in and wealth to grow, Mrs. Denham watchfully for what might befall.

Spring marched in bannered with white and pink and pale soft green; summer followed with a vast deep rich green. Bruce was graduated from long trailing dresses, drank mightily from a bottle, and grew black hair on his round high head. His eyes were definitely gray with unusually distended pupils; Loretta had said the color of his eyes might change as he grew older, but it hadn't.

During July and August, Shep frankly gave up all pretense of study; he must be rested for the third start, he explained to Phoebe, especially as he hoped to win during his first year some small teaching position under the new history chief in the East. There was money for two or three years, even if he made nothing, but it would be well to gather all they could, wouldn't it, Phœbe? No one could tell what might happen. Maybe they might even go abroad, to Oxford or the Sorbonne. Wouldn't Phœbe like that? Aye, Lordy, she would for a fact.

In the early part of August, Hal's energy suddenly died out. He stopped visiting the negro tenants to heckle and jolly them into sixteen-hour laboring days during cotton-picking time; he shut down the gin, saying it was broken and couldn't be put in repair until the next season; he stopped going to town, almost stopped coming to meals at the big house. He was a recluse in the store, snatching breakfast before the others were up, sending for his dinners and eating supper out of tin cans and the cracker-box, giving as excuse when Phœbe questioned him that he was very busy, though she could see that he wasn't. Then he began drinking in a way new for him, drinking alone.

He had planted cotton on the thirty-acre tract held out for the master's own special field, working it himself. It was now a great stretch of black stalks dotted thickly with white, ready for the first picking, in danger of being washed out by rain, and beaten and soiled on the ground. He made no effort to pick it himself or to hire help to gather it; and Shep flung himself at the job, glad of the opportunity to use his hands and legs. Phœbe often went with him, picking for a while in feverish haste and then resting in a fence-corner, watching the tall Shep in striped cotton shirt and pinkish jeans trousers move steadily up and down the rows, dragging a long sack with him by a strap across his shoulder, his two hands swiftly picking the fluffy cotton out of the dry cracked bolls and shoving it into the bag.

ONE afternoon late in August, Hal sat on a stool behind a counter in the store, his head propped up on his hands, his reddish brown eyes restlessly moving about the small wooden building. A clock on a shelf behind him ticked with unnatural loudness in the summer stillness, the hands pointing at five minutes past two. Except for him, the place was deserted; not a half-dozen people had been in all day. Farmers were busy getting in their precious cotton—their only considerable crop from which they realized actual cash; they visited country stores only when they had to, and then chose hours after dark. Ordinarily Hal would have closed the store until then in order to do other work about the plantation.

Finally he rose, walked with strained precision to the front

door, as if he were trying to move along lines and angles while some hostile sneering person watched him, and closed that end of the house. Pulling a flat flask from his right hip pocket, he drank, made a face, shoved the bottle back in his pocket, and returned stiffly to his stool.

Beads of sweat stood on his forehead; his thick frosty brown hair was a tangled mass darkened by the dampness in it. He rubbed his right hand over his left forearm, bare to the elbow. and then his left hand over his thick right forearm, flattening the matted reddish hairs against his white skin. viciously at flies buzzing about his head.

PRESENTLY, bowing his head several times as if he had at last come to some momentous decision, he walked out of the back door and made his way cautiously through trees and bushes to the side of the front-yard fence. He pulled off three palings, sneaked through the hole and stole with elaborate care to the long porch. There on the shady end of it was the baby, asleep on a pallet inside an improvised miniature fence. Loretta's Shirley would be down at her mother's house for her usual afternoon hour off. Ida would be just inside the French window sewing or reading, or more likely taking a nap, since the weather

was so hot. He knew the schedule.

Removing his shoes, he mounted the steps and tiptoed to Bruce's little fence. Looking through an open window, Hal saw his wife lying on the old horsehair sofa, her head and shoulders covered with a newspaper to guard against the botheration of an occasional fly. Listening, he could hear her steadily breathing, and the end of the paper across her bosom rose and fell regularly with tiny cracklings. Bowing his head up and down with vast solemnity, Hal stuck the nippled milk bottle in his left hip pocket, lifted the small sleeper in his arms, got down the steps, and forgetting his shoes in his haste, hurried back to the store. He laid Bruce on the counter, and set himself again on his stool behind it.

The baby presently opened his eyes, squared his mouth and swiftly contorted his soft countenance into something monstrous, preparing elaborately to do some crying; but Hal knew how to astonish and interest him. The baby began laughing with quick gurgling intakes of breath, making motions with his small curved hands as if he would applaud lustily if only he could get them to come together. Setting him up with his back against the end of a showcase full of candy, Hal put into his eager hands the milk bottle. Bruce raised it to his mouth and drank long, keeping his twinkling big-pupiled gray eyes on the stout comical party in front of him.

Hal pulled his own flask from the other hip pocket, touched it to Bruce's. "Here's looking at you, old top!"

The baby drank on, and then letting the bottle slide into his lap, tried to applaud again, his face shining with gay smiles.

"That's right, laugh at me," moaned Hal, sudden alcoholic tears in his eyes. "Give me the horse-laugh; others will soon be doing the same. But I deserve them. Who am I? Why, a drunken bum, a tramp, a vag, a bad-egg man for fair. and who are you that laughs at me? Let the huzzy sneer and slide her black eyes about; she needn't hint at me: I know."

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He waited a moment, waggling his big head up and down. "By God, I know. What's she up to now, Bruce, with her faint sneers and innuendoes? Could you tell me? You're with her a great deal. Don't you know what she's up to?"

The baby grabbed up his bottle, and Hal took it away from him. "Here, Bruce, I'll spike your stuff; then we'll forget all our troubles together."

He twisted off the top, poured a small quantity of whisky into the milk, spilling much more on the counter, put on the top again and gravely put the round bottle into the baby's eagerly grasping hands. Bruce drank deep and often.

"Go to it, my lad—it'll make you forget what you are.

You've got no more sense than your father. I'd crock him if it wasn't for Phœbe. She's a good fellow, Bruce. I'll tell you, I wouldn't do anything to spoil the little clown's plans or to hurt her for the world. If it weren't for her, though, I'd dash that long-legged husband of hers.

"Drink, old top; it'll kill care, and the earlier you begin killing that, the better off you are.

"Bruce, listen; I'll whisper what I've got in my head. They think old Hal's a fool, but he'll show 'em a thing or two yet I'm lying low till Phœbe gets Shep away. Then you watch No, I wouldn't do anything to hurt the little Elizabethan; she's a true penny if ever there was one. Why couldn't I have got one like her! Let her get Shep away; then Ida can go



to her sour old father's little hole-in-the-wall shop, or she can go to the devil."

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last back shes ings. the leep tta's isual dow ther to Hal and eradily and and ottle own back self and ous. how with mall ould back his and the hed

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Hal emptied his flask and dropped it on the floor. Putting his head in his hands on the counter, he cried and moaned and cursed, twisting his shoulders about as if he were in agony; and after a while he lay still.

The baby's face was mottled; he tried to beat his dimpled fists together. His face suddenly paled to a chalky white. He leaned forward once, and caught himself. He leaned again, fell forward on his face, and rolled off the counter.

Hal snored loudly, groaning now and then. The leaky faucet of a vinegar barrel drip-dropped, drip-dropped into a tin measure under it. A big gray spider swung down to the edge of the counter near Hal's head, moored a thread there, ran up to the low ceiling again, dropped once more, weaving a web to catch the flies in. A red hound looked in at the back door, came in tentatively, walked to the baby, smelled him and turned away; then seeing Hal's head, he ran out.

Up at the big house Mrs. Denham slept on. Down in Loretta's cabin Shirley combed out her hair, tied its many upstanding knots with colored rags, and watched the hands of the clock moving toward three, when she must be a nurse-girl

Trees and bushes hung lifeless leaves in the windless air. No bird flew or sang; no voice of shouting negroes came across the field; no dog barked. The drooping wilting stillness of a hot mid-afternoon was everywhere.

Finally Shirley looked at herself in the bumpy mirror, called to her mother, "I'm gone," and dashed up to the big house; and ten minutes later Mrs. Denham, having seen Hal's shoes by the front steps, was running down the inclining ground to the store, Shirley behind cowed into silence.

Stooping and lifting Bruce into her arms, the mother held him hard against her, her eyes closed; and then she stood up and looked at Hal. Mixed now with the heavy conglomerate store odor was the keen smell of alcohol. Hal snored on. The baby lay a soft limp burden in his mother's arms.

Not hesitating, Mrs. Denham moved down the sloping ground, struck out across the fields, slowly climbed four cross fences, and came to the field where Shep was. He saw Phœbe jump up and go tearing through the dried cotton stalks, saw Mrs. Denham turn her shoulder as if to ward her off, saw the mother coming on straight to him, her eyes on his face. Phœbe followed behind.

Chills ran up and down his backbone; his scalp tingled; his heart swelled and thumped, and for a moment he could see nothing before him. And then the baby was in his arms, and Mrs. Denham was looking at him, and so was Phœbe.

Mrs. Denham was looking at him, and so was Phœbe.

"Hal killed him. He's at the store." Her words were heavy and flat, stone dropping upon stone. She waited, her eyes on his face.

Holding Bruce in his left arm, Shep tore at his shirt collar, which was already open. Then he stared down at the baby, touching him fearfully with the tips of his fingers.

"I didn't know, Ida. I didn't know."

"Hal killed him. He's at the store."

She held out her hands, and he placed the baby in them, and started across the field. Mrs. Denham stood still. Phœbe ran after him. She seized his left arm, calling, "Shep! Shep!" He threw her off, and stalked

on through the dried cotton stalks.

She flung her arms around his waist, and let her body fall to halt him with her weight. He went on, dragging her along the ground; and then, not looking at her, he bent down and pulled her hands apart, and she fell, calling, "Shep, you mustn't go there. You mustn't do that. Hal's drunk; he can't fight."

He stopped, turned around, picked her up, and held

her in his arms.

"Tell me what to do, Phœbe. I'm crazy."

His voice was not loud; it was very low, and he talked as if he didn't quite see her. Taking off his glasses, he kept wiping his left hand across his eyes, as if to clear away some stubbornly sticky cobweb there. what to do, Phœbe."

"Go to the stable, saddle a horse an' ride like hell to town for a doctor. Don't come back without one. Go! will you do it, Shep? Answer me? Will you do it—
go to town for a doctor?"

"I'll do it, Phœbe." She walked behind him, and when she had seen him gallop down the road, she returned to Mrs. Denham and maneuvered her to the house into the care of Loretta, and took the baby herself.

The moment she touched him, Phœbe knew he was alive. She stripped and washed him, and put him to bed. Recovering consciousness presently, he vomited stoutly, and when Shep came back with the doctor, Bruce was sound asleep in his mother's arms. Phoebe was down at the store asleep in his mother's arms. Phebe was down standing guard over the still stupefied Hal.

By ten o'clock the big house was as quiet as usual. The doctor had gone, knowing only that Bruce had fallen off a counter at the store. Bruce and his mother were in bed in that room which had belonged to Shep's mother, to his Granny Jeanne, to his wife Phœbe. Hal snored on the ancient horsehair sofa in the living-room adjoining. Shep sat in a rocking chair before the screened fireplace, Phoebe in another near by, her eyes closed, her head leaning back, her hands in her lap.

The night was dark and still. Shortly after four,

through the darkness, he heard Phoebe's voice; flat, tired, lifeless; low, he thought, so as not to wake Hal; unblurred by any hint of sleep. She too had been awake all

these long hours.

"Shepherd, you've got to stand by Bruce-it might be serious next time."

"Yes, but I've got to stand by you too, Phœbe."
"Never mind me. He's helpless. He'll need you.

And now I think I'll go to bed."

Feeling her near him, he reached out and caught hold of her dress as she was moving away. He found her hand, and pulled her back. Standing up, he put his arm around her shoulder in that old comradely gesture of the days when they were boy and girl together; and she remembered it, and in the blackness about them she held both hands hard against her mouth, and was glad that it was dark.

"Phœbe, don't, please!"

He heard her tiptoeing across the room, across the hall; then a door shut to softly.

Chapter Eighteen

THE daily routine of life is almost invincible. Loretta came in shortly after daybreak, made the usual amount of noise starting a fire in the kitchen stove, went down to the cattleyard and milked the cows, and returning cooked breakfast and rang the big brass hand-bell. The two families gathered about the table. Even Bruce sat in his gayly painted high-chair, which Hal had long ago brought home with such joyous expectancy. And now Mrs. Denham wanted to keep Bruce constantly in her sight.

Breakfast was ordinarily the most silent meal of the day, but this breakfast was intensely still. Hal, at the head of the table, kept his heavy bloodshot eyes on his plate. Usually



these days he would have snatched something in the kitchen and retreated to the store; he had waked this morning too late for retreat, and besides he was now in no mood for retreat. He faced the situation out.

Presently Hal arose; Shep looked meaningly up at him; Hal nodded his head, and all left the dining-room one by one. Hal went down to the store; Shep out across the fields; Mrs. Denham, carrying Bruce, to her living-room; Phœbe to her bed-room, where the day before she had finally begun packing for the trip East next week. There was little left for her to do now.

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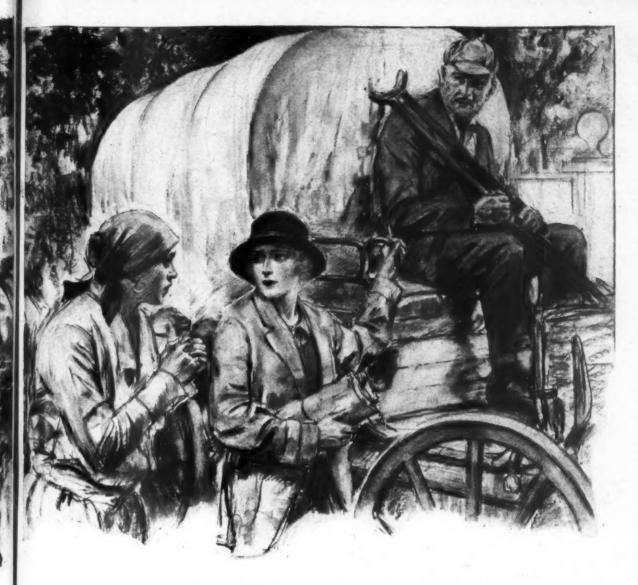
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She heard Shirley arrive to take charge of the baby, heard Seneca's Airy on the other side of the hall making up a bed and then sweeping, heard the far-away singing of negroes picking cotton, old songs from slavery times, with secret wailing

in them, though the words have jolly faces enough.

Phebe's hands dropped in her lap, and she sat a long time staring out across the sun-flooded fields. After a while she saw Hal pass southward, giving the big house a wide berth as if he didn't want to be noticed there. Hurrying out on the back porch, she watched him enter the stable some two hundred yards away. That was all right; she had feared he might be on his way to the houseboat.

Presently she heard a hen cackling wildly in the loft of the stable as if she had just seen a beautiful miracle or a terrifying horror. Then an old fat Plymouth Rock came tearing out into the sun



Hal, already lifted to the driver's seat by these wondering friends. "Good-by, Miss Phoebe!

Good-by, Mr. Hal!" So cried Loretta, and then the others.

and on up into the back yard, her neck stretched forward, her wings extended, splitting the air with squawks. Other hens joined in the clamor.

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It got through finally to Phoebe's consciousness that there was an unusual thumping and bumping in the loft of the stable, whence the old hen had fled. They were only dull dim sounds, so she walked slowly down the sloping, grassless, white ground toward the cattle-yard. What in the world was Hal doing up there? From the noise he makes he might be in desperate battle with the devil. So she said to herself, a haggard little smile on her lips at the thought. He was like herself; he worked in feverish spells, and he was probably making an ambitious beginning this morning by repairing the old stable.

bitious beginning this morning by repairing the old stable.

Something was flung against the outside loft shutter, through which fodder and grain were thrown up from wagons below; she saw the hinged panel bulge out, straining at the rope tieing it on the outside. Loose floor boards in the loft rattled. Feet trampled about. Coming closer and listening hard, Phœbe heard loud tortured breathing.

"Hal!" she called, and started quickly to the door.

Something was flung against the closed shutter again; it strained open a few inches; she caught a glimpse of an agonized red face; the fastening broke, and two figures, clinched, fell out, struck a big grindstone standing by the wall, broke apart, tumbled to the ground, lay still.

Loretta, Seneca's Airy and Shirley were near, and the four got the two men into the house; and Phoebe rode a horse to town for the doctor, unwilling to call in black men from the field to witness this shame.

WITHIN a month the two husbands were in wheeled chairs; Shep with a broken leg, Hal with a twisted backbone. Shep would walk on his feet again, Hal never; possibly with crutches the bad-egg man might get about a little, in time. So said the doctor.

The Crebillon Courier however, printed a report that Mr. Shepherd D. Tideboy and Mr. Haliburton H. Denham, while out riding in a buggy, "had the misfortune to have their team run away, Mr. Tideboy sustaining a double fracture of the right leg below the knee, Mr. Denham a dislocation of the lower vertebræ." So Phoebe explained the situation to the doctor, and he to the weekly newspaper.

Loretta, Shirley and Seneca's Airy knew there had been no runaway, but them she pledged to silence. César Honsleur rushed out, looked around suspiciously, lectured Shep vaguely but furiously, and returned to town the same day. Mrs. Pildust came out in a livery-stable buggy, stayed a week as a nurse, and went back, her great white moon face full of anxiety. Leaving, she kissed Phœbe for the first time—Mrs. Pildust didn't believe in kissing generally— (Continued on page 130)

Illustrated by August Henkel

SCENE: Bridge across the Tiber in Rome.

TIME: Rush hour. 100 A.D.

HORATIUS: (Whistles twice for east and west Be-e-e-e-p! traffic)

CHARIOTEER: Come on! Come on! We've been waiting here for an hour.

HORATIUS: Hold your horses. Who's holding this bridge?

VOICE: Aw, go on. You aint no cop.

SECOND VOICE: You know you can't keep that uniform over twenty-four hours. Charioteer: Come on.

I've got a heavy date with a Vestal. HORATIUS: (Loudly) Hey, who'll help me hold this bridge?

SPURIUS LARTIUS: I might. What's in it for me?

HERMINIUS: I aint got nothing to do this afternoon. I could give you a lift, but I'm not very good at bridge. (If an insufficient bid is corrected by the player in error on his own initiative, he must make it sufficient by increasing the number of tricks without changing the denomination.)

HORATIUS: Thanks, noble Romans-

For how can man die better Than facing fearful odds For the ashes of his fathers And the temples of his gods?

LARTIUS: That's pretty, but when do we get paid?

BOAT: (Whistling for bridge) Who-o-o-o-o! Who-o-o-o-o! Who-o-o-o-o!

CHARIOTEER: Hey, come on, let the bridge down, will ya? We can't stay here all day. VOICE: Hey! Beat it, you big flat-footed fly cop.

SECOND VOICE: Hey, get away from that bridge. What do you know about machinery?

P.McEvov

MEEK STRANGER: (Advancing softly) Peace be with you, brethren.

HORATIUS: What kind of a bird is this? LARTIUS: That's one of them Christians.

HERMINIUS: Where's your lion? HORATIUS: They tell me over at the circus that the Christians are so tough, the circus that the children up. lions just give them up.

get tough with me.
MEEK STRANGER: Peace be with you, brethren. Let me pass.

HERMINIUS: (Looking at his hand) I'd pass too, if I had a hand like that.

HORATIUS: I'm sticking. Give me three.

LARTIUS: (Dealing three to Horatius, two to himself) I raise you one sestertius.

HORATIUS: I see your sestertius and boost it one denarius. CHARIOTEER: Hey, don't try to cut in ahead. Get back in line. (To Charioteer)

Peace be with you, brother. CHARIOTEER: (Climbing down) Another snide crack like that and I'll knock you for a row

of catacombs.

CHRISTIANS:

ROMAN YELLOW TAXI DRIVER: Speaking of catacombs, boys, there's something wrong with the catacomb in my Super-Why, I used to Heterodyne.

get Pisa like nothing and would you believe it, last week the missus got Lars Porsena and his Gang broadcasting from Clusium? Hot stuff, Lars!

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CHARIOTEER: Good old Lars! How is anyway?

TRUCK DRIVER FROM SABINE FARMS: Hey, you big fly cop, when do we get across this bridge?

HORATIUS: Who's holding this bridge, you big gonnif?
TRUCK DRIVER: Gonnif yourself!

HORATIUS: You'll be getting a ticket the

first thing you know.

TRUCK DRIVER: Yeh, you give me a ticket and I'll chase you up and down every one of the Seven Hills of Rome. (The Seven Hills of Rome: Capitoline, Palatine, Aventine, Esquiline, Calian, Quirinal and Viminal.)

ROMAN PUELLA FROM CURB: Mister Officer!

HORATIUS: (Straightening toga gallantly) Yes, miss?

PUELLA: I'm terribly frightened in traffic, Officer. Would you help me across the street?

HORATIUS: Certainly. (Raises majestic hand for silence and takes Puella by arm. They saunter across.)

PUELLA: (Allowing big black eyes to play all over Horatius like liquid fire) I think it's just wonderful the way you interrupt the great commerce of the city just to help poor little me. You great big you, you!





ran these two names within a few pages of each other, which would cause even so will recite your praises with appropriate careful an author as myself inevitable con-

HORATIUS: Oh, s'nothin'. S'nothin' at all. Would you like to see me back 'em up a coupla miles?

PUELLA: That would be ducky! Let's! HORATIUS: (Pausing in middle of street) Hey, all you guys, back up! Come! Come! Back up there for the little lady. Faster! Faster! (To Puella) How's that?

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PUELLA: Swell! You great big gorgeous

VOICE: Why don't you marry the girl? COURIER: Make way! Make way!

LICTOR: (Riding up furiously on horse-back) Who-a-a-a-a, Bucephalus! (To Hora-

tius) Who are you?

HORATIUS: (Saluting smartly) Officer
Horatius of Vatican Hill Precinct XXIV.

In Roman figures, mind you!

LICTOR: What are you doing here? HORATIUS: Holding this bridge for our

altars and our sires. LICTOR: And the ashes of your fathers?

HORATIUS: Check. LICTOR: And the temples of your gods?

HORATIUS: Okeh.

LICTOR: I've been sent to inform you that the Queen of Egypt will be along here any minute and you are to let her through even though the traffic signal might be against her.

HORATIUS: Unless she is a friend of the chief of police and has a deputy star on her chassis, I mean her car- (confused) well, you know what I mean-nothing can be done for her.

LICTOR: I commend your noble spirit. The Divine Emperor will probably feed you to the goldfish for this insubordination, but cheer up, you'll live in song and story and in days to come, bright if dirty-faced little children, in the third, fourth and fifth grades,

Lucrezia Soldi, a woman of noble birth whose family had long served the state. He was carefully brought up and received his early training from the Friars at San Marco in

Florence.)
NERO: Hello, Horatius.

HORATIUS: We, who are about to die, salute thee.

NERO: (Affably) You may well say so. I understand you are holding the bridge here and wont let anybody go through.

HORATIUS: It amounts to that. NERO: You are a brave fellow. (To Lartius) And you, my good fellow, what are you doing here?

LARTIUS: Helping Horatius hold the bridge.

Nero: Dear me! Well, throw yourself into the Tiber. Come! Come! And you too, Her-Come! minius, do a double swan dive. No, don't bother to take off your armor. As soon as you come up, face me and salute. (To Captain of Praetorian Guard) When they do so, see how many arrows your brave fellows can put into their faces before they can duck. (Yawning) Make it snappy. I'm going to be late for my fire.

(Lartius and Herminius

carry out their part of the program and Nero applauds the Praetorian marksmanship.)

NERO: Well, Horatius, I'm off. Think of me kindly; and one thing more, you'd better not be here when I get back—and you'd better not be gone. (Proceeds across bridge, which is now lowered.)

HORATIUS: (Waiting until he is safely out of sight. Blows whistle) Bee-e-e-e-e-

(Traffic streams across bridge.)

(Taking HORATIUS: off helmet out of which handful of gift cigars fall) Gosh, this traffic is getting worse every day. It's a wonder there aren't more accidents. I wish the captain would transfer me to some nice quiet street off the Appian Way.

(Important Note: The author has just discovered that in a note above he substituted Philip Neri for Nero. This is principally the fault of the editor of the En-cyclopedia Britannica, who

will recite your praises with appropriate careful an author as myself inevitable congestures. By the way, here comes Nero now. fusion. I leave the note intact, however, (Nero, Philip (Filippo de) Italian church—as I feel every child should know someman, was born at Florence on the 21st of thing also about Philip Neri.)

July, 1515. He was the youngest child of Francesco Neri, a lawyer of that city and his wife





practical joker. His associate joined in the laugh. The representative of the law gave a snort.

"You call that funny? I think he ought to go to jail."

"What a pity the fellow has no sense of humor!" observed

the doctor.

The banker jerked forward. "A practical joker and no sense of humor! What are you talking about?"
"You admit he gets his kick out of the discomfort of others,"

smiled the medico, and paused. "Well—yes."

"Then he has a sense of the ridiculous, but no sense of humor."
"That's a distinction without a difference," asserted the banker.
"Not at all." The physician's eyes behind their horn-rimmed

spectacles held the quizzical contemplation of one who has probed human nature with more than the surgeon's knife. "A sense of the ridiculous sees the joke on some one else, while a sense of humor sees the joke on oneself. Thirty years ago, a certain

man kept society on its toes, waiting to see what prank he would pull next. Back in the gay 'nineties, everybody knew him. In fact, most of that period's gayety could be traced literally to his door. He was buffoon extraordinary to the Four Hundred. And the Four Million looked for his exploits in the daily papers as religiously as for weather reports. Yet he was utterly without humor."
"And his name?" put in the junior partner, stretching back comfortably with legs spread.

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you do, I'll call the police."

"That I wont tell you. It gained fame when you were too young to take notice. But his story illustrates my point. It's

the tragedy of an unprofessional comedian who never saw the joke on himself.'

"Shoot," came from the junior partner. "I'd like the sensation

of advice from you without getting a bill for it."

The doctor's gaze centered on his lifted glass much as if it were a crystal in which the past might be conjured.

FOR no particular reason (began the physician) except that it's not anything like his name, let's call him Charley Earle, otherwise identified as Champagne Charley. Had his coat-of-arms been designed by a man with an

eye to irony, it would have borne a brass rail as bar sinister. For his father had been a saloonkeeper upstate following the Civil War, and as rough a friendship.

citizen as ever passed rotgut whisky across the counter. The expert who later created the Earle escutcheon for Charley traced his lineage to Peter the Great.

Champagne Charley began his career as a wine-agent in the fastnesses of lower Broadway. But his weather eye, from the start, fastened on Society with a capital S. And I'll say this for him-astigmatic though his gaze might become, never once did he remove it from that pinnacle. A man with singleness of purpose, with the determination to make that purpose an accomplished fact.

He was round-faced, round-bellied, pink and white, and blond. He gave the impression of no bones under the flesh, but an almost baby softness. His smile was ingratiating yet noncomnunicative. It displayed even sharp white teeth. His voice was pitched high. His eyes were transparently cool gray and could assume utter blankness of expression, with much the guileless look of a china doll. He had a great way with the ladies. While he sold their husbands champagne, he made them feel they could share safely with him confidences of which those husbands were unaware.

And how he could make them laugh! Whispered hints about Mrs. A's fads and foibles carried to the attentive ears of Mrs. B; the pet absurdities of Mrs. B in turn disclosed to Mrs. C. An endless chain which they eventually discovered, to their amazement, bound them close to this pleasant companion. He knew too much about them to admit of anything but the most cautious

The first exploit that landed him on the front page occurred in the days when skirts camouflaged a display of ankles and diamond collarettes a display of bosom.

Charley had constituted himself escort to a millionaire's widow with nothing to do but amuse herself and look for another husband. While our friend could not qualify for the latter job, he filled the former to perfection. Secretly, he despised her democracy. In her position, he would have ignored such a person as Charley Earle, or treated him for what he was, underling. However, since she chose a course more favorable, he became court jester as a step toward ultimate power. took an old brownstone house immediately next door to hers so that he might be within call on any emergency-meanwhile supplying the lady's household with more than enough liquor to pay his rent. Incidentally there

was an attractive young niece with flaming red hair who would undoubtedly one day inherit a fair slice of the widow's fortune.

It was spring, balmy and five A. M. when Charley and his patroness with a party of six were on the way home from a charity ball. Much of the Earle pet beverage had been imbibed. Their mood was jocu-They decided on a drive through the park. They reached the steps that lead down to the little lake just beyond the Mall, where youngsters sail their boats. Charley got an inspira-tion. Why not have the park to themselves and enjoy sunrise? They stumbled out of the two carriages and down the steps to the water. It looked cool, deep and inviting. The popular daughter of a cabinet member stood poised at the

"Makes me wish I were a mermaid," she sang out. "Well, be one!" Charley challenged. "Take your mornchallenged.

ing tub here."

She giggled, balanced without the slightest intention of going overboard. But Charley's elbow gave her a gentle shove and in She came up like she went. a drowned rat with an expression of blank amazement that made the crowd hold their

sides. Charley plunged in, of course, and pulled her out.

The papers got hold of the adventure, uncertain whether to feature it as a daring rescue or a joke. But the importance of the girl's father made it front-page stuff.

From that day, Champagne Charley was actually on the social map. If a week passed without his name suspended like a dangling Pierrot in the press, the public felt itself cheated. His absurdities were heralded throughout the country with as much flourish as a prima donna's.

His fortune grew enormously. He bought the house he lived

in, remodeled it, installed an army of servants. The instant these servants entered his employ. he gave them new names. No one under his roof must have any identity except such as he might choose. He did not know how his various butlers had been christened, if at all. But every butler ever employed by him was called Weeks. A footman immediately became Hawley. And so on, down the line. Thus their master's ear and memory were never jarred by strange sounds.

He entertained with the casual yet lavish gesture usually credited to great wealth. But one thing could be counted on: his parties were unique. He had his reputation to live up to—publicity was his mainstay, his delight.

I recall one occasion

when he issued invitations to a ball "in honor of a Potentate from a Foreign Court and his Entourage." When his guests arrived, they found the ballroom transformed into a jungle, a lion enthroned, and such beasts as could be let loose scattered round the place. He'd gotten them from a circus, accompanied by keepers, of course. They were trained animals, perfectly safe, but at first there was almost a panic. As the shock wore off, though, the women actually fought to be photographed with the king of beasts. was a new sensation. Naturally, pictures were spread all over the papers and the affair was the talk of the country for months.

Ministers preached sermons on the scandal of it. Editorials poured on it the vitriol of irony. Musical comedies exploited it in topical song and dance. It inaugurated a shaggy

style in women's dress. In short, the name of Charley Earle was on every tongue, from upstairs to backstairs.

was on every tongue, from upstairs to backstairs.

Living up to the exigencies of self-exploitation became a serious business. He must always do the unexpected, no matter how grotesque. Politeness, good manners, went by the board. In fact, he was featured for his lack of them. Champagne Charley might do anything at any time anywhere. And he did. The demands of front-page publicity kept his brain working and his eyes unsmiling.

Meantime his attentions to the flaming-haired niece of his neighbor became a matter of gossip. Shall we call her Grace? The name seems to fit. She had a vivid way of moving about,

They found the ballroom transformed into a jungle, a lion en-throned. The women actually fought to be photographed with the king of beasts.

eyes that stole out of shadows to meet yours, and lips—well, the sort of lips a mere medical man had better not try to describe. She was very young, a handful for her aunt to manage, and tremendously impressed by the unconventionality of Charley Earle. His years topped hers by fifteen, at least, and the fact that he actually paid court to her was immensely flattering. Her aunt did not disapprove of the match, but insisted that Charley wait until the girl passed her twentieth birthday, which meant two years. He didn't want to and society was sure he wouldn't have to. He was bound, as usual, to get what he went after—in the speediest and most spectacular manner. The fact that he had to go only a few paces from his doorstep

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"What the hell do you mean by using the front door?"

The valet—he wasn't much more than a boy—went first red, then white.

"I'm sorry, sir. The servants' entrance is under repair. It's locked —and I thought—"

"What right have you to think? There's a back door for your kind!"

The boy stood silent, trembling from head foot. He had a to sensitive face, and obviously it was drawn with something more than fear. Humiliation, embarrassment, whatever it was, made him stammer as he answered finally in a low

"I regret, sir—but I'm new here. And I was in a hurry—"

"Hurry, eh? Well, we'll speed you up!"

Whereupon Charley's foot shot out. It caught his valet in the seat of the pants, and with sure, swift aim, kicked him sprawling into the street.

The crowd that gathers from nowhere in New York stood on the sidewalk and let out a guffaw. A few of the reporters snickered. But there was one person who did not laugh.

A girl with flaming hair had appeared in the doorway of the house next door, waiting for her aunt's coupé. As the boy went hurtling through the air, she gave a cry and turned quickly to see what had happened.

Charley's foot was still raised. Fury was stamped all over his pink face. It made his lips quiver loosely. His eyes looked like glass.

The girl stared at him as if she had never seen him before. Amaze-

ment, disillusionment—who can tell how one little act will change the chameleon color of a woman's thoughts? She simply stared at Charley Earle with astonishment that in the twinkling of an eye became a look of absolute loathing.

of an eye became a look of absolute loathing.

"You brute!" she called out at last. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

She dashed to the middle of the street where the valet lay,

She dashed to the middle of the street where the valet lay, with vest, coat and trousers he had been carrying, spread in three directions. His eyes were shut, but he was perfectly conscious. Shame, probably, made the effort of facing that leering populace impossible.

Right there, Grace got down on her (Continued on page 140)

to hers facilitated matters. He saw Grace daily. And—strange, this very closeness brought about the turning point in Champagne Charley's career.

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He had picked up a group of newspaper men at the old Delmonico café one day and invited them to drive home with him to see a collection of sporting prints just arrived from England. His victoria, with its stunning pair of bays, pulled in at the curb, followed by a couple of hansom cabs. Charley jumped down and started up the steps. Halfway, he stopped short. The bronze-grilled door of his house swung open, and out stepped his valet with a suit of clothes over one arm.

Charley stood speechless a second. Then came sputtering:

People Who Contribute to

ARTHUR STRINGER

He is a Canadian by birth and has traveled and lived on the most interesting frontiers of the dominion.

He wrote one of the most popular novels of recent years—"The Prairie Wife." It was a story of a young woman of gentle birth and breeding who went with her husband to the Northwest prairie. Mr. Stringer's portrayal of her struggles was so vivid that the Prairie Wife became a living person to millions of readers. They wanted to follow her; and so Mr. Stringer wrote "The Prairie Mother," and "The Prairie Child." Upon another page in this magazine, he starts the story of a forest frontier woman who is brought into a remarkable relation with a group of the supercivilized people of New York. Keenness of characterization, together with a tender note of understanding, again distinguishes Mr. Stringer's work; he gives us, in 'Rorie Mary, a striking personality worthy to stand beside The Prairie Wife in the affection of the American people—"The Wolf Woman."



MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

Africa—its caravans and cannibals and the adventures of the gorilla trail become vivid realities when reported to us by the graphic pen of Mary Hastings Bradley.

She is a Smith College graduate and was well known as a writer when she took up big-game hunting and exploring.

Accompanying her husband, Herbert E. Bradley, of Chicago, she joined the Akeley expedition of the American Museum of Natural History into the Belgian Congo. The especial object of this expedition was to study gorilla and they not only closely observed the great apes but succeeded in taking motion pictures of them.

Later, with Mr. Bradley, she went to Sumatra and Indo-China and shot tigers. Upon a second trip to the Belgian Congo, with her husband, she and he were the first to traverse the region west of Lake Edward.



Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

WILLIAM BEEBE

Since Darwin and Agassiz, no other naturalist—save, perhaps, the Frenchman Fabre—has gained the regard bestowed upon William Beebe.

He is a scientist with the patience to study, day after day, the minute paths and purposes of ants in the jungle; indeed, one of his most fascinating chapters relates the comings and goings of an ant colony, seen with eyes trained to discern significance in the tiny. He has also the spirit of the adventurer which called him into the tropical forests of South America, to the Sargasso Sea and to that strange, uninhabited group of islands in the Pacific, "Galapagos: World's End."

It is a realm, you may remember, where reptiles rule, a sort of left-over duchy from the day of the saurians, as you felt when you read Mr. Beebe's account. Writing of his expeditions, he has the genius to endow his readers with a most pleasant sense of companionship with him.

the Interest of Our Day



Photo by Campbell Studios

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ELSWYTH THANE

We have become so accustomed to regard the young people of the present day as sophisticated and cynical, that a romantic story from a young writer comes to us as a welcome and pleasant surprise.

Elswyth Thane is an American girl, who has lived in England and upon the Continent, where her friends include such delightful and high-hearted people as are introduced to you in "His Elizabeth."

The story of the troubadour Tommy, of the monocled Derek, and of Elizabeth, now appearing in this magazine, is Miss Thane'a third novel. Having made so brilliant a start, she is sure to continue her writing; and it will be only the more diversified in subject and in setting, as she accompanies her husband upon his interesting expeditions. For she has recently married the distinguished naturalist William Beebe, whose picture is reproduced on the opposite page.

WILL JAMES

Both the life and the work of this author-artist arouse the interest evoked by something really unique. He was born thirty-two years ago in a covered wagon in Montana. His mother died—his father soon afterward. Cared for by a Canadian trapper, he lived in the wilderness till he was fourteen—and until one day the trapper failed to return to the cabin. The boy thus left "on his own" has made bis way ever since; as horse-wrangler, as cowboy, as bronco-buster at rodeos—and latterly, with the flowering of his extraordinary talents, as writer and artist.

Will James has four books on cowboy life to his credit, books he has himself both written and illustrated: "Cowboys North and South," "The Drifting Cowboy," "Smoky" and "Cow Country." They are fascinating for their high spirit and their fidelity to the most picturesque phase of American life. Indeed "Smoky" received the Newberry Medal of the American Library Association.



Photo by Curtis, Los Angeles



MARGARET PETHERBRIDGE

Aside from reading, radio and the films, no preoccupation at present rivals the puzzle craze. Indeed, with statistics lacking, it may be that the total time devoted to cerebration over such problems as the name of the large ostrich-like Australian bird of three letters (the middle one zn) exceeds the time bestowed upon other entertainment.

The cross-word puzzle started a craze which recently has taken other forms, but in spite of the claims of "Ask me another" and word shifts, the cross-word has more than held its own as the most popular perplexity.

It was started upon its royal road by three writers on the staff of a New York newspaper, Gregory Hartswick, Prosper Buranelli and Margaret Petherbridge, whose picture appears above. She is the wife of John Farrar, recently editor of "The Bookman," and now editor for a large publishing house.

By Jack Boyle

Illustrated by Hanson Booth

THE DANE and Sweet Marie were entertaining friends at dinner. Round their table at Pulombo's were a select halfdozen of crookdom's notables. Theirs had been a delightfully congenial party until, as dessert was served, the ever-watchful eyes of the diners saw Trenton Teddy and Larry McKune approaching their table. The underworld still buzzed with gossip of their romance, which had changed Larry from a policeman to a crook. There was a sudden ominous hush as the pair neared the table.

Teddy was the intimate friend of each of the dinner guests. She was a long-accepted member of the lawless world's most exclusive circle. The possibility that she, Trenton Teddy, could ever be unwelcome anywhere had not occurred to her.

"Cuba Libre! Long may she wave! Not that you folks need be concerned about Cuba," Teddy exclaimed, with a glance at the glasses. "Friends, let me introduce my husband, Larry—" the glasses. For the first time consciousness of the overstrained silence

penetrated to her mind.

"Oh, ex-c-u-u-se me! I thought I was with friends," she interjected quickly, her voice suddenly grown steely.
"You are, Teddy," replied the Dane gently but with positive

emphasis. "I get you, Dane," interrupted McKune, advancing a step, fists clenched. "I'm the one who's not fit to mix with you high-and-mighty crook folks. Is that it?"—threateningly.
"That's it," answered the Dane, staring coolly at the ex-

detective with eyes that were icy blue pools of disdain.
"But Larry's one of our own kind now," protested Teddy.
"He's not a copper now."

"A man who'll wear a star once will always be a copper-to me," declared Ottawa Tim, drawing back his chair in preparation for hostilities.

The Dane agreed. "For your sake I'm sorry, Teddy, but the truth's the truth. Once a copper, always a copper. I never yet shook hands nor ate with a copper, and I never will."

Axel rose and stood beside his chair, calmly waiting. Ac-

cording to his code Larry McKune was abundantly entitled to redress in whatever form he chose. Axel looked toward the ex-policeman expectantly.

With a soundless, gliding movement, McKune edged toward the calmly waiting Dane but Teddy sprang before him and caught his arms.

"Not here, Larry! Not now. We'll forget these ex-friends of Come." mine!

She led him, half resisting, toward the door. The diners settled back in their chairs. Casually, as though there had been no interruption, the party resumed its gay chatter. Sweet Marie edged closer to Axel the Dane, and involuntarily her hand reached out and caressed his malletlike fist.



At the gates of the "Big House," the Dane and

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"That man is like a snake. I saw it in his eyes when he looked at you."

The Dane laughed, snapping his fingers contemptuously. In the taxicab that whirled them uptown, Trenton Teddy's hauteur melted.

"Oh, Larry, I've made you like the rest of us. got to give you a chance to prove it and live down your past!"

In those words, spoken with simple frankness, Trenton Teddy revealed the whole of her world's point of view—a point of view too impossible and incomprehensible ever to be understood by the ordinary world that perforce employs pro-tection against Teddy and her kind.

Larry McKune sat beside her in silence, staring unseeingly

Neither Larry nor Teddy, during the days that followed, mentioned the occurrence at Pulombo's, but consciousness of it lay forever between them. Teddy was lavish in proofs of her love lavish, with an intangible undercurrent of defiance of all adverse verdicts. But it was Teddy's own verdict that Larry



Sweet Marie parted dry-eyed. The big gates clanged shut behind him. He was gone -for twenty interminable years.

McKune came to fear each day as he surprised in her eyes, again and again, a look that was a furtive confession that in loving him she knew she had sacrificed her world's regard as completely as he, for her, had sacrificed his.

All his venom heaped itself upon Axel the Dane. The Dane

had rendered fruitless the sacrifice of the discarded star; Axel

the Dane must pay!

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Each day this decision became more paramount in Larry McKune's life. But how was it to be done? In the first im-McKune's life. But how was it to be done? In the first impulse of his hatred, Larry had contemplated facing the Dane publicly, taunting him into an attack and then killing him, gunman fashion. But there were difficulties. All the world of crooks knew that the Dane was always unarmed. To kill him would be easy—satisfying too; but to Teddy and her world, the dead Dane would be the hero, the living Larry the coward. A revenge more subtle, more lingering, was what he craved.

A DETECTIVE chief, harassed by newspaper criticism of persistently recurring bond robberies, received an unsigned and typed letter. It read:

Axel the Dane's girl, Sweet Marie, has the dope on the Guardian Trust job and knows where the bonds are planted. If you pick her up when she is alone and give her a tough third degree, you will make her talk. Make her think the Dane knows where she is but aint troubling himself to get her out. If he finds out she is pinched he will get word to her some way and the whole works will be off. Don't pinch the Dane till you have the straight done from Marie for the convex sixt here who can the straight dope from Marie, for the copper aint born who can make him squeal.

"'Ax-grinder' has his own little ax to grind and admits it," decided the chief as he reread the letter thoughtfully. "This sounds like a possibility. I'll give it a trial."

That evening as Sweet Marie stepped from a car on her way

to meet the Dane, her arms suddenly were pinioned by two de-tectives. She was hustled into a waiting auto and thereafter

vanished utterly.

For two days the Dane, growing more desperately anxious with each fruitless hour, searched the city for his lost Marie, but detective headquarters kept its secret well. Not the slightest trace of her rewarded the giant Viking's endless efforts. And then, twenty-four hours after the Silverton Detective Agency suffered the astounding effrontery of the robbery of its office vault, and as the Dane sat alone in his deserted room savagely berating his own impotence, the telephone rang.

"Larry McKune's got your girl," said the voice on the wire.
"Be at my room, Number 23 in Bleecker Street Al's joint, at
midnight and I'll tip you where he's got her locked up. You

know me, Dane. I'm—"
There was a hurried hawking, spitting sound—the crookworld's warning of the approach of the police or an eavesdropper and the connection was broken.

"McKune!" cried the Dane, springing to his feet, his great muscles quivering with rage. "That yellow rat hates us, of course. If he has laid hands on my little Marie—"

As the Dane furiously paced his room, raging under the denial of his primordial male impulse to defend his mate, the telephone rang in the offices of the Silverton Detective Agency.

"If you want the guy who 'souped' your office strong-box, you'll find him with all your junk in his suitcase ready for a get-away, in Room 23, Bleecker Street Al's joint, at midnight. This is straight goods. Good-by."

The voice was gone. The receiver clicked up.

Larry McKune stepped out of the telephone booth at Pulombo's, his lips curling back from his teeth in lines of triumphant satisfaction.

Gene the restaurant steward appeared suddenly from within

his office and, his eyes glittering with avarice, watched McKune leave the booth. The office telephone was on the booth line.

"He's 'framing' the Dane and I've got the goods on him.

Larry McKune's going to send me down to Hot Springs to give the bookies a whirl on his money. Gene, my boy." This is your lucky day,

AT five minutes before midnight the Dane stopped beside A inve minutes before midnight the Dane stopped beside a room door in the dim hallway of a squalid lodging-house. No sound and no light came from within. Softly he turned the knob; the door opened on inky darkness. He lighted the smoky oil lamp and looked around. The room was deserted. Restless and impatient and fuming inwardly at each second's delay, the Dane paced the floor as he waited the arrival of his telephone informant.

Almost on the stroke of twelve he heard stealthy footsteps on the bare stairway-sneaky, catlike steps that approached with slow caution. Instantly he scented the possibility of what, in his anxiety for Marie, he had ignored—the possibility of a trap skillfully baited, cleverly sprung. The footsteps—they were many—crept closer and died into silence just outside the door. The Dane shook back from his forehead his tawny, leonine mop of hair and, answering the urge of his strain of fighting Viking blood, threw open the door.
"Mitts up! Quick!" was the share

was the sharp command that came from

behind the battery of leveled revolvers he faced.

With a hoarse roar that was an elemental challenge of de-fiance he catapulted among them, mauling, crushing, trampling his way to the freedom of the stairway. A detective's revolver spurted flame and the Dane's hurtling arms seemed to halt and His great body sagged, but he kept his feet. droop in midair. A gun-butt crashed above his temple and he went down, crushone enemy to his breast in a fall that shook the flimsy building from roof to cellar.

While an ambulance trundled the unconscious Dane to a hospital, the Silverton detective chief searched the lodging-house In it, carefully hidden, they found the Dane's own suitcase-he had not known it had been stolen-packed apparently for flight with his clothes and containing a package of jewels taken in the Silverton robbery. And, adding an ultimate and finishing touch of convincingness, they resurrected from a trash box the torn bits of a fingerprint sheet torn from the book of Bertillon records kept in the dismantled safe. The fingerprint record was the Dane's.

"He copped out his own fingerprint record when he shot our vault. What do you know about that for nerve?" exclaimed the detective head, almost admiringly. "I hadn't missed it or I'd have known who did the job without the aid of that lucky phone tip. We've got the goods, double-riveted, on him this time! Believe me, boys, it'll be twenty long years before Axel the Dane blows another safe."

The prediction was fulfilled with prompt precision. At the gates of the "Big House up the river" the Dane and Sweet Marie parted dry-eyed, her tiny hands, icy as the burden of agony that was crushing her heart, clinging to his desperately

in the final moment of separation. Lifting her in his great arms he held her against his breast as they looked into each other's eyes; then, very gently, he kissed her and, still silent, turned toward the prison. The big gates clanged shut behind him. He was gone-living but buried-for twenty interminable years, for half of all those years that divide a buoyant, life-yet-to-belived twentieth birthday from a sixtieth of white hairs, dimming eyes and memories of a life already lived. And Axel and Marie both knew he was innocent.

THE girl turned away from the closed gates and walked fast, her eyes hard, hot, unseeing. She found herself in New York without remembering how she had come there. She found herself in their rooms, alone, with the Dane's great easy-chair empty beside the window. Then in a bursting flood of grief and bitterness the relieving tears came.

"Axel, Axel, my love!" she moaned. "You shall come back.
You shall be free. I will never rest, day nor night, until I have

cleared you. My love, I swear it to you now."

That evening Gene, steward at Pulombo's, kept an appointment with Larry McKune in Teddy's apartments. As Gene repeated word for word the two telephone messages that had combined to send Axel the Dane to twenty unmerited years in prison, he watched McKune's eyes grow steely and treacherous as his fingers furtively crept toward a table drawer.

"Nix, Larry. You haven't a chance," warned the steward, trining back his coat to reveal the gun. beneath it. "I want turning back his coat to reveal the gun beneath it. three thousand dollars. For it I keep my mouth shut and the Dane stays where you put him."

With her hand just touching the apartment door, Trenton Teddy stopped, transfixed, as she heard the words. She waited,

"And if you don't get it?" McKune spat back at the nonchalant blackmailer.

"I'll spill it to the Dane's friends," replied Gene confidently.

"They'll do the rest." As the two let themselves out of the apartment, neither saw

Teddy hiding in the hallway, hands pressed against her breast. When McKune returned an hour later the rooms were topsyturvy and a note from Teddy lay on the table. A premonition of its contents chilled the man's heart. Tearing it open, he read:

I heard you and Gene. The Dane was right after all: 'Once a copper, always a copper.' Of course I'm done—forever. I'm leaving the country tonight. I couldn't face anyone I ever knew after this. I shall write back telling Marie the whole truth. Get away or they'll kill you.

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Months passed-hectically feverish months of hope sown and disappointment garnered to Sweet Marie. All the crook world knew and accepted the truth in the matter of the Dane's imprisonment. But the Law, always loath to admit its own blunders or the possibility of being deceived, was skeptical. alive to the cumulative force of aroused public opinion, told her story to newspaper city editors. They listened with bore-dom and frank disbelief and promised to "investigate." Noth-ing happened. In answer to the girl's desperately appealing letter, the Governor returned a perfunctory note demanding conclusive proof. And there was no proof—nothing beyond Teddy's shamed confession of her man's perfidy, for Gene, Larry McKune and Teddy had vanished utterly in separate flights. But never for an hour did Marie abandon hope nor falter.

MONEY ran short and the girl pawned her rings and moved to cheaper rooms. More weary months and she sold her furniture—all but the chair that was his.

The letters she wrote the Dane each week were cheerily hope-

ful, but night by night on the pages of a diary that was her only confidante, she poured out freely the gnawing misery of bitter days that were an endless succession of disappointments.

A day came when the problem of food and shelter became im-

mediate and imperative. Kneeling beside the empty chair, she prayed.

"O God, punish me for my sins, but give me back my Dane's freedom," she pleaded. "I can't go on. I offer my life for my sins and his. Willingly—"

The girl's voice sank to a whisper, then ceased as she knelt with bowed her body shaken by swift transce at a new

with bowed head, her body shaken by swift tremors at a new thought, a new radiant possibility. . .

Far into the night she wrote in her diary, stripping there with eager frankness her woman's soul in words written for the eyes



"O God, punish me, but give me back my Dane's freedom! I offer my life, willingly-"

of Axel the Dane, and some day to serve as a last, enduring proof and bequest of her love.

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At daybreak she awoke, happily content, and began again to write—this time a painstakingly accurate chronicle of the Dane's imprisonment and of McKune's skillfully planned plot that had accomplished it. When it was done, she took it uptown to be typed. No need now to hoard her dimes. She had enough and more for the great purpose that thrilled her with each heart-beat. She returned to her room with the typed pages and laid them away tenderly. And then she wrote a letter—a letter of crossed-out and corrected and rewritten sentences that would, she believed with implicit faith, purchase the freedom of the man she loved. At noon the letter was done, recopied and pinned, beside a photograph of herself, to the typewritten sheets.

An afternoon and evening were still to be spent before the hour appointed for the accomplishment of her purpose. As she sat beside the Dane's chair fretting impatiently at the slow passage of interminably dragging minutes she was suddenly con-

scious of a faint perfume in the room—a perfume sweet and fresh and delicate and incongruously alien in the atmosphere of a tenement room above a noisome New York street.

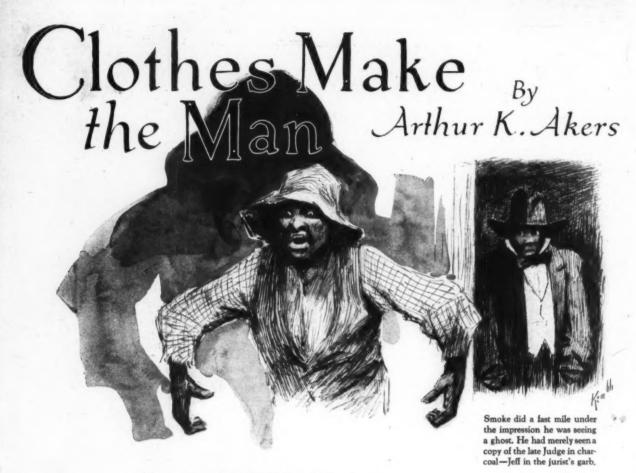
It was the perfume of wild roses—the wild roses that grew beside the doorway of a shabby little cottage in an out-of-theway nook in New Jersey where Marie in girlhood had seen her mother, now long dead, struggle bravely but in vain for a meager living.

The rose perfume grew stronger, filling the room until its four grimy walls dissolved into nothingness and in their stead, haloed by loving memories, appeared the cottage itself with Mother in the doorway shading her eyes with a work-worn hand as she watched the winding woodland trail for the first glimpse of a daughter skipping homeward from school.

"Mother!" Marie cried through the aching lump in her throat.

"Mother!" Marie cried through the aching lump in her throat. And then the cottage was gone; the four grimy walls appeared again and the street noises were once more audible—the familiar rumble of city traffic.

With trembling hands Sweet Marie (Continued on page 139)



Illustrated by E. W. Kemble

JEFF BAKER, involuntary grass widower, and of color, was "taking notice." But he wasn't getting noticed—especially by Roseola Ricketts. Roseola had money, looks, a mind of her own, and a lodge office. Jeff wasn't even having luck. He was ragged, and short of stature, funds and social standing. And he was made further unattractive by being heavily indebted to an installment furniture house for an organ which he could not play. As for Roseola, every time she looked at Jeff she saw exactly what she didn't want.

Jeff hung around and kept an eye open for her dogs and the installment gentleman. When Roseola didn't like a boy she said it with hounds. And the white folks kept changing collectors on him until he never could be sure of a strange white man's identity or mission.

Then Judge Pickens died—Judge Tecumseh Pickens, Jeff's "white folks," for whom he mowed, whitewashed and odd-jobbed; and from whom he stole, "toted," and borrowed gin, food and

Scarcely a week later, "Smoke" Smith, Jeff's boon companion, did a fast mile under the impression that he was seeing a ghost. Then he perceived that he had merely seen a copy of the late Judge in charcoal, so to speak—otherwise Jeff in the jurist's Supreme Court garb. Which put a new face on everything but Jeff. Jeff had fallen gloriously heir to the Judge's wardrobe: large black felt hat, "frock-tailed coat," gleaming white vest, unpatched pants, and all. That the Judge had been twice Jeff's size disturbed nothing but the location of wrists, ankles and waist-line.

'Dem clothes-too big-fo' you, aint dey?" panted Smoke

critically.

"Naw, hit's jest I's too fur down in 'em," explained Jeff, emerging slightly. "Dey gwine change my luck. How you like

"Boy, you looks like a roller skate wid 'Body by Disher.' Whut you gwine do now? You cain't preach; an' you cain't clean up white folks' yahds no mo' lookin' like de Pres'dent de Firs' National Bank after a long sick spell in a coal-hole. An'

you looks like de end of free vittles to me: somebody wuz all time feelin' sorry fo' boy ragged as you used be, an' give you somep'n to eat. Now dey all be tryin' borrer two-bits off you. Whut you gwine do 'bout dem muddyfoots collectors from de 'stallment place now, too?"

Jeff hadn't thought of that. But, "Cain't he'p hit," he returned unmoved. "Clo'es aint make de man, but dey sho does make he luck wid women. I's fixin' now to git ma'ied to Roseola an' quit workin'. Dat woman got plenty money. 'Sides dat, I done swap off my old clothes fo' dis heah pa'r big shoes wid holes cut out 'em in jes' de right places fo' my feets. Gits myse'f elevated an' co'ts better when gits on dese heah fine clothes.

"Yeah, 'fine clothes makes fine birds'—jail-birds, maybe!" ocked Smoke. "You looks like a bank—"

mocked Smoke.

Smoke. You looks like a bank— 'Bank's right!' he ejaculated hopefully. "Maybe gits me job sweepin' out one now. Aint never been able git close 'nough to bank befo' to find out 'bout dat kind of job."

"Aint mean sweepin' out no bank, lookin' like you does. You looks too much like de pres'dent 'tween de neck an' de knees an' too little like one, t'other places—specially yo' face an' feet. Officer in cullud folks' bank's whut suit dat suit best—an' janitorin' go best wid dem feet. But wuz you git to janitorin' in dat coat, so many darkies'd be tryin' borrer money from you you'd git all behind wid shinin' de brass. An' wuz you try off'-cerin', dem feet'd make a run on de bank. You looks mo' like a busy summer fo' some 'ployment agency to me.'

"Huh! Yo' mouth aint make nothin' but noise. Aint nobody got banks heah but white folks. Aint no cullud folks' bank in

D'mop'lis-

"Aint dey? Dat jes' show how ign'ant an' fur behind de times you is. Next to mo' lodges turnin' out fo' fun'rals, whut dis town needs most is a cullud folks' bank. But dey cain't git up one wid D'mop'lis darkies 'ca'se de depositors all knows 'em too well to trust 'em wid dey money. Got to git darkies from fur off. Dey'd flock to it. An' you been so busy dodgin' dem puddyfoots you sint seen dem two big boys whut stoppin' at de muddyfoots you aint seen dem two big boys whut stoppin' at de

Wawldawf-'Storia fo' Cullud, Rates Reas'n-able. Uncle Caesar, de chambermaid dar, perc'late dey gwine staht cullud folks' bank heah, wid real money behind de bars."

"Yeah, an' dey gwine be somep'n else 'hind de bars 'sides money, do strange darkies come heah stahtin' bank."

"Boy, you knows jes' 'nough 'bout bankin' to make a good po'teh in a pool-room. I takes back whut I says. Keep dem clothes on, an' all choice you gits is 'tween marryin' rich an' sta'vin' to death. I's raisin' me a flower fo' you now—an' hit aint no orange blossom!"

With which parting shot, Smoke dodged through the inviting portals of Eckie Ewing's barbecue stand, with a view to nourishing himself. Jeff remained outsidefor financial reasons.

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Which was fortunate, for it left him where Opportunity must either detour or fall over him. In other words, Jeff, fishing futilely in the late Judge's pockets for any loose change that might have been overlooked, blocked the way of two marvelous beings, saddle-colored as to complexion and magnificent as to attire. Jeff shuffled aside and recalled current rumors that two eminent bankers were abroad in the land. Further color and authenticity were lent to the report by the respectful presence behind them of Uncle Caesar, the hotel man, wearing his red coat and carrying their portfolios.

Opposite Jeff and an empty store adjoining Eckie's place, the trio



"Heahs you's runnin' a bank. 'Minds me of de time de jackass gits hisse'f ol' lion's skin!"

paused to read a "For Rent" sign in the window. The sign seemed to impress them. Jeff

hung around.

"Hit look like good stand, Mist' Sims," remarked one of the financial giants.

"Close to de depos'tors, Mist' Sims
—an' fur off from
de bank 'xaminers,"
agreed the other;
"aint right jam up
'gainst po-lice station
like dat las' bank
you rented," he concluded, with what
sounded like a touch
of acid in his tones.

"Twa'n't so much whut hit wuz nex' to," objected the other financier, "as 'twuz dat small-town darky you hires fo' pres'dent. Next bank us stahts got to have right man fo' haid of hit. Give me mo' say-so 'bout de org'nization an' you gits mo' say-so bout how us leaves town. Dey wuz splinters an' salt in de bottom dat las' freight-car."

Jeff creased the judicial pants between thumb and forefinger and got prominent. He had never been around money, but he was ripe for the novelty of the experience. It might change his luck with collectors. And it would be bound to bring an improvement in the way Roseola summoned her dogs whenever he drew near her home on North Strawberry Street.

Jeff reefed his trousers afresh at the top and went past the bankers in his best imitation of the late Judge Pickens en route to a chicken fight on prayer-meeting night

to a chicken-fight on prayer-meeting night.
"Who dat boy struttin' by?" was the question fired at Uncle
Caesar.

"Dat jes' Jeff—Jeff Baker, he call hisse'f dis summer."

"Jeff? Dat's same as Jeff'son. Pow'ful fine name. Look good on a sign. What he do?"

"Aint do nothin' twel times gits so bad. He whitewash now an' clean out white folks' hen-houses. Leastwise he did twel he git dem fine clothes. Look like aint nothin' he kin do since den—"

But the financiers seemed to have lost their interest in Uncle Caesar's explanations and speculations. Their conversation had suddenly become private and practical.

"Aint but one p'int to settle," urged one upon the other: "Is he dumb 'nough? Dat las' pres'dent us gits in Troy aint dumb as he looked; he und'stood mo'n half whut

us wuz tryin' to do."

Jeff repassed. The darker it grew, the more impressive he looked. And it was getting quite dark. Also, well past supper-time. Therefore, when one of the moneyed men hailed him, Jeff put on a stop that would have done crudit to four-wheel brakes.



"Us in de bankin' business," vouchsafed Mr. Sims. "Small money but frequent is ouah trademark; but us cain't stay long in one town—nature of ouah business keeps us movin'."

"'Scuse us fo' stoppin' you," one of the pair apologized to Jeff; "us realize from yo' 'pearance dat yo' time valuable, but us got bus'ness prop'sition lay befo' you. Has you e't?"

"Today? Naw, suh; aint had time yit."
"Den s'pose us dines an' discusses, right heah in de Ewin'

Café, close to whar at de inst'ution gwine be."

All that Jeff grasped was "dine" and "Ewing," which was plenty. He went right in. And, as an appetizer, he watched the envious and protruding eyes of Smoke. Smoke dallied over a dime's worth of barbecue meat and saw how clothes made the Jeff kept his feet out of sight and dined.

"Us in de bankin' bus'ness," vouchsafed Mr. Sims, "org'nizin' chain banks. Hit de same princ'ple as de dime sto'es, 'plied to banks. Lots of dimes makes a dollar. You go in white folks' national bank wid a dime to 'posit, an' all de bus'ness you does is wid de janitor while he th'owin' you out. Dat keeps a heap of folks out of banks-specially cullud."

"Aint hit so!" agreed Jeff reminiscently.
"—So us gwine bout de country org'nizin' private banks—a chain of 'em. Small money, but frequent, is ouah trademark. Any boy whut got a dime kin be a 'positor. If he got mo', us welcomes him jes' de same. Us speaks any language whut got dollars in hit."

'Learns dat language while I's buyin' my organ," admitted

Jeff ruefully,
"All ouah banks b'longs to de chain," continued Mr. Sims, "but us cain't stay long in one town; nature of ouah bus'ness keeps us movin'. Whut us does is git good local man fo' pres'dent an' leave him 'sponsible fo' ev'ything, while us goes on to de nex' town an' stahts 'nother bank."

Jeff understood everything except what it was all about. "Huc-

come private?" he inquired at random.

"Dat to keep from all time bein' pestered wid dem bank 'xaminers. Heap banks cain't hahdly do no bus'ness fo' 'xaminers pokin' round. Ol' bank 'xaminer color-blind—cain't see no diff'ence 'tween cullud folks' bank and white folks'. Us aint got no use fo' 'em."

I aint 'sociate wid 'em none in de daytime my ownse'f,"

declared Jeff virtuously.

Le's git outside whar at hit be mo' private," sug-"Dat fine!

gested Mr. Botts.

Without, the pair dismissed Uncle Caesar, and turned their attention to Jeff and the vacant store. "De pres'dent's desk'd be right up heah in de front winder," remarked Mr. Botts softly.

"—Wid a brass cuspido'," added Mr. Sims.
"—An' he name on de railin'," continued Mr. Botts dreamily.
"Hit look good dar, too—'Jeff'son Baker, Pres'dent,'" connued Mr. Sims. "Ve'y conserv'tive name." tinued Mr. Sims.

Jeff grew frog-eyed, and he swelled until the Judge's clothes threatened to become too tight. Also, he itched to make a dash for North Strawberry Street, kick aside the dogs, and spread Success was going to his head-especially as he dwelt the news. upon Roseola's inability to resist any such picture as these bankers were painting for him.

Unquestionably, it was the vest. Put a garment like that on a good man like Judge Pickens or Jeff Baker, and look what

happened!

Every time these bankers opened their mouths, they put money in Jeff's pocket. Such as: "—An' us gives de new pres'dent dollar in advance to bind de bargain. Else, 'nother bank li'ble grab him up while us gittin' de lease signed an' de fixtures in." "Fo'-five banks tryin' git me now," admitted Jeff above his

outstretched palm.

"You meet us heah at ten 'clock in de mawnin'," instructed Mr. Botts. "Right now us got to go off an' lau-an' look up de owners de prop'ty an' sign de lease. 'DIME PRIVATE BANK, JEFF'SON BAKER, PRES'DENT AN' RUNNER,' gwine be right heah on de winder whar at you sets."

"'Pres'dent an' Run Her!'" repeated Jeff ecstatically. "I

runs her or busts a trace! Tell dese D'mop'lis folks stand back an' watch me bank! Don't crowd-me, all I asks! -An' don't

fo'git de brass spittoon."

Ten o'clock and Jeff arrived simultaneously the next day. He liked banking-gave a boy money enough to buy breakfast and time enough to eat it. Muddyfoots never thought about looking in a bank for him, either.

Jeff felt better and the bank looked better. Second-hand furniture and fixtures had arrived, and a sign-painter was busy on the window beside Jeff's desk. Best of all, a line of depositorsto-be had already formed along the opposite wall.

"Open up a winder an' put a nigger wid a necktie on behind hit," explained Mr. Sims, "an' t'other niggers jes' natchally cain't he'p shovin' money th'ough hit at him. Dat's de foundation

Jeff batted his eyes and wondered what time a banker went to lunch. Besides, wasn't anything but a trip to North Strawberry Street going to cure his itch to see how Roseola was receiving the news of his elevation. But Mr. Botts interrupted

him for another conference. "Us got to puffect ouah org'nization. Whut a bank needs most is one dem li'l rubber stamps wid 'N. S. F.' on hit an' plenty vice-pres'-dents. Too few vice-pres'dents wuss'n too many bank 'xaminers. 'Sides, us stahts li'l an' gits big. So me an' li'l an' gits big. Mist' Sims be de vice-pres'dents. Way us splits up de work, I's de vice-pres'dent in charge of deposits. Mist' Sims de vice-pres'dent in charge of loans. You be de pres'dent, in charge of bank 'xaminers.

Jeff re-inflated himself. Bank examiners would be easy. Only job he laid off of, heavy, was handling furniture col-

lectors.

"Us also 'spects you to s'licit business 'mongst yo' s'licit business 'mongst yo' 'fluential friends,'' continued continued "-Specially de Mr. Botts. lodge treasurers. Lodge business ve'y valuable to bank 'ca'se de funds lies still so long while de members fightin' bout which way to spend 'em. Is you right smaht of a j'iner?"

"B'longs to ev'ything but de Sevum Slumberin' Sisters," returned the new president "-Dat's a women-



"De Troy folks finds out whut dey's up to, an' dese heah big boys does de first fo' miles out of Troy in sevum seconds less dan nothin', flat!"

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What soup is now famous as "a meal in itself?"

AMPBELL'S Vegetable Soup! Whenever women enter a grocery store with the idea of buying soup that will be almost a luncheon or supper in itself, they instinctively think of Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

This soup has won a remarkable popularity and it stands in a class by itself as the favorite hearty soup. For women know how substantial it is, how delicious and tempting to the appetite, and how surprisingly convenient.

Time for luncheon—and you have had such a busy morning! Out of the question to prepare a number of different fussy dishes. You haven't the energy, Besides, you want to go out after you've had a bit of a nap, so time is precious. But you're hungry and must have some real nourishment.



Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Just the thing. All you have to do is add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Then enjoy the blended flavors and the wholesome nutriment of fifteen different vegetables—whole, diced or in puree. In addition, beef broth that invigorates, cereals that nourish, fresh herbs and seasonings that pique the appetite.

Thirty-two ingredients in all. No wonder this soup gives you a feeling of contentment and satisfaction. "The ideal dish for luncheon or supper," you say, just as do hosts of other housewives.

And if there are children in your family, you should realize what healthful food Campbell's Vegetable Soup is for them, with its rich supply of valuable mineral salts. Vegetables cooked in the home kitchen are apt to lose much of this mineral content, so essential for growing children and adults also. But in Campbell's Vegetable Soup, most of it is retained, making this a most desirable food to serve the family frequently.

Have you ever noticed the complete list of soups printed on the Campbell's Soup label? It is worth your while to read this and know the twenty-one different Campbell's Soups. 12 cents a can.



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

folks' lodge, an' dey wont let no men in

"Mo' you talks, mo' hit look like us done pick de right man," approved Mr. Botts. "Us is lookin' fo' a heap of lodge bus'ness th'ough you."

ATE that afternoon the officers of the new financial institution shooed forth new financial institution shooed forth the last lagging depositor, drew down the shades, and listened to the report of the first day's business. Everything proved to be in balance and accounted for.

"Deposits, eighty-sevum dollars an' fawty-o cents," announced Mr. Botts for his two cents.

department.
"Loans to off'cers de bank, at int'rest an' secured by dey signed notes, eighty-sevum dollars an' fawty-two cents. Idle funds on hand an' not earnin' no int'rest, none," sub-mitted Mr. Sims, for his. "Money lyin' nand an not carini, not his "Money lyin' round loose in de drawer aint make a bank nothin'," he added for Jeff's benefit. "Dat's huccome us gits on so good when aint no bank 'xaminers come pesterin' 'round."

Jeff's head swam a little. Financial men orked too fast for him. Besides, he had worked too fast for him. always thought that a bank had fifteen or twenty dollars left over when they locked it up at night. Showed how a boy had to keep his mouth shut to keep from showing his ignorance.

More than that, it was four-thirty. had a lot of personal strutting to attend to on North Strawberry Street.

En route he dodged into an alley. strange white gentleman in a blue suit seemed to be making too many inquiries from some of Jeff's cronies in the neighborhood.

Emerging somewhat cautiously before the house of Ricketts, Jeff found his lady-love neutral but on guard.

"Heahs you's runnin' a bank," she greeted him. "Minds me of de time de jackass gits hisse'f ol' lion's skin. Better be keer-

ful you aint bray none round dat bank."
"You done heah right," conceded Jeff.
"Dem two smaht niggers from Bumin'ham sees I's a banker minute dey looks at dis heah vest an' coat." And Jeff launched into a lengthy description of his duties, per-quisites, and responsibilities. Roseola was impressed if not convinced."

"Who keeps de money after you gits hit?"
"De vice-pres'dents. All I looks after is de bank 'xaminers an' de women-folks cust'mers."

"Well, if you aint got no mo'n dat to do wid hit, hit might be better place dan 'tween my mattresses to keep de Sevum Slumberin' Sisters' lodge-money. An' I got

some my own." Jeff heard her both times. Two big accounts at one stroke would not only prove that the bank had a good president, but it would be handy to have the family's money in one bank—his bank. Moreover, he detected distinct signs of melting in her attitude toward him. Women just naturally fell for a good dresser working regular around a bank!

"Cain't see nothin' wrong wid dat bank but you," continued Roseola thoughtfully. 'I spec'lates bout hit twel mawnin'."

J EFF showed up at the bank the following morning full of breakfast, optimism, and egotism. Everything looked rosy. Old vest and frock-tail coat were going strong. The sun shone. Nobody came in but de-positors. The vice-presidents kept smiles upon their faces—and the back door ajar. The bank was two days old, and already deposits were exceeding the total of loans to officers. Messrs. Botts and Sims took in money and amused themselves between entries by studying railroad time-tables.

Not a ripple disturbed the financial sea save when Jeff's seven-foot, dull-witted cousin, Gladstone by name, who had deposited two dollars the previous day, tried to check out a dollar. It took the entire posited two dollars are previous day, the to check out a dollar. It took the entire official staff of the bank the better part of an hour to get it over to Gladstone that the bank had no paying teller as yet, and that, naturally, no checks could be cashed until one was employed.

Gladstone went out in a daze and began talking to himself out loud. Mr. Botts de-livered himself at length upon the ingratitude of depositors, and Mr. Sims moved nearer to the back door a shiny suitcase which had hitherto been placed near the cash drawer of the vice-president in charge of deposits.

deposits.

But the depression did not last. Right

Roseola arrived: Roseola after lunch vindication arrived: Roseola Ricketts! And visibly in her custody were two separate and sizable rolls of bills. Popeyes and chop-licking instantly distinguished Jeff started to inflate the vice-presidents. himself but got brushed aside in the official rush to greet the new large depositor. Five minutes followed in which Roseola got the attention and the vice-presidents got the

'All c'rrect, ma'am!" cooed Mr. Botts at last. "Two hund'ed an' sevumty-five eighty, to de 'count of de Sevum Slumberin' eighty, to de 'count of de Sevum Slumberin' Sisters Lodge, Miss Roseola Ricketts, Treas'-rer. An' fo' hund'ed fawty-six fawty, to de pussonal credit of Miss Roseola Ricketts. Us welcomes you cawdial an' frequent. Payin' teller staht to work nex' week. All checks cashed after den. Kin ouah pres'dent, Mis' Logge Robert bresh en off of the Mist' Jeff'son Baker, bresh you off an' fotch you some ice-water?

Jeff Baker? Dat nigger pres'dent dis , sho 'nough?"

"Yes'm, sho is. He be'n pres'dent ever since first day de bank opened. He 'spon-

ble fo' ev'ything."
"Well, I done tied up my dawgs twel I makes sho. Whar at dat squirt? He ac mighty lovin' round my house meal-times he do look better to me dan he done an' he do look better to me dan he done befo' he git all dem fine clothes. But I craves to leave somep'n in he ear: if anything happens to my money, he de nigger I gwine see first an' longest right aft'wahds."

"Us takes yo' money in ouah puss'nal charge," Mr. Botts hastened to assure her. "But you right 'bout seein' Mist' Baker if

anything ever was to happen. He 'sponsible fo' ev'ything."

Jeff winced. This responsibility thing was

being run into the ground.

"He gwine be jes' as safe as my money is," returned Roseola, "jes' 'xactly as safe." The vice-presidents Roseola steamed out. beamed and made themselves a new loan of seven hundred and twenty-two dollars and twenty cents. Jeff couldn't understand everything he saw—especially the suitcase. especially the suitcase. felt himself encouraged. Roseola talked hard-boiled, but she left her money. Pondering this, Jeff felt better than at any time since he bought his organ. Roseola was beginning to take him at vest-value. Parson Flitterwait and all the rest of Scene Two couldn't be far off now. After which Jeff saw himself retired, sleeping blissfully in the sun on the warm side of the freight depot, with no worries but the flies, and no engagements but his meals!

So happy was the condition and occa-sion that he felt called upon to celebrate. little barbecue seemed appropriate, and

Eckie's stand was just next door. Suns, moons and planets fell upon Jeff, metaphorically speaking. His vest hung in folds and his breath came in weak and ir-regular gasps. It was Eckie's other regular Smoke, who produced the devastation—Smoke, just back from Troy, and bursting with bad news.

"You know dem two big boys whut over at yo' bank?" he demanded excitedly. "Dey done had a bank in Troy, too, jes' befo' dey comes heah. But jes' befo' dat de Troy folks finds out whut dey's up to, an'

dese heah big boys does de first fo' miles out of Troy in seven seconds less dan noth-in', flat! White folks got de Troy darky whut wuz pres'dent of dat bank in de jailhouse now

Jeff lost the rest of his appetite and never even missed it.

Whut dem bankin' boys do?" he qua-

"Dey do plenty! Dey opened up bank, same as heah, widout gittin' no bank license from de white folks in Montgom'ry. Cullud folks flocks in wid de money an' de big louss flocks in wid de money an' de big boys aint keep nobody waitin', 'less dey wants a check cashed. Fast as dese heah Botts an' Sims take in de dough, dey loans hit to demse'ves, an' don't make no 'rangements to pay hit back. I knowed all time dey wuz a screw loose when dey gits you fo' pres'dent dis heah bank! Boy whut's hank pres'dent get to be pres'dent and the service of bank pres'dent got to be pres'dent all over: you quits too soon at both ends. 'Spect jail gwine look good to word to word to word to jail gwine look good to you when dese 'positors find out dey aint gwine git dey money back from yo' bank, too. Dem boys from de ce-ment works li'ble git rough."

S MOKE thought Jeff's business was in a jam—but he didn't know nothing! Smoke was talking about the outraged boys down at the cement works, but Jeff was thinking about Roseola on North Straw-

berry Street.

Jeff Baker, President and Runner!

Runner was right! Jeff looked for some-Roseola was going where to run. where to run. Roseola was going to re-member exactly who had approached her on the subject of committing her all to the Dime Bank—and be governed accordingly

until her strength gave out.

Jeff struggled upward in his coat, downward in his trousers, and grew numb above the ears. Thinking didn't do any good be-cause it reminded him of a lot of fresh calamities that were yet bound to happen to him. And, because he was not thinking, his feet took him to the wrong place. He found himself back at his own desk just in time to hear the bank's front door bang viciously and be threatened with heart failure.

Ill news had wings, it seemed. For al-ready the small lobby of the bank was full of two depositors; both of them between Jeff and the door. Gladstone was being half of a run on the bank, and the other half was worse. Everything spelled Trouble, starting with two checks Roseola slammed down before the noses of the startled presidents.

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You niggers tore down de side de bank "You niggers tore down de side de bank gittin' to me when I fotch my money in heah!" she declaimed. "Now lemme see action shovin' hit back to me! I heahs bout Gladstone's check—an' I wants my money! Don't make me muss up none dis fine fu'n'ture gittin' at you in case you's slow! I 'tends to Jeff after I sees my money!"

Left came up for air, but went right down.

Jeff came up for air, but went right down again. There was a Presence at the back door, and Jeff went under his desk. All that talk about his being responsible for everything looked like it was going to head one right now! Only thing worse than everything looked like it was going to head up right now! Only thing worse than trouble was more trouble, and Jeff saw it. He was sure of it when he saw that Mr. Botts saw what he saw. For the vice-presidential gills turned green, and Jeff read the saw. his mind.

Mr. Botts knew a bank examiner when he saw one!

And there in the back door was a large white gentleman in a blue suit who bore all the earmarks of the tribe, even down to a tendency to edge toward the note-file as he entered the institution. soon as munity had ended.

The vice-presidents shivered and swal-lowed. Jeff cowered in his vest and kissed himself good-by. Roseola's foot kept tapping

Are you a Skinflint toward your Beauty?

The Business of Keeping Youth and Beauty on Tiptoe is one of the Arts of Life!

O guard in all its unspoiled freshness that lovely gift called Youth; to con-trive to look twenty until one is thirty-To be fleet as Diana, racing or more! with the years! What could be for any woman a more thrilling pursuit?



But you must follow the aim of beauty courageously, with perseverance and patience! You can't be a skinflint toward your beauty, taking care of your skin just now and then! You can't give yourself a furious facial today, neglecting it tomorrow.

Strange as it may seem, however, few women have grasped these A B C's of beauty culture! Recently we asked hundreds of women how they take care of their skin. The answers were shocking!

Scores admit they'd love to look young and pretty, but they just don't seem to know how! Others declare they know, but admit they

new OOR dears, how short-sighted! Giving the skin some simple form of daily care is as important as brushing one's teeth! And the woman who has a spark of imagi-

nation even takes pleasure in devoting a few moments each day to this richly rewarding

If you'll follow for just a few weeks the simple program outlined here, we're sure you'll be better looking, more attractive, more vital than when you began.

Perhaps you think your face is really clean! But is it? Examine your chin and nose with a magnifying glass. You'll get a jolt that will send you skipping to the cold cream jar! Oil,

powder, perspiration and dust, unless removed regularly, become caked at the very roots of the pores. So at least twice a day your skin



must be freed by the gentle ministrations of a pure cleansing cream.

For this try Pond's. Its pure fine oils, melting and spreading, go after the dirt in the depths of your pores! Use it generously, applying with light upward and outward strokes.

And for removing the Cream do you know about the perfectly exquisite Tissues you can buy now in any store? Pond's just simply had to make them. The women we talked to fairly begged us for tissues soft and fine enough. So now you can buy tissues of such good quality and so ample that they absorb all oil and

moisture instantly, never rolling up into horrid little balls!

These same women we interviewed gave us still another idea. They said, "What feels as fresh to the skin as a dip in a mountain pool?" We couldn't answer that question then. But we can now.

POND'S new Skin Freshener, used when you first get up in the morning first get up in the morning gives you just this very sensation! There never was such a delicious awakening, such refreshment for the skin!

Also use it invariably after the cold cream cleansing. It leaves your skin cool, refreshed, firmer, the pores closed, every tiniest trace of cream gone!



A special healing ingredient quite its own, prevents any little roughness or soreness of the akin. So you need not fear its frequent use.

Were you ever so lovely as now? You look and feel as amooth and fair as a lily. Oh! But wait!
There's one more touch! Brush over your skin the tiniest bit of that exquisite finishing Cream Pond's also makes. Of course you know it—Pond's Van-ishing Cream. Feather-light, it gives your skin an alabaster glow, an almost miraculous fineness and

smoothness.

Now you're ready for your favorite rouge, your powder tinted to blend with your natural coloring. Never did they go on so smoothly, so naturally ng so long!

These four products made by Pond's used faithfully every day-will keep for you these same youthful looks just as surely in your maturer years.

NEW 14 OFFER-Send a dime and 4s in stamps for samples of Pond's Two Creams, Pond's new Skin Fresh-ener, and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues ough of the latter two to last a week. Fill out and mail the coupon.



Pond's Skin Freshenst—delightful for toning, freshening and firming the skin

Pond's Two Creams cleanse, protect, and finish
—chosen by distinguished women everywhere

Pond's Cleansing Tissues-softas fine old linen-for re-moving cold cream

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THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Z 108 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find dime and 4 cents in stampe for samples of Pond's Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues.

City_ State_ the floor-faster, faster. The businesslikeappearing white gentleman in blue took an impatient step forward—

EFF had seen a magician call a rabbit out of a hat once, but he never had seen a banker call a loan out of a suitcase before! Not only all of Roseola's money, but two dollars extra for Gladstone by the door! The mere presence of a bank examiner had put the whole institution on a unablantable basis. Probity and perspiration poured from they cashed the the vice-presidents as they cashed the checks presented. Stern uprightness and sterling honesty was suddenly reflected in their every move, until the moment when they broke and ran-straight out through the lobby, and in a direction quite opposite

from Troy.

But swifter still was the mind of Jeff.
Cupid suddenly spurred it on. Romance
flamed afresh at the inspiring sight of the
Ricketts fortune once more in Roseola's

hands. hands. He had barely a split second in which to show where he stood, before Roseola and the bank examiner classed him as either sheep or goat, financially speaking.

Jeff put it all in one magnificent gesturean inkwell hard flung after the fleeing financiers—then turned back to meet his doom. He was still president—caught at it. and hospitals hovered on the near horizon

But the blue-clad white gentleman was merely standing still and looking badly puzzled. "What's the matter with those fel-lows?" was his only question. "I just came lows?" was his only question. "I just came in here to find Jeff Baker; he owes us four

installments now on an organ—"

Jeff's brain reeled at the new revelation. White folks were all the time changing collectors on him until he never could tell a muddyfoot any more when he saw one! Here the vice-presidents had paid all checks presented, and fled, because they thought this collector was a bank examiner, when it was Jeff that should have been doing the running! Jams came so quick he couldn't keep up with his business. Frocktail coat and old vest sure kept a boy in hot water! Frocktail coat

He couldn't even believe the next thing he heard and saw—Roseola peeling a bill from her larger roll and proffering it to the organ gentleman; in her eye a new and limpid light, at her heels no dogs, in her mouth strange and honeyed words to the

mouth strange and noneyed words straining ears of Jeff.
"I takes care dat," she was saying. "Jeff-son heah aint deal in nothin' but big money no mo'. An' me an' him's gittin' he credit in shape to buy some fu'n'ture, soon's us gits

in shape to buy some fu'n'ture, soon's us gits back from ouah weddin'-trip—"
"Trip's right!" concurred the still fogbound Jeff, filling his vest gloriously. "I aint git none of hit; but dis aint gwine be no town to stay round fo' a while—not wid dem ce-ment works boys in heah shawtly, lookin' fo' me or dey money, wid all dem shotguns an' razahs!"

ONCE YOU CLICK-

(Continued from page 43)

the other characters in the piece would be voices off stage and damn' faint ones at that. How do they get that way?"

"They learn that stuff fast in Hollywood," says I. "You snatch 'em out of hash-houses and the feeteries and in a week they yell

says 1. You snatch em out of nash-nouses and glue factories, and in a week they yell murder if the studio wont give 'em a per-sonal maid and a perfumed pool. There's something in the atmosphere out here that graduates a bimbo from a lizzie to a Rolls-Dice overnight."

"Suppose you have a talk with her?" suggests Barney. "She sort of listens to

"Not no more," I returns. "If I see that jane the day after never, it'll be a couple of weeks too soon for me—and probably for Midgie, too."

A ND for a fact I don't see much of her. I'm sent over to Stage Four to gag on Bruce Gray's set, but enough seeps its way to me from Stage Three to tip me that Barney's "Cotton Blossoms" are full of bollweevils. After a week on the set he sobs out his troubles on my size forty-two chest; out his troubles on my size forty-two chest; a sad tale, my hearties, of camera-hogging, walks on and off the lot at any hour, yells of mayhem from Midgie every time any-body else in the cast cuts in for a few feet of raw stock, and the rest of the bag of temperamental tricks.

"There things don't worry me so much."

"Those things don't worry me so much," says Cole. "I'm as used to them as a dog is to fleas. It's that Spanish picador of hers who's turning my lamb-like meekness into a fine frenzy. He hangs around the set—"
"Isn't he working over at the Criterion dump?" I cuts in.
"If he is" cleans Parson the meet he

dump?" I cuts in.
"If he is," glooms Barney, "he must be on the night shift. He comes to the stage with Midgle and sticks until we're washed up. Every time I hunts for Midgle I finds the two of 'em holding hands and looking

into each other's eyes like a pair of lovesick cowslips. Even that wounds sick cowslips. Even that wounds bad if he'd let us do our stuff. This afterbad if he'd let us do our stuff. This afterbad if he'd let us do our stuff. This afterbad is a stuff of the stuff of th bad if he'd let us do our stun. Anis alter-noon," goes on Cole, "he raised Castilian hell all over the lot because Hal Dunphy was kissing his girl friend."
"On the square?" I asks.
"On the square?" I asks.

"No," snaps Barney, "on the set. I tried to explain to the frijole that Hal was the father of three children and a member of the Epworth League who wouldn't kiss any-body except through a stern sense of duty,

that it was no go."
"Why," I snorts, "didn't you bounce the

out on his dome?

"What would have been the use?" shrugs de. "She'd have bounced out right after him. I'll have to try to sneak the love shots

"Listen," says I. "You know Harry-Trace over at the Criterion, don't you by the kept busy while you're working?"

"I thought of that," returns Barney, "but don't think it'd do any good Criterion's

I don't think it'd do any good. Criterion's planning to make a big flash with him—have you noticed the publicity they're shooting and I doubt if they'd do anything to ruffle up his noble feelings. He'd probably see through the stall anyway, even if they have anything for him to do right now. I wish

I told you," I interrupts, "that Midgie and I don't harmonize any more, since she

put on her high hat."

"Do me a favor and try," urges Barney. "You and she belong to the same lodge."
"All right," says I. "I'll crash her if I can run the Spanish blockade."

That evening I calls on Midgie at the hotel and manages to find her alone. She's

"The swallows," says she, "are still flying."
"They're going to get caught on bird. ime," I comes back, getting down to business at once, "unless you watch your step."
"Aw, go on and fly your kite," suggests the Sweetheart of Dixie. "What's eating

you?"

you?"

I tells her quick and rough.
"You can't get away with it," I snorts.
"The five-a-day and the casting offices are jammed up with janes who let their hat sizes grow too fast. Quintessence is all set to put you over big but you've got to quit giving 'em the bird. Air that Spanish tamale off the set—"
"Don't you call him a tamale." flares

"Don't you call him a tamale," flares out Midgie. "He's a swell Castile."
"I don't care," says I, "how soapy that sap is or how much of a lather he's got you in. Love him if you want to but love him off the lot."

"The elevator boy," remarks the McCabe wench, coldly, "is a friend of mine. Men-tion my name and he'll give you a free ride to the ground floor."

"So that's the way you feel about it?"
"Even thatter than that," says she,
"What you going to do about it?"
"I'll tell you what I'll do about it," I
yelps. "How'd you like me to spill the
real story of Midgie McCabe?"
"I should worry," she shrugs. "I'm
ovsters."

oysters."
"Huh?" I exclaims.
"After you get to like oysters," explains
Midgie, "what do you care about their
private life? Once you click," she goes on,
"it doesn't make any difference whether
you're a belle of Dixie or the bride of a
Boston bartender."

"Perhaps not," says I, "with the picture fans, but how about a grandee of Spain? That slows her up, but not for long.

"No," she returns, slowly. "I know the type. You wouldn't snitch. You might get mad enough to beat me up but you wouldn't

turn me up."
"No?" I growls. "You give my friend Barney a break or I'll deal the whole deck to Pedro, even about the Big House on the Hudson."
"You would be the big House on the Hudson."

"You wouldn't!" she stammers. I grabs my hat and beats it. I feel like a dog about springing the past on the kid-but what was there to do after the attitude she'd taken? I leaves the hotel satisfied that I've got the gal to thinking hard.

THE next morning I drifts over to Stage Three to see what's what. There's no Pedro in sight, also no Midgie. There's an air of confusion about. I pipes Cole off in a corner talking with Joe Allison, the free-lance press-agent, and I walks over to 'em. "What'd you do last night?" yelps Barney, all excited.

ney, all excited.
"Gave Midgie a talking-to," says I. "Why?"

"Well," says Cole, grimly, "you talked her t of the hotel. She's gone."

"Gone," repeats Barney. "Checked out and we can't get a trace of her."

"Don't they know where she's gone?" I

"Nope," says the director, "and we've got

"Nope," says the director, "and we've got two hundred extras waiting."
"I'll see what I can find out," I offers.
"I know the hotel folks."
It's true. She checked out, leaving no forwarding address. However, at the desk there's a note for me. I reads it in a daze.
"Pedro and I were hitched by a J. P. this morning. We are off on our honey-

MICHAEL ARLEN

has written again with the amazing blending of humor and tragedy which made "The Green Hat" a sensation.

"Love in Eternity"

is the new story, in an early number of

The Red Book Magazine

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WHAT does the Rag Bag take when he swoops down on your clothes? Things that have "worn out" . . . or things that have "washed out"?

"Washed out"—in most cases. For washing, you know, can be harder on clothes than actual wear. Rubbing quickly ruins. But Fels-Naptha saves! It is easy on clothes. That's because it brings extra help that takes the place of hard rubbing.

This extra help is the combination of unusually good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. Naptha is a wonderful cleanser. It is the basis of dry cleaning. It is harmless—yet it loosens dirt like magic. Grease fades before it.

You can smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha. It is worked into the soap by the special Fels-Naptha

process—held there by the same active cleansing elements that give Fels-Naptha its golden color. It stays in until the bar is down to its last thin sliver. You always get the extra help of this balanced blend of soap and naptha.

Whether you use washing machine or tub, let this extra help work for you. Fels-Naptha is so effective that it cleans beautifully in cool, lukewarm or hot water. Or, if you choose to boil your clothes, Fels-Naptha works unusually well.

And remember, Fels-Naptha is safe, bland and mild—a soap that is kind to your hands as well as your clothes. Order from your grocer.

FELS & CO., Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who shave with

Williams"



The Cream that keeps FACES



Many days of smooth, comfortable shaves, of keeping your face FIT, are packed in every tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

its major ingredients triple distilled

ABSOLUTELY MILD -

as millions of sensitive skins can testify

ABSOLUTELY UNCOLORED-

of an ultra purity that needs no mask

Behind it lie 87 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin.

The drug clerk knows. He'll tell you. "Oh, yes sometimes they change but they all come back to Williams!"

> The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn. Montreal, Canada

Next time say

liams **Shaving Cream**

moon to one of his castles in sunny Spain. When you see me again you'll know back.

I returns to the studio and, without a word, passes over the note to Barney. He gives it a pop-eyed once-over and hands it to Allison. Neither has a peep coming. "Not so bad for Midgie," I remarks. "Check girls don't grab off Spanish grandees every day."

every day."

"Grandee, your eye," grunts Joe. "He was just a waiter in a Barcelona greasy spoon, when Harry Trace picked him up six months ago. I've been smoking him up for Criterion."

"Like you done for Celia Savannah?" I

"Just like," grins Allison.
"Well," says I, "maybe Pedro can get her a job checking sombreros."

WHEN A WOMAN MARRIES A MAN YOUNGER THAN HERSELF

(Continued from page 53)

was to take place the house burned down. I went to see her at once and found her in despair. "It will have to be postponed!" she exclaimed. "Where could we go? It is not so easy to get a house at a moment's

is not so easy to get a house at a moment's notice large enough for my needs." (It would never have occurred to her to leave her younger children behind.)

"I had an inspiration as soon as I heard of the fire," I said. "And I am making a suggestion that is as much in my interest as yours. I am sure I can persuade George" (my husband) "to let you have our house and that will give me six months in town. By that time your own house will be re-By that time your own house will be rebuilt 1

This was manna from heaven and she accepted at once.

They were to be married in the morning, ad after a light informal breakfast (the wedding took place in her town house, in the presence of a few friends and those members of both families with whom the high contracting parties were on speaking terms), they were to take the twelve o'clock train for the country. The nurse and two younger children had gone down with the cook on an earlier train.

It impressed me as a rather sad wedding, divided as I was between an intense curiosity and a desire for her happiness. He looked and a desire for her happiness. He looked so young and gawky, and she, in spite of her lovely young face, very mature. Moreover she had a splitting headache and could hardly stand. But that was not the worst. His own trap awaited him at the station and he dismissed the driver. When he drove

up to the house, which was situated in a wood some distance from the county road, they found the nurse, the two children and the cook seated in a row on the front steps. My husband had locked up the house before

e left and forgotten to send me the key! He had also taken the horses, trap and ableman. There was nothing for Richard stableman. to do but deposit on the doorstep his suffer-ing wife, the other two children and the maid they had brought with them, and

maid they had brought with them, and start off posthaste to the nearest town, three miles away, to fetch a locksmith.

In the course of an hour this feat was accomplished and the house was entered. By this time Penelope was nearly mad with her head and ordered the maid to make a bed at once, meanwhile collapsing on the sofa.

On top of all that, before the month was out the four children and Richard were down with measles.

H ow did the marriage turn out? Well, they washed their linen at home. She was placid and subtle, and he had his code As far as the world knew, he was faithful to her until she died some eighteen or twenty years later, although she had lost her looks long before then. But business absorbed him when he returned home at the and when he returned home at the end of the day he went to the golf links. After my husband died I went to New York and Eu-rope to live, and when I returned she showed no disposition to confide in me and I asked no questions. But it was indubi-tably one of those marriages where they merely carried on. Her family, her own friends, her children, including several new

ones, were devoted to her, and during the long illness that preceded her death her husband behaved in the most exemplary man-ner. She took her disillusions into the grave with her. I do not believe she ever confided in anyone. No doubt she had had her compensations

Probably the most notable marriage of this sort, one in which the entire world was interested, was that of the Baroness Burdett-Couts and her young secretary, William Lehman Ashmead-Bartlett. She was sixty-seven at the time and he barely thirty. She was the wealthiest woman in England, renowned for her charities and a friend of Queen Victoria. Her excuse was that this uncommonly clever young man-he was an Oxford graduate and had, among other activities, been sent to the seat of the Russo-Turkish war as special commissioner—had made himself so invaluable as a secretary that she could not afford to lose him, by marriage or otherwise. Her relatives might make trouble if she adopted him. I fancy they gave her trouble enough, and it is said that even the Queen remonstrated.

But the Baroness was accustomed to hav-ing her own way, and she was married with ing ner own way, and she was married with tremendous pomp and dressed like a girl-bride in white, although I believe she omitted the veil. The world continued to rock for some time after the ceremony, but, in the world's way, turned its attention to fresh sensations, and even the wits found victims elsewhere victims elsewhere.

Contrary to all hopeful prognostications the marriage remained undissolved until her death twenty-five years later. Moreover, her husband not only was of the greatest possible assistance in her philanthropies— conducted on a vast scale—but distinguished himself in Parliament, and in various other activities, including war correspondence. In every way he behaved with the greatest discretion.

I had a brief personal contact with them when she was ninety-one and had long since ceased to appear in public.

I met him one night at a dinner in Lon-don, a large man of florid good looks, who might easily have passed for forty-five. In the course of the conversation he asked me if I would be interested to meet his wife. I was quite as eager to see his house in Piccadilly as the astonishing relic of the past

Piccadilly as the astonishing rene of the past it sheltered, for it not only had been the scene of notable political activities in its day but had been built, if I am not mistaken, by Lady Blessington's Count d'Orsay. The house was full of portraits of famous men and women, and my thoughtful host showed them to me before taking me in to his wife.

She was sitting by the fire in the drawingroom, a little old woman, so bent that she described a right angle when she stood up; but her sight was still good, her hearing perfect, and her manners charming. Only her voice was weak, and made her seem too

frail to be alive.

At luncheon she talked most interestingly of the great singers of her youth, Mario and Grisi, comparing them with de Reszke and Melba, much to the disadvantage of the current songbirds. She also called to life

"No appetite · · headaches · · even my interest in sports was gone"



A morning's "bag" . . . Mr. Joseph P. Moore, Somerville, Mass.

Somerville, Mass.

"DUE TO the confining nature of constant work as a calender operator I became run down. I was constipated. My head ached continually. I ate little and slept less. I was so tired and worn out that I lost all my former interest in hunting and other outdoor sports.

"A friend suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it for three months.



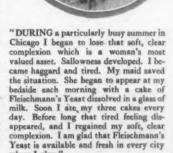
"I WAS TROUBLED with constipation and stomach trouble for many years. I thought I could find nothing that would help me. But one day a friend told me what Fleischmann's Yeast had done for him. I started eating three cakes a day and kept it up. As a result I felt better, looked better, and was soon able to eat things that before had caused severe indigestion. Fleischmann's Yeast has literally done wonders for me."

F. A. JETER, Former Secretary of State, Boise, Idaho Nothing could have improved my condition more! The headaches disappeared entirely. Worry from constipation was at an end and I was again good for any outdoor exertion. My appetite improved, and I slept like a top."

Joseph P. Moore

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a fresh corrective food, with the remarkable power to cleanse and stimulate the intestines. It causes easy, natural and complete elimination of food wastes. Improves digestion and assimilation. Restores your complexion to the healthy clearness it should have.

Order two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer. Keep it in any cool dry place. And write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. M-47, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York



where I play."

SOPHIE TUCKER, New York City
(the "International Singing Comedianne")



This easy way to recapture health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, a cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, in small pieces, or drink it dissolved in water—hot or cold—or eat it in any other way you prefer. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake dissolved in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Train yourself to regular daily habits. As your system is strengthened by eating yeast, you can gradually discontinue dangerous cathartics.

A Hint to Those with Pipe-Smokers on Christmas Lists

The following letter may prove to be a Christmas tip to those who have pipe-smokers on their Christmas lists:

Carney's Point, N. J. January 7, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va. Gentlemen:

My son noticed your advertisement in a magazine. He sent for the sample in my name, and when the sample of Edgeworth arrived I thought perhaps some friend had sent you my name.

The boy questioned me several times whether I liked the new pipe tobacco. When I told him I liked it better than any I had ever used, he surprised me by giving me a one-pound box for Christmas.

I might say that I do not hear any complaint from my wife about any more vile pipes.

Very truly yours, James L. Vaughan

The two favorite gift sizes of Edgeworth are the 16-ounce glass humidor jar and the 8-ounce tin. Both are provided at Christmas time with appropriate wrappings. Each size contains Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, and each is packed in a

good-looking decorated gift carton printed in colors. Prices
—\$1.65 for
the 16-ounce
jar. The 8ounce tins are

75c each. Please ask your tobacco dealer for the Edgeworth Christmas packages. If packages. If he will not supply you, we gladly offer the following service to you

Send us \$1.65 for each 16-ounce jar, and 75c for each 8-ounce tin to be shipped; also a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, with your personal greeting card for each friend.

We will gladly attend to sending the Christmas Edgeworth to your friends, all delivery charges prepaid.

Personal: Perhaps you yourself are not acquainted with Edgeworth. If so, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 8 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. We shall be glad to send you free samples of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors, holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.
--the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters)
1180 kilocycles

some of the great political figures of the past: Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel and the Prince Consort.

But what interested me more than any-thing was the attitude of her husband. It was that of an indulgent but firm parent. When he thought she had talked long enough at a time he told her to rest for a few moments and eat her food—I saw no evidence of its being specially prepared, but she had a birdlike appetite.

when we rose from the table he patted her playfully on the shoulder and drew her hand through his arm. "Now, say good-by to Mrs. Atherton," he said. "You have talked enough and must lie down."

She was evidently used to it, for she was evidently used to it, for she was evidently used to it.

gave me a deprecating smile, asked me to come and see her again, and toddled off

It was quite apparent that he had paid his debt and made her happy, but I doubt if when he married her he had anticipated ending their lopsided union as a father!

I WAS very much interested in another discrepant English marriage some years later. I knew a couple whom I will call Sir John and Lady Leonard, and went to their house a good deal. They were fond the transfer of the couple of their house a good deal. They were fond of entertaining at small dinners and luncheons and I met there many brilliant and distinguished people. He was probably sixty-five—she some twenty years younger, rather heavy with the years but always desirable desirable desirable desirable desirable and the same than the same transfer of the same transf admirably dressed. Her still handsome face almost invariably wore a curious fixed smile. Like many London women of a certain age, she had her "tame cat," in this instance an expatriated American somewhere in his thirties, rather older than most of these gentlemen-in-waiting.

Of the trio, I liked Sir John by far the best; he not only had an alert and interbest; he not only had an alert and inter-esting mind but much sweetness of disposi-tion. She was a pleasant woman and a perfect hostess. The younger man, for whom the name Goodrich will do as well as another, was very attentive in a slightly superior way as if quite aware of the value of his services to a woman so long past her youth. I often wondered what Sir Lohn youth. I often wondered what Sir John thought of it, but as far as I know there was never any scandal. "Tame cats" were the fashion, and a woman past forty who had none was a social failure. For that matter London was profoundly indifferent to marital irregularities as long as they were not aired in court.

At that time I was living in Munich and generally spent the season in London. I went to no house oftener than the Leonards' intervals. Upon one occasion two years elapsed between my visits, and when I finally returned I wrote to Lady Leonard at once and ended my note with "love to Sir John." but there was no correspondence during the

She answered my note by calling immedi-

"I see you have not heard," she said precipitately. "Jack has been dead over a year and I am now married to Goodrich."

What banalities I murmured feebly I cannot recall, and she went on to tell me that "Jack" had expressed a wish before dying that she should marry this devoted friend, whom he could trust to take care of her. They had been married two months and were settled in their new house.

I did, and sat next to the host. After congratulating him I said, for want of some-thing better, that I thought Mrs. Goodrich tning better, that I thought Mrs. Goodrich might have written me the great news. He shrugged his padded shoulders and replied with even more than his usual cool insolence: "It was very sudden. I hadn't made up my mind to marry her at all until two weeks before the wedding."

His remark was audible to everyone at

our end of the table, and I glanced appre-hensively at his wife, hoping that she at least was far enough away not to have over-heard. But she sat there with her usual fixed smile, which I never could determine

was an expression of irony or defiance.
"Great heaven!" I thought, "What must it be like to be married to a cad? How will it turn out?"

I never heard. I never saw them again. After all, she must have known him pretty thoroughly, and one could hardly pity her. And no doubt she continued to show that fixed smile to the world. The English al-ways play the game. What irritated me beyond endurance was that the man was an American.

In contrast to this alliance I recall one for which I had nothing but sympathy. The woman was close upon sixty, a widow with married children; the man thirty years younger, more interested in the arts than in business. They had known each other for years. She had excessive style, but less van-ity than any other woman I have ever known, and frankly wore spectacles. But she had a brilliant mind and a fascination that conquered women as well as men. Although she was a semi-invalid the marriage was an ideal one until his premature death. When they were not traveling she made him when they were not traveling she made him go out with friends of his own age, and gave him so free a rein that it is doubtful if he ever took advantage of it. He admired her extravagantly, and I feel reasonably certain that he never met another woman half as interesting and original. She was not only clever and subtle but a thorough woman of the world. It needs all that to avoid the rocks, and it is doubtful if she would have taken the risk, no matter how deeply in love with him, if he had not been what is known as a man's man; for though young in spirit, she looked life in the face.

MANY of the readers of "Black Oxen" Lee Clavering, and the heroine, Mary Zat-Lee Clavering, and the heroine, Mary Zattiany, did not marry. Perhaps it is always unwise to disappoint the reader, but if a novel is not logically carried out, it is not worth writing. Zattiany was thirty years younger in looks after her scientific rejuvenation, but not a day younger in mind, and there were nearly thirty years between them. He was a romantic Southerner, and not half as blase and steeped in worldly knowledge as he fondly imagined. She had lived her life in Europe in the society of distinguished men of affairs, who knew the world as no busy American ever does, and tenguished men of analys, who knew the world as no busy American ever does, and to whom love was a game of chess. She had had many intimacies with men whose technique was as perfect as her own and was thoroughly disillusioned.

She began by amusing herself with the gallant young American and ended by falling violently in love with him. His lack of

ing violently in love with him. His lack of technique, no doubt, added to the novelty of the situation, and she experienced a close imitation of the ardors of youth. But her brain ceased to function for a short time only, and when it recovered its activities under the ironic spurring of one of her old lovers, she realized that after six months of married life with a man with whom she had nothing in common beyond physical attraction (and she had reason to know the attraction (and sale and reason to know the impermanence of that), she would be bored to death. She would find it a mental im-possibility to be permanently interested in his affairs, and his naïvely American life and temperament forever debarred him from any temperament forever debarred him from any real understanding of hers. So, she packed her trunk and departed. No doubt she married her prince and is having a satis-factory life in Vienna..... So far I have said nothing of those marriages we see sometimes in our own life and oftener in the newspapers: where there can be no doubt the young man has

Start Your List with a Christmas Kodak

A Famous Gift That Everybody Wants



THE true spirit of Christmas is in a Kodak, as in nothing else. A spirit that means real enjoyment in the giving ... a real thrill in the receiving. A gift that embodies the true meaning of the Christmas custom—lasting fun—perpetual joy—intimate friendships. For the Kodak itself gives all of these. Lasting fun in the never-ceasing opportunities it affords for taking artistic pictures . . . perpetual joy in the happy scenes it records forever . . . intimate friendships in the associations its pictures keep intact. Make this a Kodak Christmas . . . Kodaks \$5 and up.

Remember

... you may also purchase an entire Home Movie Outfit ... Ciné-Kodak Camera, Kodascope Projector and Screen, for as low as \$140. An ideal gift for the entire family.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City



the warning of "Coated Tongue"

A COATED tongue, and the unpleasant breath that usually goes with it, is Nature's unfailing signal of trouble ahead.

It tells you of upset bodily processes. It warns you of in estinal stoppage—cause of many, many ills.

Thousands of men and women who used to suffer frequently from headaches and from the other enervating effects of stoppage, now feel and look their best by taking this simple precaution:-

Each morning, these people look at the tell-tale tongue. If it is white and furry, they nip trouble in the bud by taking Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica clears the intestines of waste products — usually within a half hour. It promotes natural elimination by releasing the water secreted in the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is beneficial, too, in the treat-ment of indigestion, poor complexion, hyperacidity, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, and disorders of the liver and kidneys.

For Sal Hepatica contains the same healthgiving salines as the European spas. Like these famous waters, Sal Hepatica keeps you in-ternally clean and sweeps away the insidious poisons of waste.

Dissolved in a glassful of water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling, refreshing drink.

Keep free from headaches, from dull and draggy days. Look at your tongue every morning. Whenever it is coated — whenever elimination is sluggish, take Sal Hepatica at once.

Send for the free booklet which explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects intestinal scoppage and relieves other ills.



married an old woman for her money. They invariably excite disgust. Nevertheless it seems to me that the woman deserves a certain amount of sympathy.

Up to a few years ago this had been a man's world, and women, being the sub-ordinate sex, with a restricted outlet for their activities and energies, were dominated by the love-idea and caught at any chance for happiness. Many do yet, for that matter, although their number is decreasing. But when the love-idea dominates, it is easy for a woman of the old-fashioned type, with her cultivated powers of self-delusion, to persuade herself that she is still as beautiful and desirable as the young wooer protests, and that with the experience gained in one or two former matrinosial ventures. in one or two former matrimonial ventures, she will know how to bind him to her. It is generally her last chance-for men of her age are also turning their eyes backward— and, lacking a sense of humor, and a gift

for facing facts, she is avid to grasp it. Leave it to the young man to do the punish-

For some reason elderly men who commit this folly are never as severely censured, although they often have as bitter a draught to swallow later. Some men have eternal youth in them combined with exceptional youth in them combined with exceptional brilliancy and originality of mind, and where a man of this sort who is not too long past middle-age marries a girl, not too flapperish, there is no reason why he should not keep her. I met a couple of that sort not long since; the bride, who was little over twenty, seemed older than her husband.

Of course male conceit will carry, a man

Of course male conceit will carry a man far, and only some overt act of his youthful partner's will open his eyes. But women have been schooled for centuries to deceive men, and an ordinarily clever girl can keep her elderly husband's eyes tightly shut as long as she finds it worth her while.

MESSENGER TO GARCIA

(Continued from page 61)

came up to a stiff selute. "What's the meaning of this?" demanded the stout man. "General's orders, sir," the M. P. reminded "All runners were to be brought in immediately.

"Good," said the General. "This a runner?"
"Yessir," gulped Mr. Watson. "I just come down from the Front and I got hit by a piece of shell and I aint feelin' so good..." This by way of possible insanity defense.

"You can walk, can't you?"
"Yessir," admitted Mr. Wat

"Fair enough," decided the General. "You have a job cut out for you.

I just come back from the Front, sir, it's very hot up in that sector—"

Mr. Watson was not nearly so nervous as he had expected to be. It occurred to him that a runner returning from the line ought to have something to talk about and he concerning conditions in knew quite a lot concerning conditions in that region when he had left it. But the

that region when he had left it. But the General seemed unconcerned.
"Never mind that," he ordered. "We know all about it. Now get this general situation in your mind. There's a counter-attack forming up north of—" He mentioned a town that sounded to Mr. Watson like Playing."

tioned a town that sounded to Mr. Watsou like Blahville. "You will take this message to Colonel Dougherty of the 411th Infantry." The General extended a yellow slip which Mr. Watson took dazedly. "You'd better know what's in it," observed the general, whose success in the army had been based upon a kindly belief in the unplumbed talents and initiative of soldiers as a class. "Colonel Doughlief in the unplumbed talents and initiative of soldiers as a class. "Colonel Dougherty is ordered to attack immediately on receipt of this order. His objective is the cast and west road north of his present position and he will hold that line at all costs. Other runners will be sent out at five-minute intervals. But you are to consider that the success or failure of this operation depends on you personally. They may sider that the success or failure of this operation depends on you personally. The other runners may be killed. They may go astray. But you are to succeed. A man who has been hit by a shell and still persists in the performance of his duty will succeed. In case you are killed you will die conscious of a nation's thanks and with the comforting thought that you have done your duty. Remember the message to Garcia."

done your duty. Remember the message to Garcia."
"Yessir," replied Mr. Watson helplessly, as he saluted and did an automatic aboutface. "What's Old Oratory yammering about now?" inquired one lieutenant outside the

dugout. "Probably going to talk the Krauts into submission," replied the artillery liaison officer as the bewildered Mr. Watson and his guiding M. P. reached the shell-shocked "Well, good-by, buddy," said the M. P.
"If you ever get to Dougherty you're a
whang, but they sure will give you a medal. You're a good guy and you're probably not as dumb as you look."
"Yeah," replied Mr. Watson, for lack of

better sentiment.

He wasn't much concerned about the prospect of being killed. He'd lived four days up there in the woods. Probably quite a lot of people would be alive after the war was over, one way or another. But he had a deep-seated fear of disappointing he had a deep-seated fear of disappointing this kindly and very oral general. Through his mind floated a series of detached words. Blahville. . . . Dougherty. . . . Garcia. Who were all these persons? And where were they? That was more to the point. Where were they? Blahville probably was a town. The -ville on the end of it showed that. But Dougherty and Garcia were men. Maybe

Dougherty and Garcia were men. Maybe the same man. Maybe Dougherty's name was Garcia Dougherty. It occurred to him that he should have had the general explain some of these points. He remembered hav-ing heard that a runner ought to have his duties clear in his mind. But of course it to have his duties clear in his mind. was too late to do anything about it now.

The general might not like the delay.

However, as he thought it over, he began However, as he thought it over, he began to get the idea of it. This Garcia probably was some kind of Italian who would be waiting for advice; the general had as much as indicated this. Very well, he would find Garcia. The man just had to be at the Front somewhere. They wouldn't be ordering an attack back in the scholon. ing an attack back in the echelon.

ing an attack back in the echelon.

Beyond the clustering fringe of lieutenants he stopped to discover what, if anything, the M. P. might know of the matter.

"Nice old guy, the general," he observed by way of a preliminary.

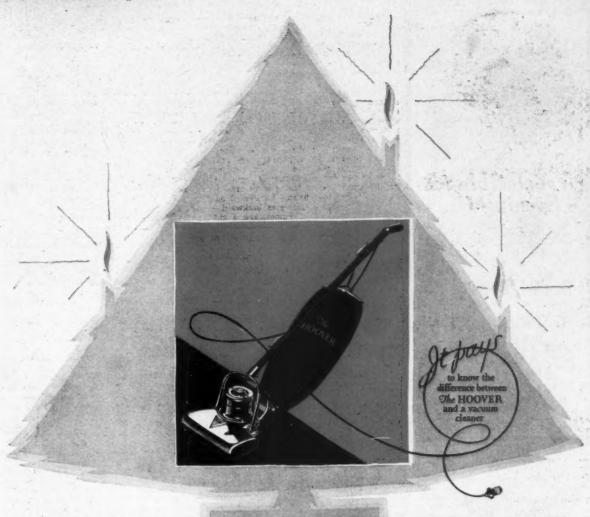
The M. P. gaped. It occurred to him that perhaps after all the theoretical shell that was supposed to have dented Mr. Watson's head might have knocked him cuckoo. This was of course an academic idea insarpuch. course an academic idea, inasmuch as the M. P. suspected that all runners were cuckoo anyway.

"'Nice old guy!' he repeated. "He sends you into that hell-hole—an' you call him a 'nice old guy'?"

"Well, he was a nice old guy," maintained "Well, ne reas a more one say,"
Mr. Watson, who kept with him a poignant
memory of what he had expected to hapmemory of what he had expected to happen to him in the general's dugout. "An' let me tell you something, buddy—the line may be a hell-hole, but I was up there four days an' nothin' happens to me; an' I come back here with the artillery an' generals an' I get knocked cock-eyed. I know a lot about this here war that you gold-bricks aint got no idea of."

They had come to the edge of the skele-

They had come to the edge of the skele-



TO YOU MY HUSBAND

VE quite a feeling about Christmas... and so have you. You give me fine trinkets to deck me bravely—all the world may see how handsomely you provide forme. Even the quite unnecessary things.

And I, who see in myself each year a little less of the girl you married, know how futile the brightest trinket is if I cannot match its radiance with my

own. For nothing can ever take the place of those things which I am losing, in household duties a little too hard, a little too greedy of my time and strength.

Youth! Sparkle! The time for play and the zest for playing—these are the things I want! Won't you give them to me?

It's a Hoover I'm asking for. Most thoughtful of men, this Christmas may it be that?

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Just between ourselves . The Model 700 Hoover \$75.00 . . . The Model 543 Hoover \$59.50 . . . Only \$6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada



Irresistible for Evening Use

Blends the arms, shoulders and complexion into an en-trancing, seductive beauty that will not streak, spot or rub off. Conceals blemishes and helps correct wrinkles, flabbiness, tan, redness, muddy complexions, freckles, oiliness, etc. Made in white, flesh and rachel.

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Have stockings in the very newest shades; your old or faded stockings given any tint in the rainbow in five minutes; with fifteen cents' worth of Diamond Dyes! But use dyes, not synthetic tints. And be sure they're true dyes.

Try a pair tonight! Use Diamond byes, and no one will dream they were tinted at home. And you can do real dyeing with just as perfect results, if you will just use the true Diamond Dyes.

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ton forest where the road led back toward the town.

"Well, good-bye!" Private Watson saluted

his friend the M. P.

"A brave soldat," commented the M. P., and he started to crawl back through the town once more, dodging falling tile and bounding iron with all of his old skill. . . .

Mr. Watson had no difficulty determining where lay the Front. For one thing, no one impeded his progress as he moved toward it. For another, the noise became louder.

Garcia was making quite a racket with his war. He seemed to have the backing of all the machine-guns in the world, and however deficient had been his education in ever deficient had been his education in military tactics, Mr. Watson knew that machine-guns are highly personal weapons. Garcia's men wouldn't be burning up all that ammunition just to keep the guns

As he reached the crest, a Klaxon sounded the gas alarm.

Shells were coming southward with their characteristic screaming but they were burst-ing in the hollow to the north of the gen-eral's headquarters with dull reports as if a large number of cows were lifting their feet out of sticky mud. A white mist was filling the depressions and men were running about in masks that gave them the look of small elephants.

Mr. Watson put on his mask and started down the hill. The eye-pieces clouded at down the hill. The eye-pieces clouded at his first breath, after which gravity determined his direction. He went blindly into the hollow.

"Damn' silly," he told himself-all this business of sending messengers out through gas! Why couldn't they hold up their atgas! Why couldn't they hold up their tacks until the air was clearer? fell into a shell-hole. . . . Why the couldn't this Garcia attack without a Why the hell of written orders from Headquarters? Fine sort of tripe they were getting now into the A. E. F.! These damn' foreigners—and making officers out of them! Mr. Watson lifted himself out of the shellforeigners-and

Mr. Watson litted himself out of the shell-hole and tore the remnant of his pants on a cheval de frise. Heinie was mixing them up now. H. E. was tearing up the landscape on the right. Mr. Watson remembered he had seen a road somewhere over in that neighborhood. He went forward. this time to fall into a fox-hole and lose his tin hat. He groped about for it in the water at the bottom of the hole. It was like hunting a dime in the dark at the bottom of a vat of molasses. Well, fair enough—he'd get along without a tin hat until he could salvage one from a doughboy who no longer needed it.

Some one ran into him and cursed. He made a note of the surprising fact that one hear in a gas mask even if one n't see. It came to Mr. Watson someeven if one couldn't see. what slowly that one could also curse in a what slowly that one could also curse in a gas mask—and then a bit more quickly that one couldn't curse in a gas mask. The man who had run into him probably had had no mask. He stopped short, removed the nose clip and tested for gas. There wasn't any gas. The vapors had spread before the wind and the gas shells were now Mass. wind and the gas shells were now plop-plopping farther over to the left.

PATCHES of woods were ahead of him and through that forested area ran the front line. Just like this mutt Garcia to hide himself in a woods. Fine time he'd have digging around in a jungle to locate one lone Wop! A million men up there and he'd have to ask every last one his name until he came to Mr. Garcia-Lieutenant Garcia, probably. A shavetail undoubtedly. Colonels and such didn't need orders on yellow paper. They made their own orders.

Another valley, blue and spectral in the drizzle, spread out in front of him. There seemed to be miles of it, ending in gentle hills with a plume of blue-gray forestry. There wasn't a living being in sight. If would have been like Sunday on an Iowa farm had it not been for the white puffballs that loomed here and there and the geysers of black smoke along the white road.

Toward the middle of the valley the puff-

balls were closely spaced and in something of a line. Somebody was putting a barrage in there. He veered eastward toward the road.

A doughboy arose out of nowhere to beckon him back.

"Don't go near that road," he cautioned.

"Jerry is plastering it with all he's got."
"He's a rotten shot," declared Mr. Watson
critically. "And I got to get up front. I
got a message to Garcia."

"Who the hell's Garcia?" inquired the

doughboy.
"Search me," replied Mr. Watson affably. "He's some egg up there that General Mason is worried about. But don't worry none; I'll find him! Only I gotta do it quick. They'll be another runner along in five minutes an' I don't want him trippin' over see?"

me, see?"
"If you get onto that road there wont be none of you left to trip on."

"I can't make no time in this gumbo," declared Mr. Watson.

His adviser shrugged and moved away. After all it was anybody's war. A man had a right to get himself killed if he wished.

The pavement was disappearing in irregular chunks and the landscape seemed to be in the grip of a thorough-going earthquake: in the grip of a thorough-going earthquake; so on second thought Mr. Watson decided to keep off the concrete. The high ground alongside was fairly dry, which is to say that it was less wet than the bottom of a well, and the errors in the deflection of the fire on the road were hardly enough to talk about. Fifty meters from the road one had about. Fifty meters from the road one had to worry only about the 88s, 77s, 105s, machine-gun overs, and possibly an aërial bomb or two. Mr. Watson moved over the fifty meters. Safety first!

This Garcia must be a sap; therefore one might expect to find him in the hottest portion of the Western Front. He'd hardly

have sense enough to be anywhere else. But the volunteer runner had no way of finding out until he crossed the support somewhat straggling array of fox-holes in which a thin and inadequate-looking rank of doughboys lay motionless and silent.

Mr. Watson stopped at the hole nearest the road. "Get the hell out of here," suggested the occupant without raising his ear from the mud.

This is a free war an' I got a right to here," remarked Mr. Watson. "I'm a be here. runner, I am."

This neck o' 'Then let's see you run. "Then let's see you run. Inis lices, of the woods is right under Jerry's beezer an' it's hot enough without you horning in." "I'm lookin' for a guy named Garcia." "Well, go find him. He aint here." Mr. Watson moved off. "Damned obligin'

Mr. Watson moved off. "Damned oblid," he commented to himself. "Yet more outa talkin' to the Krauts!"

He came presently to the first patch of woods and struggled through underbrush that had been growing unchecked and with much success during four years. The 31-centimeter guns were finding the road without trouble in spite of the fact that direct observation was impossible. tion to that, time-fuse shell was bursting in the tree tops. Few men were in evidence but this did not surprise Mr. Watson. He knew they were there—some of them alive, probably—lying as close to the earth as they could get pending a chance to do something

He came to the north edge of the grove in probably ten minutes and stumbled over



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All the many advantages of Princess Pat Face Powder are due to its almost base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different—bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really known the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried "the powder with the almond base."

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So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging, or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are explained?

If Princes Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really is a reason for the difference

immediately noticeable when Princess Pat Face Powder is tried for the first time.

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Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately—as powder—as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings—longer than you'd dare hope.

than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely good for the skin. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities.

Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of course pores. It keeps the skin smooth and pliant. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin normal—in which event there cannot be dryness or oilness. there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

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For years, women have been familiar with the oblong "treasure chest" box of Princess Pat powder. This oblong box contains medium weight powder.

but to please those who prefer a light powder, there is the Princess Pat round box. Princess Pat in the lighter weight has the same almond base. And because of this it clings equally as well as the heavier weight. Most light weight powders, as women well know, will not adhere well. Princess Pat, therefore,

fulfills a particularly important want in face powders Ask for Princess Pat Face Powder today—at your fac-orite toilette goods counter.

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Used every morning, Pinaud's makes your hair look live, vigorous, too. Because it ends those two reasons for thinning, dry, dead-looking hair: dandruff-poor scalp circulation.

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine today at drug or department stores. The signature of Ed. Pinaud is on each bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S



a group of men about a one-pounder. A lieutenant lay motionless against a tree, and a glassy-eyed sergeant was peering off into the haze.

"I'm lookin' for this here Garcia," an-punced Mr. Watson. "I'm a runner." "Where is he?"
"That's what I'm askin' you. He's up

front somewheres.'

'Then sit down an' take it easy. He'll be back this far in four or five minutes after Heinic hops off. Look!" The sergeant pointed past the next patch of wood toward an open space in the valley. There was motion in it at last—a swirl of feld grau behind the smoke and the dull gleam of bay-

onets.

"There she comes," the sergeant said.

"That's a counter-attack! If you never saw one before you're seein' it now!"

"I gotta hurry," remarked Mr. Watson.

HE ran across the road and into the next A patch of woods. The din had become unthinkable. Bullets were clipping overhead with whip-cracks and silken swishes. Trench-mortars were snarling not so far ahead of him and the crash of the barrage was a deafening blend of sound that had neither beginning nor end. Shells were smashing in the woods. Trees were toppling over and branches and leaves were falling with an eerie persistence. Up along the road blackened men in little pits were shooting machine-guns through blanket screens. The blankets were slitted where the outbound slugs had cut their path. Now and again one would take fire and a gunner would arise wearily to pinch out the smoldering fringe. Where the trees thinned Mr. Watson could

where the trees thinned Mr. Watson could see doughboys here and there. Only a few of them, there were—pitifully few when one considered that this was the edge of a major action. He knew that this line marked the high tide of the advance and that Garcia, if anywhere above ground, must be somewhere near by. He stopped

must be somewhere near by. He stopped to convey his message to a machine-gunner. "Don't know him," said the gunner as he slipped in another clip. "Forward and right, probably. There's another outfit there. This is the edge of our sector."

Forward and to the right was across a bare space that apparently was claiming Jerry's close attention. The shrubbery was tossing about oddly as if under the stress of a high wind. Mr. Watson knew that machine-guns were working on it. Damn Garcia! He would be in a place like that! The runner started to take it on the run.

The runner started to take it on the run. whiz-bang hit fifty meters in front of m. He fell into a roll of barbed wire and him. He fell into a roll of barbed wire and was half conscious of a pain in his hand. He went forward. Funny how slugs had a way of snapping when they went by—must pack a hell of a wallop!

He wondered dimly how it would feel to get hit by one and then all at once he knew. . . . He heard the spat of it, felt the kick in his breast and felt nauscated. He pitched forward onto his face.

the kick in his breast and left nauscated. He pitched forward onto his face.

Well, thank God, that was the end of that! He was out of it. Some other runner could get all the glory. He would drag himself back as soon as he got around to it. And then he slowly turned his head. to it. And then he slowly turned his head. At the end of the open space he could see a new barrage. It was a strafe of 77's to cut off the support, but Mr. Watson did not know that. His sense of direction seemed to have left him along with his ambition. He saw a barrage and his mind registered "the Front." Very well then, the direction of safety lay away from the barrage.

He snaked himself slowly and painfully toward the woods across the clearing.

ON the ridge before Hill 323 the survivors of an infantry regiment pushed their hobnails into the dirt for a last stand. All night long they had been pounded by artillery. All morning the machine-guns had been seeking them out where they crouched in the slime. More than three-quarters of the effectives had gone; theo-

retically the regiment was out of action.

Close to the scattered mob that had formed the front line Colonel Jeremy Hicks -Hiking Jerry-lay flattened under a stone hedge at a telephone and alternately cursed

hedge at a telephone and alternately cursed and prayed that a connection might be established before the first wave of the counter-attack should reach the ridge. "Something's got to happen damn' quick," he said to his adjutant in a low tone. "If the damn' nincompoops at G. H. Q. don't realize pretty soon that there's a war going on here, there isn't going to be any war." on here, there isn't going to be any war."
"We might fall back on the support,"

suggested the adjutant.
"Aint no sich animile," observed the
Colonel. "This whole division was wiped out two days ago but nobody seems to give a damn except the Germans. We'd be finished now except for the artillery and there's a hole in the line a half a mile wide on our left."

He broke off morosely and cranked the telephone.

"Nothing to do but sit and take it," he murmured a minute or two later. His face was white under the dirt. "What a hell of a finish for a lot of good men!"

The adjutant muttered something and

"What the what?" he ejaculated. "There's something crawling in the brush." He drew his pistol, became aware suddenly of a brown uniform moving in the shrubbery,

and withheld his fire.
"A Yank," he reported after a moment. "A Yank, and he seems to be wounded. He's coming this way."

And so Private Watson came to the

And so Private watson came to the headquarters of Hiking Jerry Hicks.

"Got a message," he muttered as the adjutant bent over him. He reached a hand into his blouse and pulled out half of the yellow blank that the general had given him.

yellow blank that the general had given him. The machine-gun bullet, and blood, had made a pulp of the rest. "General says attack at once, hold road in front at all costs! —Message to Garcia!"

"Attack!" cried the adjutant hysterically. "My God! Attack—when there aren't enough men to retreat with!" He looked at the order. Names had been obliterated, but one word was still legible and shouted out as if echoing the spoken message: "Attack!"

Colonel Jerry dropped the telephone.

Colonel Jerry dropped the telephone.
"The General's right!" he exclaimed with
sudden decision. "If this lad has the stuff to come up here and give us the order we can carry on! It's nine o'clock. We go over the top at nine-twenty. Give that order to all units!"

BY noon a telephone wire was working through brigade to General Mason's headquarters. The General took an important message and tried to appear phlegmatic.

"Counter-attack is broken up," Brigadier-General Hemmick reported. "The hole is closed and the line reorganized."

"Did Dougherty attack?" "Did Dougherty attack?"

"No; there was some mix-up about that. Can't get the straight of it yet, but from what advices we have it would appear that your runner got wounded and delivered your message to Hicks of the division on the right. They came down the hill and spread out and filled the gap."

"Good!" shouted General Mason. And he rang off

he rang off.

"There'll be a citation for that boy-"There'll be a citation for that boy—and a medal!" he told his aide enthusiastically.
'That's what makes the American army men of initiative and courage—men who are still able and willing to carry the message to Garcia!"





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HOUBIGANT

AND YET WOMAN-

(Continued from page 47)

had deluged her with flowers. It was characteristic of his timidity that he had never attached his card, and of hers that she had refrained from either acknowledging or He suspected resenting his gifts' bestowal. resenting his gifts bestowar. All suspenses how that there had been nothing she had appreciated less than his chivalry. Heavens, how he had idealized her! She had appealed to him as so spirit-like that even honorable passion had seemed too gross to

A ND then that final night, before he'd started back to the inferno. All day he'd spent nerving himself to proposing. He'd gone over everything that had happened between them, seeking signs on her part of encouragement. She'd allowed him to steady her by the elbow from time to time at street-crossings and on crowded platforms of the Métro. Once when he'd suggested including the girl who had introduced them, "Nicer by ourselves," she had objected. Why nicer, if she didn't care for him immensely? And then he'd caught her, when she had thought he wasn't looking, regarding him with her brooding dove's-eyes. ing nim with her brooting goves-eyes. At their nightly partings when the porter had opened to her, she had glanced back across her shoulder, imitating his ardor. He accused his silence of holding her at arm'slength. The fluttering gentleness with which she had used him became pathetic. Could any girl have told a man more plainly? From the start, when he was a complete stranger, she had trusted him—had scrapped stranger, she had trusted him—had scrapped all her inherited reserves and conventions. She had wandered Paris with him in wartimes, when every Jack in khaki had his Jill. Her naïveté had been captivating. She had been expecting love while he had tortured her with reverence. The reconstruction of their relation. That was his It was the ecstatic mood of an accepted lover that he set out to call for her.

They dined at the Café de Paris and from there went on to the Opéra. For the first time she was proving evasive, as though she sensed what was in his mind. He had suggested a more quiet restaurant, where they could be undisturbed and in-timate. But she had set her heart on the Opéra, it seemed, so he had to be resigned. He made one feeble effort at protest: "Our last night! Whether we meet again, who But she dodged sentimentalizing knows?" over the possibility of his dying. should prove to be our last, the more rea-son for enjoying it," she retorted. But he wasn't enjoying it. His inward

urgency made him inarticulate. He was ruining his good impression by appearing stupid. How could he chatter, when this might be his one chance of saying to her, "I adore you." He felt—or perhaps he imagined—that he was irritating her; that he was communicating his nervousness.

The end of the performance. Almost the end of everything. Lights going up. To escort her home was all that was left to him; after that the train in the dawn-the

trenches. He was desperate.
On the steps of the Opera House the exiting audience had halted. Some of the crowd were pushing back, making attempts to reënter. He couldn't understand what was being said, but he strained his ears to listen. Above the confusion, he heard an ominous humming as of bees swarming. He recognized the threat: enemy planes were over Paris. Simultaneously with the discovery bombs began dropping. A post-

ponement to their parting!

"Take my arm," he whispered.

"I'm not frightened," she mocked cou-

How to get her where they would be unobserved? How to employ this heaven-

sent respite? If he could only secure a taxi! Those that hadn't been hired, had run to cover. She was the one who solved the problem. In a mood of wild adventure she dashed from him. By the time he overtook her she was bribing a private chauffeur. He read her tactics: she was presenting him with an opportunity.

In the limousine there were flowers. It was a boudoir in miniature. A costly rug was spread across their knees. The smoothwas spread across their knees. ness of upholstered satin and gleam of silver conveyed an atmosphere of luxury. He sitting close beside her. Her face was a pale mystery. He felt that she was about to speak. What she said was: "I suppose it belongs to one of the opera singers."
Again she spoke: "It's rather fun, isn't it?"
Poor little lieutenant! He could hear

himself now, as though he had been his younger brother. His voice squeaky with emotion; ridiculous, if you weren't pitiful. What was he telling her? That everything had become fun since he had met her. everything was going to be fun, even though he died. But he wouldn't-God wasn't so cruel. God would allow him to come back to her.

When she answered nothing at all, he groped for her hand and failed to find it. Then he guessed that it was shading her He supposed she was crying. In the solemnity of the moment he began to her forgiveness: he ought to have told her sooner. It hadn't been fair of him to keep them both waiting. His only excuse was that he held her sacred; she might have considered him frivolous.

"Kept me waiting! Frivolous!" faltered.

'If I'd done what I'm doing." He attempted to slip his arm about her. She pushed him aside.

"Are you crazy?"

He was stunned. His lips were sewn up. His throat was swollen. If he tried speak, he would add the unmanliness tears to his crimes. She despised him; there was no mistaking her hostility. They with-drew into opposite corners, the executioner and the executed. The Champs Elysées, and the executed. The Champs Elysces, which had seemed so short on other nights, tonight seemed to extend for miles. An enemy plane had been shot down near the Arc de Triomphe; neither of them mustered courage to notice it. Bombs were still fall-ing. He prayed heaven that one might strike him.

As they drew up before her pension, he remembered his fatal courtliness.
"I beg your pardon," he muttered

She leaped out, disregarding his offer to assist her. Crossed the pavement. There was no luring backward glance this time.

That was the last of her till the letter

this morning. How much had she told her husband? By what arguments had she humbugged him into writing? He became burningly curious to estimate this superman who had conquered where he had failed.

REACHING for his pen, he indited a second letter. Of course he remembered Peggy Barbara. It would be a pleasure to renew her acquaintance. How would "On Choosing a Profession" do for a subject? He pressed the button for his

"Please mail this without delay."

Too late to cancel his decision, he began to question, "What have I done?" He had gone behind Nan's back. He was planning to be deceifful. Nan, whom he adored, to whom he owed everything! Mixed up with his sense of guilt was the glee of a willful boy. After all, why shouldn't he be inquisitive about a woman he had hoped to

As the day wore on, he began to view the step he had taken in a more gloomy light. Surely this woman had wrought wrought havoc enough in his life. What right had she to expect leniency? He remembered the bitter disillusionment of his early morning departure from Paris for the Front. had gone back bankrupt of ideals, hating himself, hating her, hating everybody. Hu-manity wasn't worth the trouble. He had harbored thoughts of suicide, till it had oc-curred to him that it was infinitely less shabby to seek an enemy's bullet. On going into action, he had seized every chance expose himself, with the result that he had gained a name for recklessness, which had won him decorations. Too soon for his purposes the war had ended and he had Too soon for returned home a hero, uninterested in what became of him. Nan had found him. Somehow—how was it?—she had surprised the little boy in him! It had all happened so naturally. To something trivial she had said, he had replied:
"Of course, if you want me—which isn't likely."

Tears had filled her eyes. "Poor darling!
Who wouldn't want you?" He was in her arms. There had been proposing. She had never made any There had been no proposing. She had never made bones about her share in the strategy.

"I asked you."
"You didn't," he insisted. "But, if you

why?

'Couldn't help myself. You needed me so much."

At first she'd been tolerant about Peggy Barbara-rather grateful to her than otherwise-till one day he'd told her a less carefully revised version. It was after their first baby had been born, which may have made her more sure of him. She had startled him.

"The little beast? How dared she? I could scratch out her eyes."

Her resentment of his misusage had

warned him that loquacity was perilous.

HAT night at dinner Nan mentioned a I bridge party which she had postponed accepting till she had consulted his engage-"But I can't." He crumbled his bread.

I'm lecturing. 'Lecturing!

"Don't you remember the letter this morning?"

"But you said you wouldn't."

"But you said you wouldn't."
"I thought better of it."
He wasn't ripe for questioning. After coffee had been served he withdrew to the library, pleading a brief he had to study. There feigning industry, but actually idle, combated the accusation that he was unfaithful. It was only that he was obsessed by a maddening desire to learn whether, in having been flaunted by Peggy Barbara, he had missed anything. Had she Had she accepted him, certain losses would have been inevitable, since no one can eat the cake of matrimony and still have it. For instance, he wouldn't have had his present children. He might have had others, but even in fancy to exchange Jackie, Madge and the baby for

different trio filled him with consternation.

During days that followed he found himin an elaborate web of preenmeshed varication. Nan's pride in his endeavors led her to write for a prospectus of Frayling She primed herself with facts re-Academy. garding its activities and informed him that it was not a school of the first standing. Before friends she joked him on his eagerness to pursue oratory. Beneath her smil-ing he was certain she was far from sat-isfied. To make a clean breest now would produce a tumult. Had he been honest at the start, she might have proved tolerant.





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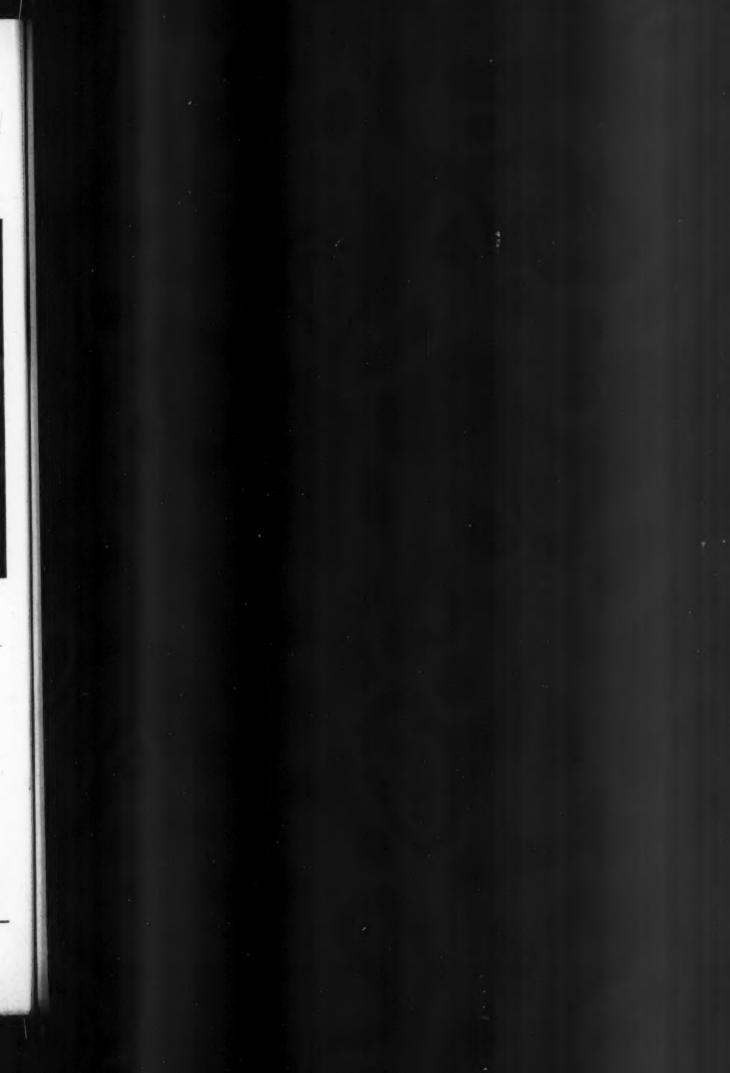
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mysel

It would have been in keeping with her nature to have displayed broad-mindedness.

When the crucial day arrived, he returned home at noon to find that she had studded his dress-shirt and completed his packing with a wifely solicitude which heaped coals of fire. Over lunch she spoofed him into rehearsing his speech. She persisted in treating him as a somewhat absurd person. Her last words in the hall, as she helped him into his coat, were, "My love to Dr.

During the drive to the Grand Central he reflected on her attitude. Women's in-Women's instincts were uncanny. Had she sensed the feminine lure of his errand? If she had, she'd been a good sport. Ninety-nine out of a hundred wives in similar circumstances would have sulked. Her leniency encouraged him to be lenient in his self-judgment. shouldn't he dedicate one day out of eight loyal years to placing flowers on the grave of the living dead? The phrase impressed him: The living dead! It made what he was doing sound reverent. After all, he was revisiting his buried youth far more than the light-o'-love who had shared that leave

Having dismissed his car and seated him-self in the train, he deceived himself with the mirage that lost bachelorhood was rethe mirage that lost bachelorhood was re-covered. With no one to censure him, he let hair-splitting go hang and settled down to an orgy of reminiscence. Why hadn't he been able to appease Peggy's ghost? cause it had craved forgiveness-not forgetfulness. He was on his way to make peace with his and yet woman. What a talk they with his and yet woman. What a talk the would have! What a feast of sentiment! husband who had been sufficiently considerate to solicit his renewed acquaintance, would surely be tactful enough to absent himself. He fell to imagining her. The hope was unexpressed, but he fully expected to find her as untouched by time as were the memories of her that he cherished. She had always possessed allurement in excess of other members of her sex. Dreaming of the new encounter, he was roused by the porter announcing Frayling.

COUNTRY station-a wintry night. A Half a dozen passengers alighting. ing up his suitcase, he was following them the platform, when he was accosted by a tall stranger with craggy brows and spectacled eyes. So this was the superman who had succeeded where he had failed!

Dr. Stight seemed to consider it his duty to waste no time in informing his guest concerning the institution before which he It appeared to be a coachwas to lecture. ing school for backward boys who had been thrown out of more high-pressure establish-Dr. Stight's aim was to fire them with ambition—hence the outside lecturers.
"I think I knew your wife."

was a stupid opening; but something had to be said to give a more intimate turn to conversation. The car bounced on.

It was a sedan of the cheaper type. Dr. Stight cleared his throat before answering. "She rather wondered whether you would remember her. You'd passed utterly would remember her. from her memory till she read your name in connection with a law-case. You met in Paris, wasn't it?"

"During the war. I was on my first leave. Since I spoke no French and everything was strange, she undertook to be my

"Just like her." Dr. Stight became ex-pansive. "She's the kindliest little woman! Even on your slight acquaintance, you can guess what a help she's been to me. Both boys and masters worship her. She has the finest moral influence. Her sense of honor is so high? "Exactly."

"I wasn't fortunate enough to get overseas myself," Dr. Stight continued. "I'd weak-

ened my heart by over-study. When she sailed to do Red Cross work I was terribly afraid she might chuck me in favor of one of you heroic young lieutenants.

You were engaged to her?"

"Nothing more than an understanding. She was rich at the time and her family opposed—" He peered forward into the night short-sightedly and bumped a gatepost as he turned abruptly into a driveway. "Luckily, after the Armistice, owing to de-flation her father disgorged most of his wealth. I say luckily, because his bank-ruptcy made me eligible. She says luckily, too, even though it's meant hard sledding. She's as plucky as she's loyal. But here we are." He shut off the motor. "You must be tired of having me sing her

Not tired—only puzzled. It seemed to him that some colossal joke was being perpetrated. He was positive that Peggy Barbara wasn't the girl Dr. Stight had described. Could it be possible that there had been two Peggy Barbaras in Paris: that he'd met both and totally forgotten one of them?

He was hurried up to his room without meeting Mrs. Stight. It wasn't quite the room to which he was accustomed. It was speckless and serviceable, but bare of any pretensions of luxury. Having changed into his evening-dress, he descended. A sea of boys—boys who glared at him

A sea of boys—boys was guiden as a curiously, as though regarding him as a necessary nest. Everything unfamiliar necessary pest. Everything unfamiliar-rather hostile. Then a voice at his elbow: "I should hardly have recognized you."

He swung around. Had she accosted him in the street he would have asked, "Have In the street he would have asked, "have the pleasure of knowing you?" She had become scholarly, spectacled and angular like her husband—angular with a quality of prim benevolence. She was exactly the type prim benevolence. of headmaster's wife to win the confidence of parents.

"Perhaps it's civilian clothes that make the difference," she continued. "And, of course, you're nine years older." Glancing she saw her husband approaching.

'Luke suspects nothing. Explain later."

He desired no explanations. He wanted to get the farce ended that he might creep away and hide. In this faded woman he traced only the faintest family resemblance to his lost love. A tête-à-tête with her was an awkwardness to be avoided.

DINNER was public enough; it took place before the assembled school. If those young eyes could have probed the errand that had brought him! His was the seat of honor, next to Mrs. Stight. She entertained him with an account of her husband's attainments, passing on to the ro-mantic circumstances of her marriage.

"I was won by waiting. looked at any other girl." Luke never

He wondered whether, "Are you crazy?" had been a stock repartee of her courtship, but inquired: "How many children have

"Alas, none. And yet, why alas, when we have so large a family?"

"I'm afraid that for me," he blundered in the effort to make conversation,

children wouldn't prove satisfying. Nan and I-Nan's my wife-have three of them.

For the next half-hour he idealized Nanhow he had come back from the war a man without a purpose, so that everything he was he owed to his wife. Peggy Bar-bara listened with a bright intelligence, blinking at him from behind the ambush of her spectacles. As they rose from table she whispered: "I still build castles out of the hours we spent in Paris."

Heavens, if she was intending to grow sentimental! It was pathetic, grotesque—as though the uncomely sister in the Cinderella story had expected the fairy prince to love

her as Cinderella's proxy. He stuck close to host till it was time to lecture.

"On Choosing a Profession," he announced his subject. All lights had been lowered, save those which shone directly above She was seated at the back. Did distance lend enchantment? Perhaps the spectacles, which she had removed, had disguised her. Through the shadows, in the dimness, maturity slipped from her. She seemed a girl —the girl. His heart softened. While he uttered grave words of advice, he suffered twitches of the old insane longing.

When the lights shot up, she had vanished. Dr. Stight was on his feet, apologizing for an omission: he ought to have informed the boys that they were to be addressed by a war-veteran. The most impressive message that the lecturer had brought them had been his testimony as to how military discipline had shaped his character. He called upon school to rise as an expression appreciation.

THE ordeal was over. Sleep lay ahead, then breakfast, followed by the earliest departure that could be managed. But Dr. Stight intervened; his wife had considerately prepared refreshments. He led his guest as far as his private den, ushered him across the threshold and deserted him with the excuse that he had duties.

There she stood beneath the lamp, her back towards him, angular, mature. turned

You wonder why I lured you here. I

must come to the point. He lit a cigarette. Was she going to be emotional?

"What point?" he inquired guardedly.
"Till I read your name in the paper, I imagined you were dead."

"I'm very much alive."
"It was the reason I had to see you. Why, you'll never guess. To make sure you were happy.

"Tremendously. I thank you." "But I've reproached myself-my New

England conscience, perhaps."

She came nearer and he retreated slightly.
"Girls can be fiendish in their vanity. let you suppose I was in love with you. I broke your heart when you were going to the trenches. If Luke knew, he would consider my conduct monstrous. dared tell him." I've never

Well, I'm not likely to tell him." "I'm not afraid of that. But I can at least confess to you. I've suffered agonies. I've imagined that you got yourself killed in an attack, or even"—she closed her eyes— "that because of me, you might have committed suicide. It's so good—" She seized his hands.

And once, when she'd looked young, what this would have meant to him! He couldn't shame her with the belated waste of her For a last time he felt compelled

to flatter her. You hurt me most awfully."

"But you recovered?"

"Obviously."

"And you've forgiven me?"

"Now I have She smiled wisely, "I understand. Seeing how little you missed has done it. Your wife—is she beautiful?"

wife—is she beautiful?"

"Peggy Barbara,"—he gave her her old name out of charity,—"Nan was always beautiful. She improves with time."

"I don't." She shook her head, yet plainly hoped that he would contradict her.

"We may never meet again," he dodged the lie that would have comforted her; "but we'll know we're no longer enemies. To tell the truth, I deceived my wife about this expedition." Then compassionately: "I stated that ungenerously. What I meant this expedition." Then compass stated that ungenerously. Whi was, we'll know we're friends. What I meant ds. Why be so tragic about an unkindness that's dead and buried?

TI

TOUJOURS FIDEIE LWAYS FAITHFUL ARTUN TE DANDY" O.ORS AL'S ACH DOWDERS FACE DOWDERS

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A footstep in the passage. As she drew away from him, she lowered her voice:
"Because I've feared that to be childless

was my punishment."

HER husband entered. They parted casually at midnight. Next morning Dr. Stight announced that his wife was kept in bed by a headache. The casual parting proved final.

On the return journey, Don Scudder came to his senses.

Nan was tolerant as ever. She accepted his demonstrativeness laughingly, with an unspoken interrogation in her eyes.

unspoken interrogation in her eyes. He had romped with the children, heard them say their prayers, helped to tuck them in their beds. He had sat with Nan in the library after dinner, had played "patience" with her, had read her a chapter from a novel. Almost his last words before retiring had been to tell her as though her appear. had been to tell her, as though her appearance had mysteriously bloomed in his absence, that every day she was growing more beautiful. He had experienced the spiritual well-being of one who had shrived his conscience and turned to a spotless page in his matrimonial record.

in his matrimonial record.

In the night he woke. He tried to recall his and yet woman as he had last seen her, transformed by reality into the angular Mrs. transformed by reality into the angular Mrs. Stight. He couldn't. Peggy Barbara of Paris supplanted her. Down spectral boulevards, where snow was falling, she tripped before him, gayly luring him with the sparkling promise in her eyes. He clenched his fists in despair, longing with all his heart to be rid of her. Would there always be this and yet woman to make him secretly disloyal?

stooped over Nan, where she lay uilly beside him. He stooped lower tranquilly beside

Her arms reached up in the darkness.

"Poor darling! Something's troubling

"What makes you think so?"

"I've known ever since you fibbed to me

"I've known ever since you anote is about that letter."
"I didn't, Nan. I truly lectured."
"All the same, you've done something you're not proud of. I believe even the children have felt it. You're so honest, you couldn't deceive-

"I couldn't deceive you. That's evident," he laughed feebly. "If it's any comfort, the person I deceived most was myself. That invitation was from Peggy Barbara's husband."

"Then, old foolish, why didn't you refuse it ?"

"Curiosity: I wanted to see with my own eyes what had happened to her. And then the detective instinct: I wanted to learn her motive for having sent for me. And lastly-

'And lastly, what?" Nan drew him closer. "You've given me your excuses. What the weakness you're so ashamed of?"
"Romance," he whispered. What was

In halting phrases, more those of a child

In halting phrases, more those of a child than of a man, he made a clean breast of it. "Oh, my dear," her voice was laughy and weepy when he had ended, "you'll always need me. I knew that when I grabbed you almost against your will. Sometimes you seem so little—no older than Jackie."

"I'm so grateful, Nan," he murmured; "I've laid her ghost. I'll never again remember her."

member her."

member her."

Even as he said it, he wasn't certain.

How can one lay the ghost of some one who never existed? He'd never loved the true Peggy. The Peggy whom he'd loved had been the invention of his own faculties were on for idealization. Those faculties were on the wane; he was becoming practical. So, if he'd loved anything, it had been memories of lost youth. Most probably they would always haunt him. There was one comfort: Nan and he would grow old together. He snuggled close to her; he was feeling drowsy. By confession he had kept faith. And yet—

Soon he was sleeping soundly.

HONOR

(Continued from page 51)

by and large, if you want my advice,— where Larry is concerned, I say, tell him! Tell him the whole thing from start to Tell him the whole thing from start to finish. It's fairest; it's kindest—and it's safest." She put out a hand and waved the other's protest into silence. "I know—you think Walt's death puts the lid on everything. Maybe it does—maybe it does—the went back to his wife, didn't he—eventually?"

"After six months-he was perfectly well then—there didn't seem anything else to do. . . . And I was going back to back to

do. . . . And I was going back to Georgia, myself, as soon as school closed." "Well," said Laura coolly, "how do you know he didn't tell her everything—in a moment of repentance? He might have had 'em—even if you didn't."

had 'em—even if you didn't."

"Lollie—I have—I have!"

"Repentance isn't worth a darn unless it wipes the slate," said Laura slowly.

"Flo, don't take any chances, old dear—tell Larry all you've told me."

"Do you think he'd understand? All he'd be thinking would be: 'I'm not the first!"

"Do you want him to marry you—and umble on that fact afterwards?" stumble

"I tell you there's no way under heaven "I tell you there's no way under meache he could ever find out, now. I know, Lollie—I know! Walt hadn't so much as a letter of mine. When he went, we said good-by and made a clean cut. We had good-by and made a clean cut. We had just sense enough for that."

"All right, then," said Laura doggedly.

"Say you're safe—technically speaking."
"Lollie—that's horrible of you!"
"I'm dealing in spades," said La

said Laura.

"Say you're safe, then: how about your own peace of mind-if you never tell? Wont you feel you're cheating him-cheating Larry—who never did you any wrong except to love you cleanly and hard—and to offer you the highest place he's got it in his power to offer any woman?"

Flo stared at her curiously.

"Lollie-I never knew you to be so ex-

cited-over anything!"

"Don't bother about me," said Laura gruffly. "We're talking about Larry, now—and you.... I say, if you don't tell him, wont there always be something wrong between you? Gosh, Flo, marriage must be hard enough at best! If you start out with a lie, how can you ever hope to make a go of it? How could you make him happy? And Larry's got a right—"

"I can make Larry's got a right—"
"I can make Larry happy—never fear!"
said Flo gently. The dimple flickered near
her lips once more. Her eyelids drooped
a very little, languorously. She added:
"I've got a right to some happiness, myself."

"I don't believe there's any happiness— for anybody—in a lie," said Laura. Flo said coldly, "Don't be a prig, Lollie!"

but her voice shook.

THEY stared at each other almost like enemies. It was Laura's hand that broke that look. She put the tips of her fingers to her eyes—as if they hurt.

"Flo," she said huskily, "Larry's pretty decent..... I don't believe he's ever done a rotten thing in his whole life long. He's got much more of a code, a personal sense

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of honor, than most of the men we know. And a woman who-failed him-could make a terrible wreck of his life."

"I'd never fail him," said Flo. "I prom-

ise you, Lollie—I swear to you!"

Laura jumped to her feet with an appalling swiftness—stood with her hands thrust deep in her pockets, her curly head thrown back; there was flame in the eyes she had hidden, and her cheeks were suddenly scarlet.

"You!" she cried in a driving passion of scorn. "You failed him before you ever saw him! He's been on his knees to you like a man in a church-for months and months—ever since he's known you. And all you've got to give him is second-And all you've got to give him is second-best! He worships you—for something you'll never have again. He loves you— for something you aren't. He thinks he's breaking his heart to marry you. And if you let him,—without telling him the truth,—he'll learn what heartbreak really is.... Because he's clean, Larry is—he's is. . . . Because he's clean, Larry is—he's true—he's the truest man in the world! And when I think that it was through me

he met you-"Oh!" said said Flo with a little gasp of amazement. She too got to her feet and stood there trembling, pushing the dark hair back from her eyes, biting her soft red mouth. "I wouldn't have played him a trick like that, for all the world!" cried Laura.

that, for all the world!" cried Laura.
"Wouldn't you?" asked Flo unsteadily.
"No—I wouldn't. I'd have cut off my
right hand, first. Before I'd have had him
fooled—in the biggest thing in his life—
before I'd have had him sold—and shamed
—and cheated!"

"Hush!" said Flo in a queer choked

whisper. "Why should I? I'm telling the truth-"My should I? I'm telling the truth— that you're not honest enough nor brave enough to tell him, and take your chances afterwards. I'm telling the truth and you know it—you coward!"

"You're in love with him, yourself!"

Laura opened her lips to speak—and closed them again, wordless. Her face went white-slowly. Hate sang in the air of the comfortable lamp-lit room like a taut wire. "Deny it!" said Flo in a sort of soft

menacing snarl.

"Why should I?" asked Laura curtly. "Yes-I'm in love with Larry. That's my business-and no one else's.

"Not even Larry's, my dear?"

"Not even Larry's, my dear?"

"Larry doesn't know anything about it.
He doesn't give a darn for me—that way."

"But—if you put me out of the running
—you think he might."

"I'd be ashamed to think anything of
the sort."

"Yes? Then why are you so keen on my

"Yes? Then why are you so keen on my showing myself up to him? Telling him what he need never know—to make him despise me!"

Laura's retort came like a sword-thrust:
"You admit—he would despise you!"
"He's a man," said Flo fiercely; "he's

been taught to believe that only men have a right to—live. There'll be one or two things he wont tell me-about his life before I knew him-wont there? We are being honest, now-remember! Wont

Laura said slowly: "There may be. He's lived in a man's world."
"Well!" cried Flo in a hot surge of triumph. "Then haven't I a right—to my life—before he knew me? Haven't I?

"Logically," said Laura coldly, "you might call it a right." She blazed out an instant after, arms tight folded across her breast; "But if you loved him—the way he deserves to be loved—"

Flo's laugh was a maddening sound. "You'd give all you've got—"

Laura winced. A cruel flush crept up across her throat. "Please, Flo-this is all too dreadful—what I feel or don't feel has

nothing to do with you."
"Oh, yes, it has," said Flo, "because you see, my dear, you're hardly an unprejudiced person-where Larry's concerned. I'm awfully glad I found that out in time. Suppose I had told Larry about poor old Walt and me? And then when I'd lost Larry for good, suppose he'd turned to you, wait-

for good, suppose he'd turned to you, wan-ing to console him? Oh, it's easy to see— what you were pulling for!"
"You mean you're not going to tell him?"
asked Laura. "It's no good saying I wasn't

asked Laura. "It's no good saying I wasn't —if you can think that of me."
"I am not. And it is no good—your saying it. I've eyes in my head, Lollie."
"All right," said Laura quietly. She went over to the table and picked up the evening paper, which lay there half-unfolded. "Then I shall have to tell him myself," she added

LOLLIE!" It was a cry of downright terror. Flo ran across the room and flung her arms about the other girl's neck; she hid her face on Laura's sturdy shoulder; she broke into pitiful sobbing. "Lollie you wouldn't—you couldn't! It'd be—too rotten—of you! Do you want to break both our hearts? Larry loves me, I tell both our hearts? Larry loves me, I tell you. And I love Larry! That other was —nothing. I was just—a child—a crazy child! I didn't know—what I was doing!"

Laura stood like a rock, her face set; only a faint shiver of distaste about her lips. "You're the sort of person who always knows what she's doing," she answered stoodily.

"Lollie," Flo begged in an exquisite husky whisper, "don't be so hard! Don't be so cruel—just because you're not like other

"What?" said Laura violently.
"Don't look at me like that, Lollie! You know! You're not impulsive-emotional." -nor-nor

"Don't be a fool," said Laura mordantly. "I've got a little self-control—if that's what you mean."

"You're cold," said Flo despairingly. "You

don't need love—the way I do."

"Love doesn't mean the same thing to me
—I'll admit; it means the highest, or nothing at all.

"You could get through your life-without it. "If I couldn't have that-and my self-re-

spect too.'

"Love doesn't stop to think of self-respect —nor pride—nor anything else; it just gives!
With both hands! I could give—like that—
to Larry. You never could! I could keep him young and eager—and thrilled. You couldn't. You can't let go of yourself, enough. You'd make him a tidy house with enough. You'd make him a tidy house with a nice little pal in it—and that's as far as you'd go. I'd have his head in the stars—"
"Yes—and his feet in the ditch—sooner or later!"

later!"
"Never! He'll never know. That's all dead and gone. I could be kinder to I'm not narrow and—and cruel—and hard—like you, Lollie!"

"If I'm hard," said Laura steadily, "it's for Larry's sake. I want him—to be happy."
"He'd be happy with me, and you know it."
Laura looked at the soft coaxing mouth,

at the shadowy ardent eyes-and turned her head away.

"Happiness isn't just—that," she said rather low and a little tiredly. "I'm thinking about his—honor. I don't want the best of him spoiled. . . . Oh, you make me talk like a prig! You make me preach—and I loathe it. . . . But either you tell him—and give him his chance to decide for him—

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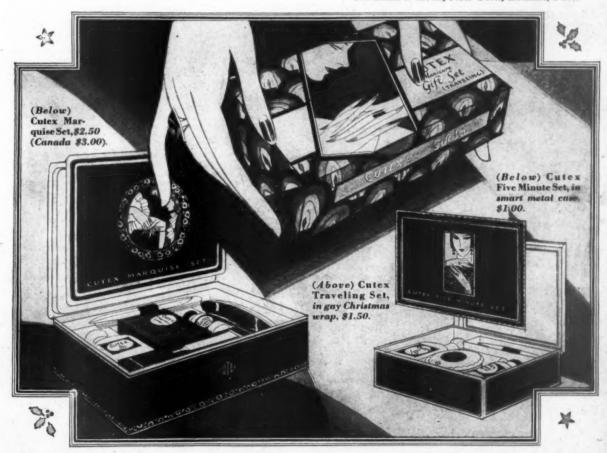
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Flo broke in, breathing hard, the dark eyes suddenly narrowed: "If you're so strong on honor—what about your own? I told you everything—in confidence—that night. Re-member? I said: 'Lollie, will you keep this to yourself—will you?' And you said you

Laura remembered all too well.

Flo had come in late—after seven—
white-lipped and shaken—shaken but full of
wild incredulous relief—like a man reprieved.
Sha had set stripe the

She had sat staring at a newspaper she brought till Laura had questioned hernaturally. At first, she had been reluctant—cryptic—mysterious. At last she had broken into floods of tears. "Lollie—if I tell you

into floods of tears. "Lollie—if I tell you something—will you keep it to yourself?" And Laura had said she would. Then Flo had told her. Obviously it drained Flo's soul of an old poison—to confess to Laura. And Laura, controlling her own clear-eved distants for such as with an old poison. own clear-eyed distaste for such an episode, had been fairly impartial—till it came to a question of Larry's wanting to marry Flo.

"You see—you can't tell him. You ised," cried Flo, darkly triumphant. "I see," said Laura briefly.

"You can't—in honor—break your word."
"No—I don't break my word."
"Oh, Lollie, if you knew what it means

"Get away!" said Laura. She threw on Flo's clinging hands. She stared at Flo and her lip. "No—I wont tell him," she curled her lip. "No—I wont ten nun, said coldly. "If you can go through with it

you may!" She stood there watching while Flo with nervous hands ran a little comb through her soft dark hair and powdered her nose and

rouged her mouth.

"He'll be here any minute!" said Flo.
"Don't worry—I'm going out," said Laura. But she hadn't started soon enough, for while she was pulling on her hat be-fore the mirror in her bedroom, picking up her purse and reaching for her gloves, a bell trilled.

She heard a door open and shut—heard Larry's deep laugh, Flo's wood-dove murmur. Laura's lips were dry and her eyes burned, as she went into the living-room and up to the two by the table.

Larry was smiling—he had the cleanest, dearest, most questioning smile in the world. Flo-to be the answer to that question-

in Larry's smile!
"'Lo!" said Laura curtly.

Larry swung on his heel.

"Hel-lo, Lollie!" he said drawlingly—he had the heartbreaking gentleness of a big man; all his movements were slow and powerful; it rested one just to watch him. It rested one just to listen to the amused tenderness of his voice. "Going out—soon as I get here? What've I done to you?" He ran his fingers through his rough blond hair in mock perplexity. in mock perplexity

"Nothing," said Laura; "got to go."
"Do stay, Lollie," said Flo uncertainly. But she swayed against Larry's shoulder-and Larry's shoulder was waiting.

Laura looked her in the eyes—once. "Got to go," she repeated. Then she put out her hand to Larry—she looked him in the eyes, a long dumb straining moment. "Good luck, old thing!" she said.

She closed the door behind her.
Going down the stairs, she began to cry—
big hot tears—slipping down her cheeks—
salt on her lips—no sound—just tears.

THE LOVELY DUCKLINGS

(Continued from page 57)

He fell head over heels in what he then called love. Later he began to recall the word for future use. When the novelty wore off, he began to think that Cora's honesty was not so pretty. But he could not, of course, admit that to Cora. How often she would murmur as they sat looking out over each other's shoulders at the moon-bewitched sea:

"It was a case of love at first hearing with me. But you don't love me like I love you."

"More!"

"Ah, no you don't! But I'm satisfied with what I get. I don't complain so long

you go on saying it."

She was a convenient sweetheart, handy to reach, and economical of everything except her love. She always insisted on pay-ing her half of the expenses, whatever they Which pleased Gilman more than he would have admitted even to himself.

He bought a used car on the installment plan; and once or twice, when he was short at payment-time, she would insist on advancing the money from her own saving

She had to work hard for her dollars too, and there were only so many of them. But of her kisses she said: "Help yourself, boy. There's always more in the cup-

BY a strange and primeval biological influence, the more yielding she was, the less enthusiastic Gilman was. An irresistible force feels rather foolish when it encounters no resistance whatever. Worse than that, Cora took the initiative, kissed first, confessed first to deep love. It was she that proposed what had seemed to Gilman at the time the

sanest thing two lovers could have done.

Long hard days of toil at the office and long late evenings of bliss at the beach were reducing both of them to a state of haggard fatigue. Then, one midnight, Gilman paid Cora the uncertain compliment of falling

asleep on her shoulder when they were enshrouded in a fog like an infinitely fine impalpable chiffon.

When he woke with a start and apolo-

when he woke with a start and apologized, she laughed:

"Lord, I loved it. I felt like a mother.
Which is what I don't suppose I'll ever be to anybody else. But while you've been catching up on your arrears of sleep, I've been doing a little plain thinking and feaviers.

figuring.

"Twe been totaling up what we spend on gasoline and rubber and repairs for the car, and what we spend on hot-dogs and hot suppers, cover charges, and tips to waiters.

It amounts up something terrible.

"And all we get is rotten food—nothing like what I can cook, if I do say it myself. One supper of ours costs what twenty breakfasts of mine don't cost, not counting the bicarb. of soda I have to buy.

"And here you are paying for a room at the club and me for a room at my place,

and I don't suppose either of us knows what our rooms looks like. I go into mine half asleep and undress in the dark and just fall over on my face. And I always seem to hit the alarm clock right off.

"And getting up mornings! Lord! I used to snap out of bed like I was plucking a plug out of the switchboard. Now I come off the pillow like a fly comes off fly-paper. I wake up wrecked and stagger out blind, and I get worse all day.

"So I was wondering, what if we pooled out salving and was could get a reach of

salaries and-we could get a peach of a little flat for half what our two cells cost. I could cook, and you could help with the I could cook, and you could help with the dishes and the light domestic stuff. We'd not only cut the overhead to almost nothing, but we'd cut out some of this beach and night-club stuff. I'm getting fed up on moonlit oceans and flat tires. And it's getting so cold and damp nights, I'm getting rheumatic enough to ask you to leave me off at the Old Soldiers' Home. So I was thinke

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ing-well, what would you say to the general idea?"

If she had invited him into the fiery furnace he could not have been more ter-rified or more surprised. But he could see rified or more surprised. no reason for refusing, and for a long while he found this new life of his amazingly cosy

He felt proud of himself. He was a real man now, with an establishment. He might be only a bill-clerk during the day, but at five o'clock, like somebody in a fairy tale, he suddenly became a sultan with a seraglio of one.

The only thing he regretted was the sneakiness of it. He dreaded the calamity of exposure, partly for himself but more for her. He talked to her about n, but said and no terrors where love was concerned: He talked to her about it, but she had "Your scruples do you honor, Sir Galahad," she said—she had been graduated at high school and was awfully well read. "But seems to me that when love gets too anxious, it is beginning to taper off, so to speak.

True love is blind and deaf and—'irregardas an old employer of mine used to less.

"As long as we don't disturb the peace and don't harm anybody but ourselves, if that, what business is it of the public's? And since you're not in the marrying mood, why, I can't see the good of being afraid.

why, I can't see the good of being alraid.

"Of course, when you get ready to marry somebody, just let me know and I'll take myself off your hands. The minute you want to marry, just say, 'G'byl I'm through,' hang up and forget me. I'll never even so much as ring in on you."

And that was the worst of all, for institute the tall has forably that were

viting him to tell her frankly that he was "through," made it strangely impossible to do just that. And Gilman was "through," or thought he was.

A MYSTERIOUS thing had happened with the president's daughter. In the old days when he was free, he had taken pride in more or less timidly flirting at Miss When Cora moved into his heart, he regarded Miss Elwood with indifference, disdain. Indeed, he tried to avoid her.

That, curiously, made him more attractive her. As he grew elusive, she pursued. to her. She made her father wait for her now while she dallied in the outer inner office with Gilman. She was as rich as creosote and not really so homely as he had at first thought

her to be. Her father was evidently growing as anxious as a mother about her chances of marrying. He had begun to wonder permarrying. He had begun to wonder per-haps if his only child were going to be an old maid. That thought galled him worse than hearing about the installation of some other than the Elwood Elevators in a new sky-scraper.

Better anybody than nobody. His keen eyes, which little in the office escaped, had soon seen that his Emma was dallying with his Mr. Todd. He was surprised that he his Mr. Todd. He was surprised that he did not promptly annihilate the cub with a, "You're fired!" But he felt a new hope in his heart. Todd was not so bad. He didn't drink. He didn't run round after women, so far as Mr. Elwood knew. He was always on the job. He came of a good family—not much money but as good a family-not much money but as good line as the Elwoods-honest Kansas people, the best God ever made. Midwestern vir-

tue transplanted to Sunny Sou. Cal.
So old man Elwood began to play matchmaker. He would summon Gilman into his office when Emma was there, then remember something he wanted to say to some-body, and dash out leaving them together,

and not return for long, long periods.

When he had a bad cold, he sent for Gilman to come to the house and bring up some to the nouse and oring up some papers. He saw to it that the clerk was dazzled by the family splendor, kept him to lunch, decided to call it a day and sent him back to the office in his car with Emma, adding a gracious reminder that there was no hurry

He ceased to bark at Gilman and bit him no more, praised his work, talked of ad-

no more, praised his work, talked of auvancement; said astounding things like:
"You're doin' fine, Todd. You'll get ahead, mark me! When I was your age, I didn't earn half your pay. No reason you shouldn't do better than I ever did. I'll need a partner before long."

The fumes of ambition made Gilman see both Emma and Cora in different lights. Emma grew beautiful as the bringer of riches and power. Cora grew sinister as the danger of exposure and defeat.

He decided at length that he loved

Emma with something worthier of the grand old word, "love," than the passion he had felt for Cora. Emma would make he had felt for Cora. Estima would make a fine wife. He decided that he had never really loved Cora at all, and certainly did not now. Emma was a home-love.

But how to rid himself of Cora before

the Elwoods found out about her? did, he and Cora would both their places and would find it hard to get others.

In his fretful meetings with Cora harped on their danger increasingly. Blind with her devotion, she could not or would not see the perils, or mocked whatever

"Elwood's isn't the only job on earth, and you're worth twice what the old brute gives you," she would say. "You know the business better than he does, but some a good stiff kick times a young man needs a good stiff kick out into the cold to start him on his own road."

Gilman began to believe that he did know the business better than his president. He began to inform himself on phases of it outside his own realm of knowledge. He was surprised to find how simple it all was.

You had only to turn out good elevators and sell them at a profit. A pleased customer was the best advertisement, and the architects came back for more.

But the open sesame to his garden of But the open sesame to his grandeur was named Emma Elwood. She grandeur was named Emma the Future. Her grew beautiful. She was the Future. hard voice was power. Her hard eyes were hard dollars. Her willingness was the beckoning of opportunity.

He began to walk out to the door with her and he passed Cora at her switchboard. She never seemed to look, but she saw.

And now when he talked to Cora of evenings about their danger, she would not let him tell her that he wanted to be free and to marry. She cried all the time now, even when Gilman was with her. She made him take her to the heach and to the dancehalls. She tried desperately to ensnare him all over again.

I T was then that Louise Todd and her crowd saw her with Gilman. They had no difficulty in finding out who the girl was. Even Louise, who always boasted of suspecting the worst and always being right, did not suspect all. She assumed right, did not suspect all. She assumed that Gilman and his Central were wild,

Louise told Helen, and they were over-heard by Dorothy and Clifford. Everybody in town seemed to know that Gilman Todd was "running round" with a telephone girl, except Elwood, who was too much hated by his people to be allowed to share their gossip, and Gilman's father and mother. Cora had had no father and mother so far as she could remember.

They had died in her infancy before she learned even to love them except in a hol-low, empty yearning way that tried to fill itself with mothering Gilman. She laughed about her parentage as she did about most of the things she held sacred.

Gilman thought of that too, most honorably. If he had ever owed it to Cora to offer her marriage, he owed it much more to his father and mother, and to posterity, not to bring into the Todd line any mysterious blood.

He owed it to his father and mother to He owed it to his father and mother to bring riches into the family. As the eldest son he ought to provide the luxuries they never had had. When he thought of what he could buy for his mother with the Elwood money, he could hardly keep from calling Emma on the telephone and beg-ging her to marry him. ging her to marry him.

As for Dad-old-boy, why, when Gilman became president of the "Elwood-Todd Elevators," or the "Todd Elevators (for-merly Elwood)," he would make his father bill-clerk or third vice-president or

something, at a big salary.

And he would give his sister Helen a and he would give his sister Reien a good job, and make Louise straighten up and settle down, be a lady instead of a hoot-owl. And he would put Clifford to work learning the business, and send

Dorothy to a swell school.

The only thing that stood in his way to all this philanthropy was Cora.

GILMAN was not the first to fall in love with one woman and find himself tied hand and foot by an entirely different creature. He could have sued her for obtaining love under false pretences.

She used to be all laughter and hope and efficiency. Now she was a blundering, long-distance weeper. Their once gay times together were resolved into his playing

"Don't leave me! You don't love me!
I'll die if you leave me. Go on and leave I'll die if you leave me. Go on and leave me and marry your old Miss Elwood! I wouldn't stand in your way a minute. I'll be dead anyway, long before you can marry her. So go on and leave me! Oh— oh—oh, kiss me just once more like you used to!"

And then her tears would run down into his mouth, and his tears would begin to flow, and he would hold her till his arms tired, and yet find her still gripping

him till the pain was unbearable.

Strange and baffling it was that the salt tears, and the woe and the arm-ache and the heart-ache and the jagged lump of slag he had in his throat, seemed somehow sweeter than the earliest romance had ever been. His heart told him at those times that his ambitions were contemptible, that his duty was clear, that only the yellowest dog that ever lived could trample such a love as Cora's even to reach heaven. Better poverty and shame, than fame and wealth at the price of one merciless act to-ward this lonely, fatherless, motherless, loverless girl.

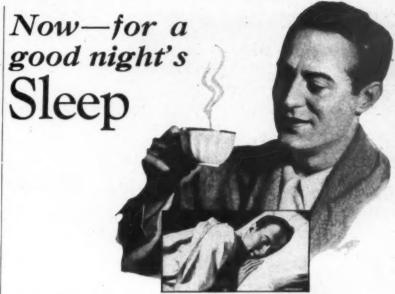
As for the scandal, let it come! As for the Elwoods—humph! The father a big fat bully, the daughter a man-chasing old hen that picked out a bill-clerk because he was the only one she could get!

Better one hour of weeping with his heartbroken Cora than a cycle of Elwood elegance!

Even Cora could feel the change that pervaded his heart as subtly as the dawn-red and the apple-green and the rose-yellow of daybreak seep into the night sky. Instantly she would become herself again. The smile would come out in sunlight refreshed with April rain.

That was the history of the evenings. But in the morning common sense re-turned with office hours.

All day long Gilman would unthink his thoughts of the night before, ridicule his feelings; his loftiest emotions nauseated him, and were as pleasant as bootleg ex-altation on the morning after.



The kind that makes you wake up feeling fresh and full of energy... Make this 3-day test and see

Tonight—you can get 8 hours of solid sleep— without the use of drugs. Tomorrow—you should awaken abounding with new-found

Drugs, even though they put you to sleep, al-ways leave you "logy" and muddled when you awaken. You never feel refreshed.

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Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening. We offer you here a 3-day test. We want you to prove what we claim. Note, especially, how good you feel when you awaken in the morning.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

FIRST-It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

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beef extract. THIRD-Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nervea are soothed because digestive unrest, the main cause of sleeplessness, is overcome. This is why, when taken at night, a cup of hot Ovaltine brings sound restoring sleep in a

natural way.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—and absolutely nathing else—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

as a standard ration to invalid soldiers. A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, maintrition, backward children, nursing mothers and the aged. Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

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I took Ovaltine to help make me sleep at night, to add up some en-ergy and quiet and quiet nerves. After ing I slept taking I elept fine, felt like a new man during w. Louis Ryan Waldorf, Md.

Send for 3-day test



I took Ovaltine to get ntook Ovalune to get a good night's sleep. I noticed that I slept much better, getting up with more vigor. I consider Ovaltine a sturdy, healthful food. Louis Martino Port Reading, N. J.

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That was why he was so glum at his other's. On her porch even in the moonlight, he felt a repugnance for his evil life. In a mother's presence, an intrigue like his had nothing to say in its own defense. It was just unspeakable.

ONE night when he left for his mother's by permission, he found the courage to pause at the door and say:

"I'm never coming back, Cora. I took my things away today at the noon hour.

look and see. Good-by! through!"

He closed the door and ran down the stairs while she darted to the other room to see if his words were true. Everything was gone. When she dashed to the window, he was not to be seen. She sat there till morning, shivering with the bitter chill of California nights, but too dead to rise and fetch a wrap.

Gilman had taken his room again at the athletic club, but he spent the evening at his mother's, congratulating himself that he had done the honorable, the "constructive" thing, and just as wretched as a man usually is when he has that support, and no other.

And this was the evening Dorothy chose to guy him about his telephone girl! And Cliff had snickered. They were both lucky

A decidedly different, and very amusing New Year's story by Margaret Culkin Banning The Red Book Magazine For January

to escape his hyena-mood. He would not stay to face his mother or to explain to those terrible know-it-all sisters of his.

He went to the athletic club and asked if there were any telephone messages. There were none. And he was not so happy about it as he had hoped to be. He spent wakeful night wondering why the telephone did not ring. He spent part of it at the window staring in the general direc-tion of the flat. When he got cold, he put on his overcoat.

The next morning a cold bath set him to singing through the shower. He was a free man. Good work!

a free man. Good work!

When he went to the office, he cast a sidelong glance at the switchboard. Cora was there, pale and gaunt, and not half as pretty as she had pretended to be. She gave him one look—a smile of old habit that suddenly remembered and vanished in a rush of tears. It cut his heart in two like a hatchet. His heart's blood ran down into his shoes. He wanted to go to her, but his feet carried him to his desk like old horses drawing a senseless desk like old horses drawing a senseless teamster back to the stable.

WHEN Gilman reached for the telephone for the usual murmured tryst that began the morning, he caught his hand back as if from the fire.

By and by he had to call a number— many numbers. Her voice came through with businesslike cheer: "Yes, Mr. Todd. with businesslike cheer: "Yes, Mr. Todd. Here you are, Mr. Todd. —I'll call you, Mr. Todd. —Sorry, Mr. Todd, but that line's busy. I'll keep after it." She had always called him Mr. Todd at the office. That had been a tribute to

discipline and appearances, but a delicious joke as well.

Today, though—her voice knifed him. He had heard an actress once saying the

lines of Juliet, "O Romeo! Romeo! Where-fore art thou Romeo?"

They were not half as sad or pretty as Cora's voice just saying:

"Granite 3526, thank you! No, dear, 3526. Central, please—that's twice now you've given me thrrree-ny-unn two-six, when I want thrrree—fy-uv—two-six. All right! We're all human! Here you are, Mr. Todd! Hello, who wants him? Holawire!"

The tears of nighttime were ridiculous and hateful on Gilman's forenoon face,

but they came in spite of him.

What could he do about the poor child?

Who could advise him what was right?

Keeping up the game with her was wrong, but breaking it off was wronger.

GILMAN had had a desperate thought once or twice of asking his mother what he ought to do. But only once or twice. How could a fellow discuss such a subject with his mother?

a subject with his mother?

He certainly could not ask his sisters.

Those smart cats knew everything there was to know, but at that, a brother was not supposed to admit that they did. And what help could they be to him?

The only other woman he knew well was Emma. And he certainly couldn't tell her. She was nobody's fool, but a fellow couldn't ask his future wife to ad-

vise him about his past. . . .

His future wife. Emma must be just that. The thing to do was to go on and get it done. Cora would cry, but she would get over it. Once he was married, she would come to her senses, and take

up with some other fellow.

Then his bell rang and her voice came through. It had the tone of a string that was about to break. And no wonder, for

it had to say:
"H'lo, Mr. Todd. Miss Elwood calling.
Go ahead, Miss Elwood."
Gilman could not be sure whether Cora
were listening in on what followed or not, but just to put the call through must have hurt her. Pretty darn tough for the poor

This was running through Gilman's mind so noisily that he hardly heard what Emma was saying, except that she was kittenish

about it, at a time when kittenishness sounded mighty cattish.

All he knew was that he was to come out to lunch with her at the house: "Just us two. Papa said we might. Do you mind?"

"Ha, ha!" he said politely with the cackle of a gravedigger. But he promised. Still she had to rub it in, and rattle on and on

she had to rub it in, and rattle on and on—damn the women, anyway!

When he had to call the next number, Cora's, "Yes, Mr. Todd. Cert'nly, Mr. Todd!" was like the poison that Hamlet's uncle poured into his brother's ear.

Gilman sneaked out to lunch with his eyes averted from the switchboard. But he could see, through the back of his head, Cora's eyes. They looked like eyes he had read about—a dying gazelle's or something.

He did not get in till all hours. He tried to propose to Emma, and she plainly expected him to. But she couldn't come out honestly as Cora would have done, and say:

and sav:

and say:

"I've got an idea. Let's get married.

How does the idea strike you?"

Instead, she kept hinting and bumping up against him like a back-fence cat, and meowling around, till he wanted to hit her with a brick. He had no such courage, but much less did he have courage enough to say what she kept trying to wheedle out of him.

She made all sorts of future dates with him, but he broke free at last and escaped —downtown to his office building.

He paused to collect his wits. There was a florist's shop in the lobby and he There was smitten with an inspiration to send Emma a bouquet. He could not be sure which one of his mixed motives was uppermost in his mind: to make a hit with her, to further his courtship, or to pay off his obligation.

He decided to go the whole hog, and passed over his last ten-dollar bill to pay the cost. He took out one of his business

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ELWOOD ELEVATORS Passenger and Freight Waiters, Electric and Dumb Waiters, Electric and H L. L. Elwood, Prest., Eighth National Bk. Bldg., and Hand Los Angeles, Calif. Gilman Todd

He surrounded his name with a circle and wrote, "Sweets to the sweet," sealed and wrote, it in a little envelope and went his way. As he staggered through the office door, he almost fell out again, for there was h's mother sitting in a chair and holding one of Cora's hands in both of hers.

THIS intensely dramatic scene had been reached in the most commonplace manner.

Mrs. Todd had gone almost out of her wits worrying over Gilman's peculiar be-havior the night before and the mysterious dodging manner of her children. going as wild as the old hen whose duck-lings frenzied her by venturing out in the pool. But the ducks could swim, and pool. But the ducks could swim, and smoothly, but Gilman acted like somebody drowning.

She called him at his office—a desperate thing to do, and almost unprecedented. An angel sang back to her:
"Sorry, Mr. Todd's line is busy. Shall I call you?"
"No, nemmine!" She sighed and turned

away.

A little later she called again, and the

angel sang again:
"Still busy. Can't I take the message?"
"No, thanks!" She turned away to where Louise was sitting reading a book, years too old for her—or anybody, and she said:

"Well, anyways, they got the nicest tele-phone girl down there! She has the sweet-

est voice!"
"Indubitably," said Louise with that
maddening smirk of hers.
"Why do you say that?" she asked, never

dreaming that the telephone had any occult meaning in Gilman's life.

"Oh, I don't know. You said it, and a dutiful daughter always agrees with her

mother. "And some of these days I'll smack you

She left the house without saying good-by, which upset her far more than it did Louise

When her street-car finally came along, it was so crowded that she had to stand, and she grew a little seasick. When it finally reached the heart of the town, she was half-gone.

The mere act of entering a department store always wore her out as if she had done a day's washing. She took the time and the money to call Gilman three times and once he was "busy" and twice he was "cut to hunch" "out to lunch."

She ate her lunch in the store's cafeteria and that took her last strength and money.

An inspiration came to her with her last gulp of coffee. Gilman's office was not far away. She would call on him and borrow the money. It would give her a chance to see him at least, and perhaps to have a word with him without his nagging brother and citered shout.

brother and sisters about.

She dragged her heavy weight to the office building. The express elevator leaped

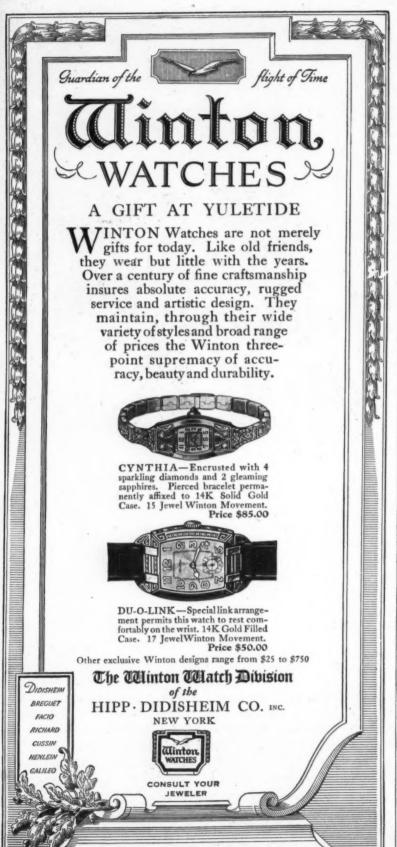
Made for men like it!

I'm grateful to Mennen. First, for Mennen Shaving Cream. And now for Skin Balm.

Until Mennen made Skin Balm for me, there wasn't a thing in the lotion line that agreed with my ideas of what a man's face tonic should be. I wanted something to remove objectionable face shine; something in a handy container that won't break or spill all over the floor. I was sick of greasy, smeary, sticky stuff. For years I have wanted a lotion that will dry quickly and disappear.

That is Skin Balm-made to my measure. Brisk and snappy as a bright December morning. Tones down that shiny after-shave glitter and prolongs that smooth, clean, fresh feel left by Mennen Shaving Cream. Heals scratches, nicks, cuts, blotches and cracked lips. So protective against chapping, I rub it on my hands, too.

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straight for the tenth floor with the effect

of leaving her stomach on the first.

She groped along the corridors till she saw the "Elwood Elevators" suite. Door after door carried the name with a warning "Private" and a hand pointing further on. She reached the door marked "Entrance" in the leave the contract of just in time to get in and look for a chair. There was none there, and when she asked for her son, an anaemic errand-boy who was thinking long thoughts of love and ambition while he picked at the last shred of his finger-nails, sniffed:

Zout!

"Zout!"

"When will he be back?"

"I haven't the faintest," he said.

Mrs. Todd turned a pale green and clutched the rail. A girl spoke sharply:

"Willy, get the lady a chair. Quick!"

The chair reached Mrs. Todd in the n.ck

time.

Cora was there because she had been so tortured by the thought of Gilman's ac-ceptance of Emma's invitation and his prolonged delay in returning that she had to go to the door again and again to look out

for him.

Mrs. Todd recovered her poise a little when she felt a few drops of water sprinkled on her face delicately, and felt a singularly dulcet hand touching her brow with a cold

wet handkerchief.

She laughed uneasily and apologized: "It's a shame to make such a fuss, but shopping always takes it out of me."
"I wonder you stood it at all. It nearly kills me," was what she heard from over-

head in a timbre so unforgettable that she gasped:

gasped:
"You're the telephone girl, aren't you?"
"Yes. How did you know?"
"I was saying only this morn' to my daughter, 'Well, they got the sweetest voiced telephone girl down to Gilman's office ever I heard.'"

The name startled Cora:

"Oh, you're the lady who had such a time trying to get Mr. Todd this morning." "I'm his mother."

ORA fell back a little. Then she said Cher old formula:

"Can't I take your message? There is no telling when he'll be back."
"Oh, dear, that's turrible!" gasped Mrs. Todd. "It wasn't what I wanted to leave for him, but what I wanted to—well, well! -ts-ts-ts

-15-15-15!

She clicked her tongue in perplexity. She had wanted to see him, but that was love; some money was a necessity. She looked into her pocketbook. Yes. The dime she tipped the waitress with was her last. She had no carfare home.

Cora saw the money-hunting fumble in

the pocketbook. She said:

"Let me lend you what you need."

"Oh, I couldn't think of that. I couldn't couldn't

The voice that had led bank presidents to make rash proposals and office-lions to roar as gentle as a sucking dove, over-powered Mrs. Todd:

"Of course, you must. Willy, run get my wrist bag, wont you?"
"But really—"

"Sur really—"
"Nonsense, you can give it to Gilman to bring back to me"
"Oh, you know my son, then."
"We all know each other here."

"Nice boy, isn't he?"

"Very !"

"I been afraid he was sick or something. He's not himself lately."

He's not himself lately."

Cora did not comment on that, but took the pocketbook from her speckled Ariel and offered a little wad of bills to Mrs. Todd:

"Take what you want, please. If it isn't enough, the cashier will cash a check."

"Oh, I only want two dollars. I hate to take it, but—well, maybe somebody will

be as sweet to your mother as you been to me.

She caught a darkening in Cora's smile,

She caught a darkening in Cora's smile, and seized her hand:
"Poor child, she has been—gone long?"
"Since I was born," Cora smiled. "I never saw her to know her." Mrs. Todd enveloped her with a look like an embrace and put her other hand on Cora's, and wrung it, beating her eyelids together.
Her heart went out to this orphan with an adopting rush. Why couldn't Gilman have fallen in love with this angel instead of that terrible Honey-my heart's on fire

of that terrible Honey-my-heart's-on-fire creature the children teased him about? Here was the saint, right in his office; and manlike, he would overlook her. With these thoughts in her head, she heard hersaving:

self saying:

"I was goin' to send this back by Gilman, but I'll tell you what. You come and get it. Have him bring you up some evening after you're through here, and you stay to dinner—that is if you don't mind plain home cookin!"

That was when Gilman come in

That was when Gilman came in.

To see his sainted mother clinging to Cora's hands and to hear her invite her to dinner, had the exact effect of knocking over a file cabinet and shuffling all the

Next he saw his mother pressing money into Cora's hand and saying:

"I'm awful shamed to upset ever'body th's way, but I come up to borrow two dollars of you and I was taken right sick and this young lady was so kind—I don't even know here poper. her name."
"Cora!"

"Cora" Gilman said, and hastily amended to, "Miss Liddy!"
"Cora—her name's almost as pretty as she is. Well, she wouldn't hear to it but she must lend me the money, but now I don't need to take it. Can you let me have it?"

Gilman blushed guiltily, not for the familiar humiliation of being out of funds, familiar humiliation of being out of funds, but because he had spent his last dollar-bill on another woman, while Cora— He took out a handful of small silver and looked at the coins as Judas must have gazed into his own palm.

To have Cora of all people befriending his mother at such a time was pretty tough, pretty darn tough. If she had only gloated, he could have hated her good and plenty.

pretty darn tough. If she had only gloated, he could have hated her good and plenty, but she said in that infernal angel-way: "Your mother must keep the money." "Well," said Mrs. Todd, who felt that there was something going on here that had something to do with an intense mutual interest, "I suppose I could get home on one of your dimes, or you could cash a check, or something, but I'm goin' to keep this so's Miss Liddy will be compelled to come up and get it herself and stay to dinner—and you bring her, wont you, honey?" "Sure! Of course! Glad to do it!" Gilman mumbled with the most miserable en

man mumbled with the most miserable enthusiasm.

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Mrs. Todd, simmering kettlishly, said:
"Well, I'll go on along about my business and let the office get back to its. Goodhess and let the office get back to its. Good-by, Miss Liddy, and don't you fail to come up right soon for your money. I wont tell you the address. Gilman knows it for all he don't use it often. Good-by, my dear! Good-by, my boy!"

WHEN Gilman returned from seeing her TEN Gilman returned from seeing her to the elevator and asking the driver to descend at a little less than the maximum speed, Cora was back at her board, whipping out cords, jabbing in plugs and carrying on her eternal parley with a populace of voices.

He stand at her that he is the standard of the cord of the cord

He stared at her, but she did not look at him. He went to his desk and sat a long while, gnawing his knuckles and his gall-bitter thoughts. Suddenly be snatched at his telephone.

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City (THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER DECEMBER, 1989)



"Yes, Mr. Todd."

"Miss Liddy, would you come here a moment?"

"Why--why-the lines are pretty busy,

Mr. Todd."

"Ask the other girl to take the calls, but through to me. I'd

"Ask the other girl to take the calls, but not to put anybody through to me. I'd like a word with you, if you please."
"Yes, Mr. Todd."
Ordinarily Mr. Todd did not discharge people, but probably he had received the instructions to let her out. Cora was glad it had come, in a way, and yet—
She walked into his room. He motioned her to a chair. He tried to speak and had some difficulty. She seized the chance to say one thing which she felt she owed to herself.

"I'm sorry about your mother. I just happened to be near the door when she came in. She was quite faint or I wouldn't

have forced myself on her-or my money. She was so distressed at finding you out."
"It was mighty nice of you. I am very

"It was mighty nice of you. grateful." "It would have been nicer if it had been any of the other girls. I didn't mean to con-

taminate her."

"Contaminate?" he mumbled. "What do you mean, 'contaminate'?"
"Oh, I know how men feel about their mothers and their—whatever I've been."

He spoke very sternly. He had to: "You couldn't contaminate my mother." That stung her, but not half so much as

what followed:

"You couldn't contaminate anybody. You're too good, too sweet, too beautiful. I'm the contaminating—contaminating—" He groped for the bromidic phrase, which was his idea of the correct one. He found it with relief-"the contaminating infloonce. "I'm simply no good, Cora. Do you know why I didn't have any money for my mother? I spent my last bill on flowers for —for—Miss Elwood. I was planning to marry her. I guess she's willing enough. She's gotta take somebody and it might as well be me.

"But I'm not going to marry her, and as for the flowers—well, she can have 'em. But they're the last she'll ever get from me.

"But they're the last she if ever get from me.
"But what I wanted to say—and then
I decided not to say it—I'm not good
enough to say it—was—well, I was going
to ast you to—to—tomorrow at the noon hour, to go over with me and get a marriage license at the bureau. But I'm such a yellow dog I wouldn't even ask you, because

low dog I wouldn't even ask you, because you're such an angel you'd just as like as not go and do it."

"Oh, Gilman, Gilman!"

And there she was, crying again, and when he kissed her, she had once more the mermaidy cheek that was so kind of—ir-resistless you might eave

But they did not have to wait till the next noon-hour. For L. L. Elwood came in and found his favorite telephone central curled up in the lap of his favorite bill-clerk, sobbing—and on the company's time! And he barked:

"You're fired, miss. And you too, Todd!" So they went to the cashier and got their pay to date, and then to the Bureau.

THANKS to a new law recently passed in order to prevent hasty marriages by intoxicated couples, a law prettily known secure a license without waiting three days after they made their application. So they made that and took a long ride in their automobile, which was all paid for now—much to Gilman's regret, since the last installment had taken as amount of cash that stallment had taken an amount of cash that would have done very well to begin light housekeeping on while he looked for a job. When it came dinner time he proposed

that they take up his mother's invitation. It would please her and save them that

much cash.

much cash.

So Cora suffered herself to be taken home and presented anew to Mrs. Todd and to Mr. Todd and to Helen and Louise and Clifford and Dodie. They were just about Clifford and Dodie. They were just about to march in to dinner when Gilman ar-rived, but Mrs. Todd was delighted and ran out to have two more plates and chairs squeezed into the circle.

Helen and Louise were quite frigid to Cora, and when the family went traipsing out to the dining room, Louise drew Helen

close and whispered to her:
"Well, Gilman's certainly got his nerve! Bringing his cutie into our home! That lad seems to thinks he can get away with murder. I try to be liberal-minded, but murder. I try to be liberal-minded, out-gosh! I'm no prude outside, but to bring it into the home—a couple of goshes!" The soup had hardly been ladled when

He rose awkwardly, hoisted high a tremu-

lous glass of ice water, and said:

"Friends, Romans, and fellow-Todds, lend
me your ears. I want to interdoose the
new member to the club. Miss Cora Liddy
has done me the honor of consentin' to be the wife. We've already been to the License Bureau and made application for our tag. The weddin' will be strickly private, but you're all invited. Drink hearty!" Mrs. Todd knocked her chair over back-

vard, and all but followed it as she struggled to her feet and hurried round the table to welcome the cowering orphan into the family.

And she announced:

"I was sayin' to Louise only this mornin'
-wasn't I, Louise?—that you had the
sweetest voice ever I heard—didn't I,
Louise?"
"You did, indeed," said Louise somewhat

You did, indeed," said Louise, somewhat Her mother ran on:

Not quite a Christmas story, but one of the most whimsical and delightful of all the stories of Coningsby Dawson-

"GIFTS AND NEW YORK"

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for JANUARY

"And when I found out this aft'noon that you was as sweet as your voice, I just wished Gilman might get somebody half as nice. And when he come into the office there, I sensed there was somethin' between you two. Oh, you can't fool me! I may be you two. Oh, you can't fool me! I may be old and half-witted like my childern keep tellin' me I am, but I'm not blind. I can see through the hole in a grindstone. Bless you two darlings. Here, Gilman, come kiss your mother, and your pretty wife. Poppa, come kiss your new daughter. Girls—Clifford!"

Cora managed to survive the ordeal with-out breaking down, but her cheeks did not entirely lack that savor of salt.

When the enlarged family left the table, Louise drew Helen aside for another com-

ment:
"Well, I owe them both an apology. I thought there was something crooked about Gil and his gal, but they were serious all the while. Good old-fashioned courtship, license bureau, marriage and all. Something kind of nice and clean about it at that, what—wholesome, what?"

Helen smiled and nodded, thinking dark thoughts of her own latest entanglement.

A ND so Cora entered the family. If the honestest girl Gilman ever knew consented to assume false colors, it was only for his sake and his mother's. Her punishment was a gnawing dread that they would find out some day, and she wanted to "beat them to it." But Gilman pleaded:

"Nix on the confessions stuff. What they would have houst approach the confessions of the confessions of the confessions stuff.

"Nix on the confessions stuff. What they don't know wont hurt 'em."

And she obeyed her husband for once.

They were too humble to have their wedding announced in the papers except in a fine-print list of other adventurers.

Nobody noticed either this or the advertisements they published in the fine-print catalogue of those who wanted situations. It seemed to interest nobody that he was an experienced bill-clerk or that she was an expert telephone-operator.

An answer would have frightened them almost as much as the lack of response.
"What if they ast us for references?" Gilman asked. "Old Elwood will give us both

black eye."

But Elwood had had time to cool off and think it over. He could not afford to let it leak out that he had discharged a mere clerk for loving somebody else so well that he would not marry Emma. Worse yet, he could not keep a telephone girl who

yet, he could not keep a telephone girl who did not drive him as mad as he drove her. So he sent Willy around with a note saying that if Mr. and Mrs. Todd wanted their old jobs back they could call the time they had been away a vacation at full pay, and he hoped they would accept his congratulations and best wishes.

They accepted everything he offered.
Mrs. Todd was more contented with Cora than either a daughter-in-law or a mother-in-law has a right to expect.

HALCYON days would have come at last upon the Todd home if the other stormy petrels had not been so restive. Mrs. Todd had never ceased to meditate, though she never mentioned, the words she had overheard Louise say about the boy Clifford. Louise had implied that he drank! It seemed impossible; yet she had heard such things. The papers were full of the frightful doings of other seventeen-year-old boys. What right had she to imagine that she could conduct her large family through life without tragedy?

She resolved to keep a close watch on Clifford. But she did not know how to watch.

A specially interesting episode in the history of the Todd Family will be described by Mr. Hughes in the next, the January, issue.



SOMETHING new for your Christmas giv-ing — the very 'newest of cameras — the camera that has caught public fancy as no other camera has in 15 or 20 years.

Fifty pictures on a 50c film—pictures for the album or show "on the screen" at home. The cost? With the Memo, measure it in dimes instead of dollars!

Imagine your satisfaction at finding so intriguing a gift in your stocking Christmas morning! Distinctive, tasteful, unique-no one is exempt from its appeal. It means moviesize pictures-movie thrills-with still-camera ease and economy.

Only 2 x 21/2 x 4 in., weighing 12 oz., it fits most pockets, yet carries a 50-picture film. As easy to use as the famous Ansco Readyset. And the projector-small, compact, convenient-has no intricacies. Looks like a flash-light and is used in the same way.



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HIS ELIZABETH

(Continued from page 66)

had met me somehow in the natural course of events and hadn't known I was Elizabeth, would you have loved me just the same?"

"Of course!"

Would you?" She brightened doubtfully. "Because," he explained patiently, "no matter where or how I met you I should have known you were Elizabeth! I should have recognized you anywhere, in any circumstances."

"But if I hadn't been Elizabeth," she worried, frowning, "and if on that account you had met me knowing that I wasn't relizabeth—"

r:lizabeth-

"But you couldn't not be Elizabeth and still be you!" he pointed out the absurdity, laughing at her. "Don't be a stupid girl!" "But suppose—just suppose you caught in a lie. What would you do?"

me in a lie.

ELIZABETH, the dauntless playmate, the spotless sweetheart, caught in a miserable, common lie? Other people lied women, and geniuses, and criminals.

not Elizabeth. He was very grave,
"I think I'd kill you," he said quietly,
while she stared at him in frozen horror. Then he laughed, and brushed her cheek with his lips. "Don't look like that, you goose! How did all this get started?"
"But, Tommy, they'd hang you!" And her eyes were wide with a vision of the

gallows

'Elizabeth, this is morbid! I can't have this. All you have to do to save me from a violent end is to go on being the perfect you that you are! Not so very difficult, is it? Now let's pull ourselves together and consider our future and what-not. Firstly, I must see the old lady at once."

"It wont be a bit of good talking to her," e said with conviction. "Because when I she said with conviction. cry and she doesn't give in—there's no hope.

And I've been crying all afternoon."

"Poor little kid! I'm having a go at Sister

Agatha just the same. I've got a bet on with Whiskers."

"You've got a what?" She pushed him

from her to look at him.

from her to look at min.

"Sporting old cove, Whiskers. And loves
me like a son!" He was trying not to look
too pleased with himself. "You told me to too pleased with himself. "You told me to reason with him and the result of that is, he bet me five pounds that I couldn't talk Sister Agatha round in five minutes."

"Well, there goes your five pounds! She wont even see you, Tommy."
"Tell me about this extraordinary woman who refuses to have anything to do with

"She's a narrow-minded, Victorian, ugly old woman!"—vehemently.
"Splendid. Maiden lady?"
"Oh, yes."
"Miss Agatha. Charming.

"Miss Agatha. Charming. Now to get her down here is the first thing."
"She wont budge. You see, the trouble is—well, most of the trouble is that they wont believe that I—that we knew one

wont believe that I—that we knew one another before today, and they don't believe in love at first sight, so—"
"Nor do I! Tell 'em that."
"I did tell them. It didn't seem to help."
"I can't but feel," said Tommy, "that anyone who can look at you and doubt anything you say is verging on imbecility."
"They wont believe anything I say, and I'll be snatched off to Rome in the morning

I'll be snatched off to Rome in the morning

unless—" "Unless—?" he said quickly. "I will go with you to Paris tonight."
"It would break their hearts," she answered the thought in both their minds. "Old people mean well, usually. But they just forget how we feel. But I can't—I just can't run away with you, after all. It would be too beastly."

"Which has the greater claim on you? Me, Tommy, the boy you quarreled with and kissed, and couldn't quarrel with now if you tried, but—" He kissed her parenthetically. "Or a couple of dear sweet old "Oh, wont you see?" she persisted. "It would be robbing them."

"Granted. A man who marries a girl is always a thief. That's life." He disposed He disposed of life with a gesture.

There was a silence. She wrestled with it.
"I wonder," she said slowly, "if anyone ever has the will-power to say no to you!" "Whiskers has bet his shirt on Agatha!"

he reminded her, grinning.

reminded her, grinning. He rose to pace the floor again, passing a worried hand across his hair. "Oh, why must people forget how it feels to be young! I wonder—" he murmured, and drifted to the writing-desk where, extracta pencil from his own pocket, he wrote

briefly.

She tied her handkerchief into knots and untied them again, with all the child Eliza-beth's uncomplaining patience. He tore the first sheet across and across, but she forbore comment. At last he spoke to her, and she went to look over his shoulder at the page he held up to her. It did not even rhyme.

If you haven't forgotten what hap pened in the summer-house at your sixteenth birthday party—come down to the parlor.

"That should fetch her," Tommy said, folding it.

"But how did you know—"
"Just you take that to Agatha and see what happens. Don't say anything. And don't argue, darling. Just leave this to me." He seated himself at the piano and began an old waltz tune.

ISS AGATHA stood grudgingly in the IVI doorway, a prim spinster in a Shet-land shawl. She had never been pretty, she seemed never to have been young. She had tried very hard to stay away from the parlor, but if she had succeeded she would probably have died, like the legendary cat, of curiosity. For here in this room was Romance. Somebody else's Romance, it is i is true, but magical and alluring for all that. First, an extraordinary tale from an excited girl with shining, shameless eyes; a tale of masculine audacity and un-maidenly daring and the madness of first love. Next a complete volte face from Angus, the most obstinate of men; and that preposterous note.

"Well?" said Miss Agatha.
"I beg your pardon!" Tommy sprang to
s feet. "You were so quiet I had no idea his feet. you had come! Do let me find you a comfortable chair. Not that one, there's sure to be a draught. Please sit here—that's it—now—" He brought an unresponsive cushion from the sofa. "I'm so sorry about your head. Do you ever take anything for them? My mother always says—" And so, fussing about her, settling things to her comfort, closing the window the fraction of an inch, creating a pleasant bustle of thoughtfulness and solicitude, he glanced at his watch and drew up a chair beside her. They were off. "Beastly things, headaches!" He smiled into her hostile eyes.

"A little peace and quiet helps," she re-

marked.

"Did my playing—? Oh, how careless of e! But I always play when I'm happy; it's one of my major vices. Some people sing in the bath!" He went on smiling.

"And what did you mean by sending me such a message?" she demanded stonily.

"I wanted you to come down," he conference with a disarraing readiness.

fessed with a disarming readiness.

"It was impertinent."

"But you came down," he murmured.
"I had to see what a man, who could do the kind of things you do, might look like. I wanted to know what a man who causes as much trouble as you do has to say for himself."

say for himself."
"Was that all?" he queried knowingly. "Was that all?" he queried knowingly.
"Nothing whatever happened in the summer-house on my sixteenth birthday, if that's what you mean." And she produced overwhelming evidence. "There was no summer-house."

"Well, then, how about under the lilacs on your seventeenth?"
"I was never a romantic girl," asseverated Miss Agatha as though repeating a part of the Athanasian Creed, "and I am not a sen-timental old woman. I never married be-

"Because, by some irony of the gods, he ver found you." His low voice melted never found you." into her almost imperceptible pause without interrupting.

"You say

that because you are a poet," she accused.

"You say that because you want to be-lieve me," he rebuked her gently.
"What's your name?" She attacked from new quarter.

"Tommy."

"Your name."

"Thomas Léon Cowley d'Alincourt Chandler. Bit ostentatious in the aggregate, don't you think so?"

"Some of it sounds French," she objected. "My mother is a d'Alincourt.

"What's her Christian name?" with sud-

n suspicion. "Marguerite." den

Miss Agatha nodded confirmation of her own worst fears. Marguerite! Angus stood condemned. Long past the romantic age, Angus was found guilty of some obscure sentimentalizing. This was what came of his unhallowed jauntings in France.

"So that explains it," said Miss Agatha

with apparent irrelevance.

"She married an Englishman. I was born and raised in Surrey, like Elizabeth, you

"That little goose says you want to marry her." She speared him with a glance. "Out of a clear sky like this," she upbraided him. "She's not a little goose; she's a faëry queen."

"But you do want to marry her," she overrode him.

"Yes, please."
"Why?"

OMMY threw out his hands-his French grandmother's hands.
"Not much of a reason." "I love her.

"I want to be with her the rest of my life," he elaborated his reason in words of one syllable, designed to penetrate without injuring her hard-shelled intelligence. "I want to make her happy and keep her so. And if she must cry-I want to be with her then too.

then too."

"I don't like your being a poet," she girded at him, after a moment's reflection.

"It's an ancient and comparatively honorable profession," he replied humbly, and his forefathers stirred humorously in the background as with an unheard rustle of gay silks and tatters.

"And a glib one!"

"If people could only say what they

"And a glib one!"

"If people could only say what they mean better than they do, life might be less ridiculous," he offered seriously.

"Perhaps you're right." There was a pause, while she contemplated life and its shortcomings as she saw them. Then she stiffened. "But I never yet knew a man who could play the piano as well as you who could play the piano as well as do who was worth a tinker's malediction.







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What was that you were playing when I came in?"
"An old waltz of my mother's."

"You mean to tell me she writes waltzes

herself?"

"Oh, yes." He had an inspiration to hold his tongue with this.

So Marguerite wrote waltzes! Angus was a fool about music. It ran in the family. It was a lovely waltz. She wanted to know if that particular waltz was published and what its name was and if it was too difficult for fingers grown a little O Marguerite wrote waltzes! Angus was

"I'm fond of music," she announced at

last, almost with defiance.
"So am I," he said with fine simplicity, above a secret, gleeful knowledge that he had hit it. "My mother taught me all I know. You should hear her play! Whenever she lays a finger on the piano, I feel awful dub!"

an awful dub!"
"And what does she think of you?" Her face showed no relenting, but there was the merest flicker of quickened interest in her

"Well, the fact is," he grinned, "she likes e. I can't account for it, but there it is." "Where's your father?" This in a tone to remind him he was on trial for his life.
"He's dead."

"Was he a poet too?" "He was a clergyman."

"That seems very odd."
"Well, I hate to boast, but—he was a bishop.

"I wonder how a bishop would feel about having a poet for a son.

"The governor was a jolly good sport about most things, including me."

"A sporting bishop, a French musician, and a demented poet," enumerated Miss Agatha acidly. "It's a queer family to want

and a demented poet," enumerated Miss Agatha acidly. "It's a queer family to want to marry into."
"Look here, I hope you don't think I spend my life going about trying to marry people on an hour's notice!" He had the grace to flush.

"No," admitted Miss Agatha cautiously.
"If that were the case, you would have been had up for bigamy long ago."
"Oh, but you will give her to me, wont you?" He laid a hand on hers, wholly in

earnest now. "Quickly, so that no single day of this need be lost! You'll let us the way together!"

"How you talk!" A reluctant admiration

crept into the words.

'Any man can talk when his life's at ke!" cried Tommy. stake !

"Mr. Chandler, I wonder if you realize
my position at all."
"I—I try to." He lifted a modest, unsmiling gaze to the wavering enemy.
"This is a most preposterous situation.

Even you, with your—your background, must see that," she conceded generously. must see that, she conceded generously.

"I find myself quite unable to cope with it.

I wouldn't admit it to anybody but you,"
she confided, "but frankly, I don't know
what to do. I don't know what her mother would have done in the circumstances. mother was a dear, sweet woman. know where the child gets her headstrong ways. Her mother—"

don't you think Elizabeth is old

enough to-

"A woman is never old enough to keep her head when a disarming young man sets out to convince her of something she already You see," she went on, "I don't believes! understand these things. I never had to —understand these things. I never had to
—decide. Who am I to give advice? Old
people like me have a terrible power over
the young things we love if they love us.
We say do thus and so, and if they do it,
it's often the wrong thing, and if they
don't do it they feel—traitorous. We want
the child to be happy, Angus and I. But
we seem so helpless. She needs her mother." "I've got one of the best," suggested Tommy softly. "Oh, I do see, indeed I do! I see how hard you've tried, and how much you love her. All I ask is to be allowed to love her too! That's not so unreasonable—

"But a man of your impetuous temperament, Mr. Chandler—" she began, troubled.
"That word again!" He smote his brow. 'May I tell you what my mother says about

temperament?"
"She ought to know," remarked Miss Agatha, with the merest shabby attempt at

"You remember that old saying about genius being an infinite capacity for taking genius being an innuite way mother says that most people make the mistake of thinking that temperament is merely a genius for being disagreeable." He waited hopefully, and was rewarded by an unwilling but slowly spreading smile. "There—you see! That sort of person! And she's waiting in Paris now, for Elizabeth and me."
"Then your mother knows all about this—wild-goose chase?"
"Stop calling Elizabeth." was rewarded by an unwilling but slowly spreading smile. "There—you see! That

"Stop calling Elizabeth names!" he re-proached her. "Yes, my mother always wanted a girl. On account of the frocks and hats, you know. They'll have a lovely time together! I may take Elizabeth to Paris now—mayn't I?"

We-ell-I'll talk it over with Angus,

and-

Without waiting for more, he bent and swiftly kissed her cheek.

"Let's go and find him now," he said, "and tell him everything is all right." For Angus Lyle owed him five pounds. When this fact had been made quite clear, Eliza-beth and he could lay their plans in peace. "Let's go and talk it over with him now,"

"Angus has gone for a walk. Something about the fountain. He likes the fountain by moonlight." She was still insisting to herself that she had not given her consent. But she knew she was a fraud.

Chapter Eight

A GIRL in a white dress was lurking, I regret to say, at the head of the stairs behind the banisters, and saw them go. Her handkerchief was tied in knots and her palms were damp with apprehension; and she started guiltily when Derek came Un," said Derek. "It's you, is it? What are you peeking at?"
"I saw Tommy

"I saw Tommy and Aunt Agatha going down the street arm in arm just now," she told him in an awed voice.

"An armed truce," said Derek, for this was the only kind of humor the poor man possessed. "Look here, now, what's all this about an elopement to Paris?"

"I think it's off," she smiled.

"Mean to say he's found out about—"

"Oh, no!" She looked frightened. "Oh, Derek, please let me off! I can't possibly marry you now."

"Come down to the parlor," he said, and

"Come down to the parlor," he said, and she followed him meekly. "My dear girl, do you think you can keep this up for-ever?"

"But, Derek, you promised not to give me

"I have no intention of giving you away. Anyway—don't marry him. My dear girl." said Derek again, "I'm not slanging Tommy —I'm very fond of him. Bu know him as well as I do. But you don't poet, and they're all crazy. When you tell him about—well, about what you've been up to, you'll kill his ideal, or whatever it is. You'll jolly well kill him!"

ou'll jolly well kill him!"
"But, Derek, he loves me!"
"He's loved lots of people," Derek replied.
"But—not like this."
"Quite. This time the devil is to pay.

You certainly can't-stand there now and just break it to him without warning. If you were going to tell him, and you might have tell him, you known you would have to should have done so at once.

"I couldn't have stopped him in time to tell him in the beginning! I didn't want to stop him! The least I can do now is to go through with it. I can't run away and leave you to face the music. I'll tell him myself tonight."

You're bound to make a mess of it, and then there'll be no end of a row. Much better to let me muddle through somehow after you're gone."

"I tell you I wont run!" She faced him, slim and rigid as an embattled boy. "Now we'll see whether he's in love with me or with—her!"

"Of course the mere fact that you're as

good as engaged to me—"
"But you don't love me!" she cried with an exasperation which merely turned her blue eyes distractingly violet, "I don't want to marry you! I love Tommy!"

"But you've no business to love Tommy," he argued absurdly. "It's been understood for months, one might almost say for years, that you were going to marry me, and—"But neither of us—"

"—and after all, why shouldn't you marry me? We like all the same things—golf—dancing—Ciro's—that sort of thing. I—" "But now you're talking as though you really wanted to marry me!"

"Good God, yes, I do! I—"
"But you don't, Derek—you're only arguing like this-because you'd got used to the idea, and because now I want to do some-thing else. You've always been bored to thing else. You've always been bored tears with me, you know you have, and"I say, but look here—" How is a m

"I say, but look here—" How is a man to tell the girl he is practically engaged to marry that he never until this day has known that she is the most beautiful and desirable person in the world?

"And another thing," pursued Derek, "you don't seem to realize that the mater will throw an absolute fit—"

"Oh hang the meter!" How is a man

"Oh, hang the mater!"

"Uh—really, my dear old girl!" Derek groped for his monocle. He had certainly never suspected that she was as altogether jolly as this. This was positively a little bit of all right. Hang the mater! One might go far with a wife like this to encourage and abet one. Odd he had never noticed before how pretty she was!

Elizabeth passed a hand across her heavy eyes, drooping, now, under the weight of her tears.

her tears.

"And I just can't go to Rome in the morning. I've got to stay here with Tommy. I just can't live—without Tommy."

"As a matter of fact," said Derek, suddenly smitten by an idea, "I shouldn't be at all surprised if he murdered you in cold blood and then shot himself, when he finds

"How have I deceived him, after all?
Was it deceiving him to tell him I loved him? I had to know what any man who was child enough to say what he said—would do next. And then it was too late!"

"How too late?"—skeptically.
"I'd fallen in love with him then! what do you think he'll do when I tell m? Have you ever seen him angry?"
"I've seen him knock a man's front teeth

in. I presume he was angry; he neglected to say at the time."

"He loves me—I'm not afraid!" she de-

clared, just as Tommy entered breezily.

OH, here you are!" said Tommy, say, everything's lovely, and Whiskers owes me— Hullo, what's the matter?" His eyes swept the room and found Derek, lookng detached and uncomfortable in a corner. Who's been making her cry?" he demanded

savagely.
"I haven't!" Derek denied on the instant.

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"But something's frightened her! Elizabeth, darling—I'm here—it's all right—everything's all right—what you afraid of?"
"I'm n-not afraid," she insisted, and shut her teeth on it. "Tommy, you wont be angry with me? Promise you'll try to understand?" derstand?"

"Angry with you?" His arms were round her. "How could I be angry with you? What's it all about?"

'I've been lying to you, Tommy. been taking a mean advantage of a trick your memory played. You never kissed me behind a hedge—I never hit you over the head with a tennis racquet—that sporting old cove with the whiskers is my father— I've never been in Dorking. I'm not twenty-one, and my name is not and never was Elizabeth!"

He stood looking down at her, stunned, while his arms fell from her slowly. She faltered back a step and stood braced faltered back a step and stood braced against the center-table, awaiting the sen-

"Why did you tell me?" he asked at last, very low. "Why didn't you just go on lying to me?"

She stood looking at him compassionately She stood looking at him compassionatery from the table, feeling centuries older than he was, wretchedly sorry for his disillusionment, yet amused in a painful sort of way that he should be taking it so hard. After all, they were still the same people, she argued reasonably within herself, and still in love. What did it matter what her name was?

"It was a sort of conspiracy," she said softly, reminding him that she was still there, and that she was sorry. "I made them promise to let me be the one to tell you when the time came. Oh, you will forgive me, wont you?"

"Forgive you?" he repeated dully. "For murdering Elizabeth?"
She went to him, and leaned against his unresponsive arm. "Tommy, don't take it like this! After all, I'm still the same person that I was an hour ago. I'm still the same person you saw in Paris. Even if I'm not Elizabeth, I'm still—me."

He drew away from her and started

heavily for the door.

"Tommy!" It stopped him, his hand on the knob. Tommy was going to be ridiculous, and cruel. He was nothing but a child, as all men were children, without logic and without tolerance. "You haven't asked me why I did it," she said quietly. "It doesn't matter—why you did it."

"It matters to me," she persisted, and came close to him again. "I—love you." She had never put it into words for him before. It was hard, to say it like that, with Derek fidgeting by the window.
"We're strangers," Tommy reminded her

"But you said-you said you'd never give

me up."
"I said that to Elizabeth."

"I was—Elizabeth—when you kissed me," she choked, harried by her panic of tears.

DEREK whirled from the window where having lost his early chance to escape through "Oh, good Lord," said Derek. "Haven't you any pride at all?"
She turned toward him, blinking back

"Where do you come in?" Tommy inquired, turning dull eyes upon Derek.
"She's engaged to me." He elaborated, as Tommy appeared to be groping. "She's the

girl the mater wants me to marry."

And then without warning, Tommy threw back his head against the panels and began to laugh—wild, chill, shaking laugh-ter. His words came through it as if dragged up by the roots.

"Oh, good Lord, I see! You—the nice

"Oh, good Lord, I see! You—the nice little thing that plays golf! You were very clever—very clever indeed! A great impersonation! Elizabeth herself should should have been here to see it! Oh, od, what a joke! Starshine—willows— God, what a God, what a loke! Starshine—willows—cobwebs—Elizabeth—golf!" The laughter rattled to a wrenching halt. "I wish you both all the happiness in the world!" he cried, and sketched an ironic bow, and

cried, and statement turned to go.

"Wait!" She caught at him, tugged, and held him. He was being preposterous, and it hurt unbearably. But there was something she had to say. "I don't care what he was being she had to say." Derek says about pride! Women's pride has become a sort of tradition, hasn't it—I suppose because women have so little courage! I want you to understand one thing: age! I want you to understand one thing: I lied to you because I wanted to keep you always—and I'd do it again tomorrow to live this one day again!"

He stood waiting.
"That's—all," she whispered, and the door closed behind him with quiet finality.
(The concluding chapters of "His Eliza-

will appear in our forthcoming January issue.)

A LITTLE CLOWN LOST

(Continued from page 77)

holding the Little Elizabethan against her ample breast, patting her shoulder, saying

Phœbe unpacked the trunks. friede unpacked the trunks. The promising East was lost to her and Shep—at least for some months, probably forever. So she felt. What lay ahead she could not see. Shep would need her for a while. After that? She didn't know.

Every morning she helped Shep to dress and pushed him out on the back porch; Hal would be on the front porch. She sup-plied Shep with books, and sat near him most of the day and at night until bedtime. They talked little—about the crops, the

price of cotton, the weather; old rags of talk

laboriously woven to cover something up.
Mrs. Denham assuming the management Airy, for reasons of economy, and herself took charge of the store. Usually she car-ried Bruce with her whenever she left the big house, but sometimes she rolled his pram to the side of Shep's wheeled chair. She never again permitted Hal to touch him,

Every morning early Loretta pushed Hal to the front porch. On a tray she brought

him his meals. She and Phœbe gave him all the attention he had from those in the all the attention he had from those in the big house. Pheebe often stayed with him, always when Bruce was with Shep; she sitting on the edge of the porch, her feet dangling over, her head against one of the dignified old Doric columns. They talked about Papa Dooin, about Challifer, who was forever looking for a proper location for his chicken-farm; about the hypochondriac Wild Man of Madagascar, alias Amos Simmons; about many others of the circus people. They read to each other letters received from their comrades of the big top. Sometimes they laughed aloud—it was easy

Sometimes they laughed aloud-it was easy to laugh with Hal-and Shep, hearing them. became sick with morbid melancholy; and Mrs. Denham, hearing them, drew her red lips at the corners, on her pink-and-white face that faint furious sneer which Hal so dreaded.

But he saw little of her or her face these days. He didn't smoke, cared nothing for reading, and dismal boredom was his most frequent companion.

He exercised his full powers of charming upon all who come near him, hoping thus to make them remain to laugh and talk. Never was he so popular, and the other prisoner of a chair could not escape a fret-ting jealousy. These promiscuous people respected Shep; they loved the bad-egg man. Loretta pampered him, not only saving out the choicest items of her cooking for his

the choicest items of her cooking for his tray, but slipping out to him between meals with sandwiches, slabs of pie and freshly made cake. And sitting still, eating often merely to pass the time, he began taking on fat at a prodigious rate.

When humans failed, he tried to charm all the animals that came near to stay with him. Stray flop-eared hounds he whistled in and fed. Pigeons sat on his shoulders. An old hen, speckled black and white, visited him regularly to pick crumbs off the floor. On a corner of his chair hung a bag stuffed with metal ring-puzzles, pieces of soft white pine for whittling, a deck of cards, and two pistols, which he had commanded a negro to bring up from the store, Mrs. Denham silently assenting.

Mrs. Denham silently assenting. With as many cartridges as Mrs. Denham permitted him to have, he blazed away at a target on a tree in a corner of the yard, now with one pistol, now with both. Ida begrudged him the cartridges, he told Phæbe with a grin, now that she had given up hope of his using the pistols upon himself; but he would have cartridges or he'd raise a row.

ONE afternoon in October he sat on the front porch at a loss for something to do. He saw no one on the public road to beckon in. Loretta was at home between dinner and supper, Mrs. Denham at the store with Bruce, Shep dozing on the back porch, the little clown gone across the fields porch, the little clown gone across the fields to the houseboat. The house, the yard, the plantation were intensely still. Hal suddenly snatched both his big-calibered pistols out of his bag and banged away at the target. The sleeping Shep jumped, hurt his leg,

cursed his too popular enemy, and with a face of black fury wheeled his chair rapidly through the wide central hall and out on

"Hello, Shep! Come to make friends?"
Hall smiled genially at him, and then noticing his face, reloaded both pistols and held one out, his own fat grizzled face keeping its smile.

"As good a way as any, Shep. Come on, if you're not afraid."

The chair at the door moved to Hal's

end of the porch; a long, lean, white hand took the offered blue pistol; and the chair began backing away toward the other end

began backing away toward the other end of the porch.

"Don't go too far, Shep, or the kick of the thing will roll you off the other end. Ida's little clock will soon be striking three in there; I know because the sun is now near that knot-hole in the floor. God, that's the kind of thing I'm getting to be interested in these days! When the clock stops striking, Shep, start shooting. Keep on shooting, Shep, because I will. I know you used to be a good shot with anything; I can do pretty well with one of these now. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

Imperceptibly the sun edged toward the

"Yes."

Imperceptibly the sun edged toward the knot-hole. Hal's old speckled hen started mounting the steps, slowly and fearfully, one step at a time, craning her neck to look at the two still figures on the porch.

"Shooey, Becky, you blessed old fool, you! —She always gets up in my lap, Shep, and I was afraid you might hit her. The clock will strike soon. Then go to it. I'll get you if you don't."

They waited again. Shep strained for-

get you if you don't."

They waited again, Shep strained forward, his free hand gripping the side of his chair, his jaw set, his face bloodless; Hal sitting easily, his left hand stroking his shaggy grizzled beard.

And Phœbe, coming through the hall from the back, walked out on the porch,



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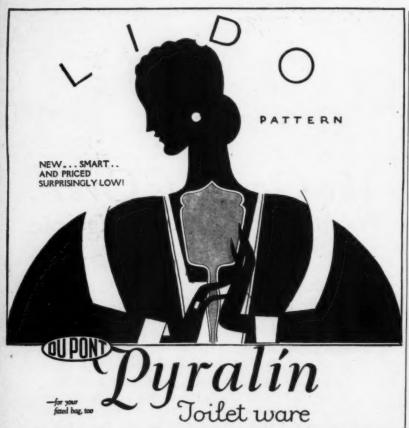
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looked from one to the other of them-and wheeled Shep swiftly to his bedroom. Taking the pistol out of his unresisting hand, she tiptoed out, locking the door behind her; and returning to the front porch, took Hal's. She had said no word, nor had they. She went to one of the unused upstairs rooms, hid the pistols in a closet and suddenly fell in a huddled heap in a corner of it, her hands over her eyes. At supper-time Loretta found her there.

Chapter Nineteen

A ND now the Little Elizabethan was a prisoner in the house with the two husbands. She could not leave them alone again. They'd fight with butcher-knives, she feared, billets of woods, anything. She told Mrs. Denham nothing of the wheeledchair duel.

Where was all this to end? By December, Shep was on his feet, unsteadily, with crutches, but getting rapidly back to normal. Hal was too helpless now to be a menace to Bruce—would always be too helpless. So

to Bruce—would always be too helpless. So Phœbe argued to herself.

Now she would go anywhere with Shep, and in any way; but now she must go, somehow, somewhere. That she knew.

She waited for Shep to speak. Though he had always been shy and quiet and unboastful, yet in the old times, lying by her side at night, he would talk of ambitious plans that seemed too secret and too shining to show by day.

And now she welcomed each day the com-

And now she welcomed each day the com ing darkness, hoping that in the thin still hours after midnight, shut away from all hours after midnight, shut away from all alien influence, he would speak his choice. He was at all times as respectful to her as when they were boy and girl together. He was, she saw, sick with remorse for the past. She wanted to know only of the future—only that; the past might go.

HER thoughts pile up, like driftwood against a dam when the bayou rages in a winter flood. As to Shep, is she afraid of Ida Denham? Is it the woman, and not the baby? Shep doesn't love Ida. That Phœbe knows; she couldn't be near those two day after day, and fail to be certain as to that.

What happened the past summer she can What happened the past summer she can in no way picture, or would picture if she could; but it was a matter of passion, engineered by Ida surely—a mad fever, burning out quickly, now gone. There was no friendliness in the thing of the past summer, no meeting of minds and hearts, no respect, no reverence, no love. Absolutely not.

no reverence, no love. Absolutely not.

No, her enemy is that precious little pinkand-white innocent with the laughing eyes
and the small curved hands. She catches
her lip under her teeth, thinking of her
three old dolls with the faded dresses.
She can play upon Shep if she wishes.
She knows how—what every wife knows.
Especially if she should cry a little, and
God knows that would be easy now. She
can pledge Shep, and he will keep his

Especially if she should cry a little, and God knows that would be easy now. She can pledge Shep, and he will keep his pledge. She has only to reach out her arms, touching him, and the beginning is made. But she will not cheat the little innocent across the hall. He has no tricks as yet, and she will have none, this night or any other night, until a decision is fairly made. There Bruce is, and here she is. Shep

other night, until a decision is fairly made.

There Bruce is, and here she is. Shep will choose. Shep must choose. She needn't tell Shep she loves him, and will love him, she is certain, whatever has happened or may happen, so long as love is possible to her. She needn't tell him that she is his wife again and as long as he wishes, if he decides for her. decides for her.

Listening, she marks his breathing. isn't asleep, hasn't been asleep since they lay down. The clock struck two awhile

Is she being fair to herself? After all,

whatever else you think, Ida is energetic, clear-headed, knows her way about. Bruce couldn't suffer for lack of food and clothes and a home. Ida loves him; there is no mistaking that; he couldn't suffer for lack

mistaking that; he couldn't suner for fack of attention and affection.

Is she being fair to herself? Phœbe is cold, lonesome, heartsick, there in the bed, in the winter darkness, by the side of the man she loves more than life, less than honesty. If she but whisper, "Shep," touching him with her hand.

ing him with her hand—
She lies still, the muscles of her body strained, her hands clinched, her teeth biting her lip. So the night passes, and many another like it. She is waiting. But Phœbe will keep the faith with the little enemy across the hall.

ONLY Hal made resolutions at New Year's, and he made but three, whis-pering them to Phoebe out on the front Hal pulled his fuzzy old gray steamer-cap down over his eyes and swore that he would never again, so help him God, touch anything alcoholic in the slight-est degree; that he would stop eating so est degree; that he would stop eating so much and thus reduce his terrifying weight; and that he would, with warm weather, remove himself from the vicinity of a certain faintly sneering person, if only it be to a hole in the ground.

"Mark my words, Phœbe; and if I don't make them good, call me liar and coward. Look, I can go about a little with these new crutches. My right leg is as dead as a her-ring, but I can stand some weight on my

ring, but I can stand some weight on my left—enough to manage a step or so with the crutches. Look, Phebe!"

And he did contrive a half-dozen steps, slowly, haltingly, with her help.

On a cloudy day in the month of March, Mrs. Denham had to go to the store at one o'clock to send away a mail-bag, receive another one and distribute the contents. Shen was moving about the house and varies Shep was moving about the house and yards easily now, but he couldn't go down the sloping ground to the store. Besides, Bruce was asleep. Phæbe promised to look in on him after. him often.

him often.

Hal was on the front porch, Shep in his living-room with a book before an open fire. Phœbe went across the back porch to the kitchen to be with the always cheerful Loretta, washing dishes. For a while she cautiously tiptoed back to the room every five minutes, stood for a second to look down at Bruce, and returned to the kitchen. Once, hanging over the small white sleener.

Once, hanging over the small white sleeper, studying his placid face, it suddenly came to her that she had seen just this face and just this expression a long time ago, when Shep was sick in Austin. Bending low, she kissed his brow; and rising, stole out on the back porch and to the far end of it, leaning her head against a post, staring out across the dark, wet fields.

Only a little time she stood there; remem-bering her promise, she hurried with ago-nized caution back to the door, opened it, looked in. The tall Shep was kneeling by the bed, his hands held out but not touching his boy. She could see only the droop of his shoulders, the side of his face, his outstretched hands. She backed away, slipped up the stairs and hid herself for a long time in the attic.

long time in the attic.

The little clown was not waiting now.

Chapter Twenty.

UPON a fair Monday in May, soft, balmy, sweet with thousands of new flowers come to splendid full bloom in the Southern summer, Mrs. Denham raised at the breakfast table a subject she had put forward tentatively several times before during the past week. Hal was not there; he still ate alone, from a tray, by his own wish and

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UST to meet Anne Lambertonto see her smile, to hear her voice, to look into her delightful eyes gives young men a thrill.

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Sally Martin breathed appreciatively of a radiant, ravishing fragrance.

"Friends, Romans and Old Dears," she drawled, "behold a clue! The Anne is so besieged by suitors. It's that new perfume of hers."

"But who would dream," teased Arleen Blake, "that one so fair and fascinating would need the sorcery of infantating scene?" of infatuating scent?

"Methinks," Claire Norris contrib-"it behooves the rest of us to band together in an offensive and defensive alliance against Anne's new allure."

"Yes," came from Marjorie Graham, with mock dramatics, "shall

we sit supine and let her monopo-lize such matchless magie? Over her dead body, if necessary, I for one vow to learn her secret.

"Count on me to the last man and the last ditch," Sally seconded. "If adorned with a perfume so irresistble as Anne's, perhaps we too might be fending off flocks of frenzied wooers. Please, Anne, we beseech thee, tell us what it is."

"After all your slandering," Anne returned, "you deserve to be kept in darkest ignorance. But I forgive you. If you vamps think this fetching fragrance will surround you with a mystic sway, graciously and unself-ishly I share my secret. It is Orange Blossom Fragrancia — and may you each and all live happily ever after."



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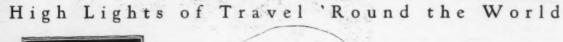
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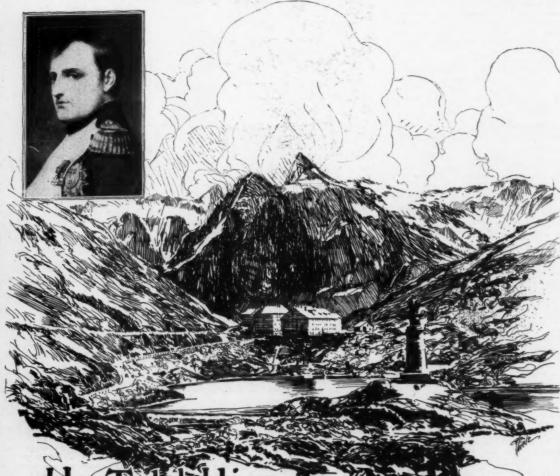
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He Told His Troubles to apoleon

IN May, 1800, an army of 35,000 men climbed over the snow-covered Swiss Alps. Dragging massive guns and equipment up the mountains by sheer brute force, they were marching into Italy by the Great St. Bernard Pass. At the summit, the leader of this unconquerable army

At the summit, the leader of this unconquerable army—the great Napoleon himself—dismounted from his mule and, shaking a rain-soaked hat, exclaimed: "There, see what I have done in your mountains—spoiled my new hat! However, I will find another on the other side."

These words of confidence were spoken by the "Little Corporal" to a simple Swiss farmer whom he had hired to guide him through the treacherous mountain passes. The sad demeanor of the guide aroused Napoleon's curiosity. Soon this farmer-guide was telling the man, whom he had not recognized as Napoleon, a tale of love's old, sweet song—the love he had for a beautiful girl whom poverty prevented him from marrying.

Shortly thereafter, the farmer returned home, to find his dreams come true. For Napoleon had remembered the story and, in spite of the strains of warfare, had seen to it that sufficient money was sent to the farmer-guide to enable him to build a home and marry the girl. And it is said that, having received the great warrior's blessing, they lived happily ever after.

Today, situated between three great mountain peaks, there still stands the famous monastery of St. Bernard. Founded almost a thousand years ago by St. Bernard of Menthon, it is a solemn shrine of nobility and antiquity. Within its sacred walls, travellers find rest and comfort. It was here that Napoleon and his troops stopped for much needed relief during their arduous march through the snows into Italy.

A visit to this ancient hospice, a perpetual shrine of mercy and devotion, gives the traveller a sense of nearness to great world events of the past. Just as the Pass of St. Bernard recalls the heroism of Napoleon's army, so many other great world memorials have rich associations with heroes of war and peace, and with impressive records of human achievement. One of the great missions of travel is to vitalize the past and make the present more real and significant.

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by order of the undisputed mistress of the

Mrs. Denham asked who would go with her to town? She must make a dreaded and long deferred visit to the dentist, and then do some shopping. She would not leave Bruce for an entire day; she would need some one to drive and to look after him while she was in the chair and in the stores. She looked at Phæbe, and Phæbe looked at Shep.

"You go with her, Shep. You don't get out in the air enough, anyway. The day will do you good. Besides, I've got something to do here that I've been puttin' off an' puttin' off for weeks. If I put it off again, I can't look myself in the face."

Shep glanced quickly at her unwavering blue eyes, and there was for him nothing possible except gracious assent, spoken all the more graciously to make up for his tardiness

While Mrs. Denham dressed, Phœbe made ready her victorious little enemy, holding him against her, her teeth biting her lip,

when Ida was not looking. Hal waved his hand at the three travelers; two of them ignoring him, the third waving Phœbe curled fists and smiling radiantly. waited by the buggy to see them off. She had already whispered her farewell into the ear of her beloved enemy. She looked up at Shep.

at Snep.
"Good-by! Take care of your leg today.
You're not entirely well yet."
"Good-by, Phœbe! Any message for
Aunt Lyd and Cousin César? They always

ask about you."
"Message? O Oh, yes; give them my love,

SHE stood with her hand on the latch of the gate until the buggy moved down through the open wood-lot to the public through the open wood-lot to the public road. She came up the red brick walk, her head down, her feet of lead; and climbing the steps, went on into the house, refusing to see Hal beckoning at her.

Presently she squared her shoulders, shook her head, lifted her body up; and going swiftly down to the stable-yard, she har-nessed a pair of house and hitched them to

nessed a pair of horses and hitched them to a wagon with a green bed on it. She drove the team out through the big

gate, remembering the night she drove another into it from the storm; drove down to the road, then to the porch of the store, stopping there, Hal applauding loudly as she passed the house. Unlocking the back door of the store, she brought out one by one a new set of hickory bows, and stuck their ends into the staples on the wagon-She dragged out a white canvas cover,

bed. She dragged out a white canvas cover, draped it over the hickory bows, tied the rope at the end of the wagon, leaving a puckered round hole in the canvas there.

Now she loaded the wagon. Pappy Dibble's daughter knew how: a new frying pan, a deep iron baking skillet, a few tin dishes, a coffee pot, an ax, a lantern, grocine everything. ceries, everything.

Loretta came toward her, with eyes such as Phœbe had never seen in the gallant, fearless, shameless yellow woman. "Miss Phœbe?"

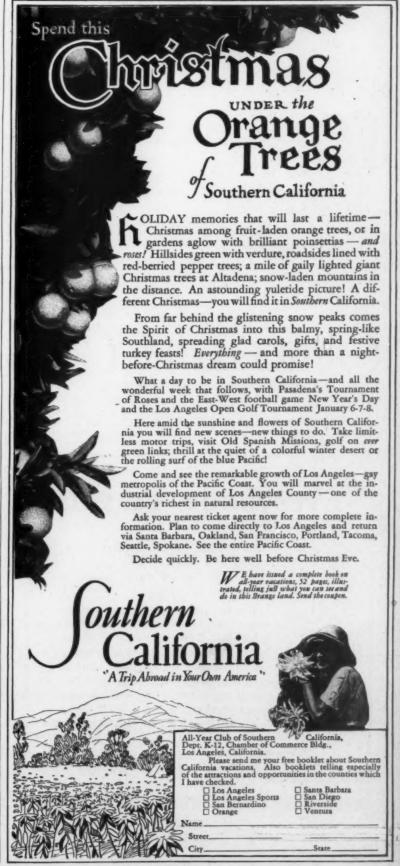
"Yes, Loretta?"

"Whur you goin'?"
"I don't know, Loretta. Somewhere. Down the road."

"Will you be gone all day, Miss Phœbe?"
"Aye, Lordy, I reckon I'll be gone all the rest of my life, Loretta."

And then she slipped into the arms opened wide for her, and lay against Loretta's great breast, grateful for it, let-ting herself go at last, yet crying to this suddenly discovered sister: "Hush, hush, you mustn't do that; oh, you mustn't take on so, Loretta! I'll be all right." In her own bedroom, Phœbe found her

own packing more difficult. She had given



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no thought to what she should carry with her. Loretta at the door: "Miss Phœbe, can't I help you with something?" A wave of Phœbe's hand, and the understanding woman was gone, unburt by the silent dis-

In the clothes closet was her yellow ball dress, the gilt slippers, now black with tarnish, and all the rest of that once dear outfit. Unhesitating as to these, she gathered the things in her arms, tiptoed across the hall, laid them on Ida's bed, came back to

hall, laid them on Ida's bed, came back to the door, halting there a moment, her head against a side of it, her slim body drooping, her hands hanging dead.

Once more she was in her own bedroom. Here were her clown's make-up box, her painted pig's bladder, her peacock's feather, her pointed fool's cap, her hugely dotted clown suits. She'd like to take all these things—for memory's sake only, not for use ever again to make people laugh. She couldn't do that, now. She laid them on Shep's bed.

Finally the suitcase was full. She knelt

Finally the suitcase was full. by it, finding soft places between her folded clothes in which to lay her little children of the road. She held them in her arms, look-

the road. She held them in her arms, looking down at them, talking to them in the language that was Pappy Dibble's and hers.
"Aye, Lordy, I 'lowed your days of knockin' about in a wagin were over, Arthur, you an' Gwendolyn an' Marguerite. Yes, an' I 'lowed mine were too. But we come off the road, children, an' we'll go out on hit again, an' follow it along through all its turnin's, an' this time we'll stick together till—till hell freezes over."

Phœbe shook her head sadly over the three held closely against her breast.

"Now you all tell your brother Bruce good-by. See, he is wavin' his little fists at you, his face all full of smiles. How come

you, his face all full of smiles. How come you-all cain't be that way?

"There, now, I hear your new father a-beatin' on the floor with his crutches, Arthur. You-all must be good to him. He's a pore thing now, Arthur, but he's in hell and cain't git out hisself. He cain't ever be anything to you or me but a jolly old fat brother. He's not like— Oh, God, I cain't stand it, I cain't for a fact!"

Loretta at the door knocking and called "My any the company of the can't of the can't can't of the can't ca

"Miss Phœbe, is you all right? to me, honey! Is you all right? I'm skeered about you."

And presently Phœbe lifted her head.

And presently Phœbe lifted her head. "I'm all right, Loretta."

I T was a fancy of Hooker Dibble's daughter to go away clad as when she came into the big gate that windy night in November long ago.

The drab pin-checked dress, sewed by hand in wagon-yards and by camp-fires along the road, shapeless as a sack, still fitted her as well as it ever did, rustling prodigiously as she moved about. The brasstoed brogans, as rough as the sides of Papa Dooin's old elephant, were stiff with age, but there was always ample room in them for her slim feet, and for her this day they were the shoes of destiny. She could wear

Out on the front porch to reassure the Out on the front porch to reassure the excited prisoner awaiting deliverance, standing behind him, patting his shoulders, saying: "I'll be ready before twelve—they can't catch us, anyway, Hal."
"They wont try, Phebe. Ida will be glad we're gone; Shep will do what she says, for the sake of Bruce."

Down by the gate was a small gathering of the pregrees—Loretta, stolid Pompey

Down by the gate was a small gathering of the negroes—Loretta, stolid Pompey
fumbling at the buttons of his shirt, wrynecked little Seneca, his portly Airy, Shirley and many other children of all sizes
and shades of color, silent and waiting.

Hal, already lifted to the driver's seat
by these wondering friends, leaned out from
hehind the convex beckening to her, calling

behind the canvas beckoning to her, calling to her, his voice with no banter in it now.

"Everything's in the wagon, Phœbe: your suitcase and mine and all the rest of it. Are you ready?"

Down the high front steps, saying nothing, along the red brick walk, out of the gate,

along the red brick walk, out of the gate, through the group opening to let her pass, and finally up on the seat.

"Good-by, everybody!" Hal was speaking; his old gray steamer-cap pulled down over his reddish brown eyes, staring in front of him.

"Good-by, Miss Phœbe! Good-by, Mr. Hal! Good-by, Miss Phœbe!"

So cried Loretta, and so then the others; and the handsome yellow woman threw her

and the handsome yellow woman threw her apron over her head and rocked herself back and forth.

Hal touched the whip to the horses. Around them the sun shining, country birds singing, the summer wind saying sad secret things in the tall pine trees; behind them the wailing of negroes, ahead of them the long road with many turnings; and now back under the canvas cover, in the dimness there, Hooker Dibble's daughter crouches trembling in a corner, her hands pressed hard against her ears.

Chapter Twenty-one

BY the year 1927 Papa Dooin had grown old. White now are his long walrus mustaches that used to be as black as the wide-brimmed felt hat and the long Prince Albert coat that he wore in the ring when he cracked the whip at the slow, portly, broad-backed horses with the ravishing pink-and-blue ladies standing daintily upon them. Old, yes, and at last very set in his ways,

Old, yes, and at last very set in his ways, his itineraries as fixed as the calendar.

Knowing Papa Dooin and his last year's schedule, you also know that in a certain week of a certain month he will this year be in Atlanta, Atchison or Austin.

It is Sunday with the circus today. The green cars with the gold lettering, now considerably increased in number during these twenty-two years, have rolled into Austin early in the morning, and though Papa Dooin's piety is no less than it was, the white tops have gone up and all is ready for a good start when the city's quiet Sabbath is over. bath is over.

bath is over.

The enormous obese man lolling in a wheeled chair, over and through which he swells and billows, is lamenting, but not too seriously, his luck in Saturday's town. "A dear cautious old lady thought of something new there to cut down my business," he goes on, his reddish brown eyes twinking his voice loud and hearty. Hal can kling, his voice loud and hearty. Hal can still talk without using slangy jargon, and, more wonderful yet, be thought none the less of by his circus comrades. To them what Hal does and the way he does it is right; no one could suspect him of putting on airs about anything.

Hal's sixty-one years have not weakened his voice or dimmed the light of humor in his eyes. He wears rimless spectacles, but they are merely to make things look larger.

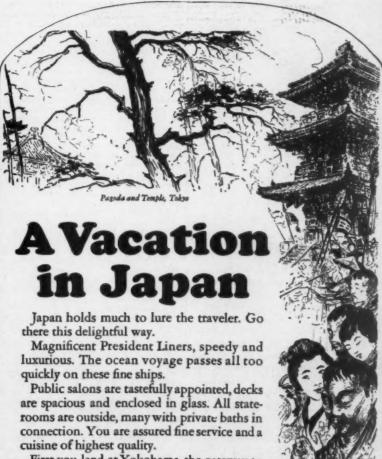
And for all his lamenting about Saturday's And for all his inmenting about Saturday's town, he looks prosperous enough. His brown linen suit is spotless, his new Panama hat prodigious, his necktie gorgeous, his white beard and hair obviously matters of frequent and regular attention, and certainly he is well fed.

"What did the dear old lady say, Hal?"

a listener, grinning

"Her escort, presumably her husband, was about to make up his mind to try his luck at the head of the handsome blackamoor and of course at the elegant walking canes, worth a dollar of any man's money, you know—when she grumbled: 'What a shame to waste good eggs spatterin' 'em against a piece of canvas!'

"What did you say, Hal?"
"Waste? Did I hear some one say aste? Ah, my dear madam, no egg has waste?



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(Athens) - Salonica - Constantinople Beirut - Palestine - Egypt - Messina
(Taormina) - Monaco - Marseilles

Fare: -35'5.00 including shore excursions and Hotel in Palestine and Egypt

optional Excursions—Gorges of Chiffa, Eleusis, Corinth, Baalbeck, Damas-cus, Nazareth, Jericho, and Dead Sea, Tel-Aviv-Jaffa, Sakhara, Memphis, Luxor, also Nile trip.

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ever been wasted against that gallant spread of canvas. These eggs you see here in this great bowl will provide for men who need relaxation, entertainment, sport, making them harder workers, more generous pro-viders, better husbands; and having done that and having at the same time sharp-ened the sight of the handsome blackamoor and increased his muscular agility, they flow on down upon Mother Earth, enriching the soil and fertilizing God's green grass. And anyway,' I bellowed, being compensed to bellow because I saw my prospects moving away, 'and anyway, let no one within the sound of my voice mistake these for American eggs. I have never used one of our country's eggs for this purpose, as laudable as it is. No, every globe of hen-fruit you see here has been imported by me direct from China, where the natives eat the chickens but scoff at the eggs."

WHILE the listeners are laughing, Hal with them, the side of the tent is lifted, and a small woman comes in and stands silent by his chair, her face and attitude not in harmony with this jolly crowd. "What's the matter, Phœbe?" some one

asks "Oh, nothing. I want to talk to Hal, at's all." She looks at them, and they

that's all." melt away.

"I've got to go, Hal."
"Can't stick it out, eh? Wont you ever forget him, Phæbe?'

I reckon not."

"Well, Phœbe, all I'm worried about is that you'll fret yourself sick again. I know what you'll do. You'll go prowling around up there on that old hill of your dreams, up there on that old hill of your dreams, painting pictures of what might have been, torturing yourself with regrets. Every time we come to Austin, you're knocked out for a week—a little sleep-walking ghost. What's the use, Phœbe? It's all over. Be a good sport; take your loss."

"I'm not a good sport, I reckon, Hal. Anyway, I'm goin'. It's after four now; I'll be back by ten. It's daylight until almost then."

"Well, trot along, sissy. Be as easy as

"Well, trot along, sissy. Be as easy as you can on yourself. Take a taxi; don't

But "that old belt-line car."

But "that old belt-line car" is part of the program for Phoebe, and she sits well forward watching it lift into sight stores and houses and trees dating back to Shepherd's time here; and finally the green campus and the buildings on it.

Phæbe's pilgrimages are always simple things. Leaving the car at the foot of the western walk, she sits awhile as if waiting

For some one—who never comes.

Now she walks slowly up the brown graveled walk to the old main building, strolls about through the corridors, climbs to that upper floor where the fascinating geological specimens used to be, comes out and leaving the campus, makes her way through the college settlement, and out at last to the corner where once the small brown cottage stood. A sizable white mansion has its lot and several lots adjoining it that used to be vacant. Her home has been rolled down the hill to a less desirable location, the last habitation on the street, beyond the pavement.

Halting at the gate, she looks in. Quiet in there, the Italian Bellamontis, well known to her for several years, probably gone vis iting with their spirited noisy children; and opening the gate softly, she tiptoes to the narrow front porch built low upon the narrow front porch built low upon the ground, pulls a rocking-chair behind a climbing rose vine to shield her from the sun, sits down, and, leaning her head back, closes her eyes. She is glad the Bellamontis are out visiting; she has forecast no such luck as this.

Quiet here, the Sabbath quiet over-all the city; a stillness felt this soft summer day, soothing to the harried and hurried prisoner of performances and trains soothing and well-nigh heart-breaking to the homevet sick little clown. Her hands lie in her lap, clinched.

WO tall men now talking by the picket I fence, not far away across the shallow yard. She peers through the vine at them, nd remains strained forward in her chair, her hands to her face-a spectacled man in blue serge with pale brown beard, and a pink-and-white youth in soft shirt, short coat and prodigious baggy trousers of a faded blue, their cut and color the very

latest collegiate whim.

"Well, here's your old house, Father. You see, it's almost been kicked down into the ravine. Mr. Beddoes has pointed it out to me more than once. I think he comes this way every day when he goes out for his afternoon constitutional. By the way, Father. he came near flunking me in history, and if he had, I couldn't have been graduated You used to be a shark in histhis year. tory, didn't you, Father? Mr. Beddoes says that when he was here before, you were the most promising history man the department

had found in years.'

Yes, I did rather like history, Bruce." "And now all you do is to work like a slave out on the plantation and at the mill, while Mother and the girls gad about in Crebillon, and I spend money down here like water. I don't believe you ever do anything now that you want to just for yourself. You're scared to death of Mother, for one thing. Oh, I can see it. I tell you, Father, if I ever marry I'll be the boss in my house or know the reason why. you may smile, but I will, so help me.

"There's a circus in town tomorrow; it's already come, I hear. Mother and the girls say they're not going; they wouldn't. Let's you and I take it in, Father—have the whole afternoon to ourselves. Come on, Father, what do you say?"

"No, Bruce, I'll not go to that circus."

"There you are! I knew what you'd say. I bet you'd like it too. You never go anywhere, never read anything—anything but farm papers and agricultural bulletins. Mr. Beddoes says you were a great reader once. Couldn't you do a little reading of the things you really like at the town house at night? There's a lot of marvelous new stuff on the Middle Ages since you were here, Mr. Beddoes says."

"Oh, I read a little now and then, Bruce." "Where?

"Out at Abancourt, on my houseboat." "The houseboat, my eye! It's been sunk a half-dozen times by the high water, hasn't it, and it's a wreck. Besides, it's pulled half-way up on that pine hill; it isn't a boat any more, and it leans so that it must make you dizzy to sit in it."

I LIKE to go there sometimes, anyway," replied the man. "It's in the midst of the only deep woods I have now, and I'm undisturbed in it. All the tenants and mill-hands understand that when I am in it nobody else must come there. And when I'm sitting in

must come there. And when I'm sitting in it, Bruce, I seem to be a student again."
"Oh, yes, I know; you seem to be with your first wife too. Wont you tell me about her, Father? It isn't as if you were really my dad, you know; after all, we're only steps to each other, and we can talk as man to man, can't we? When will you begin treating me as a man? Now for God's to man, can't we? When will you begin treating me as a man? Now, for God's sake, don't say I'm only a romantic youth, as Mother does. I'm twenty-one, you must remember.

"Oh, I know a thing or two about your "Oh, I know a thing or two about your first wife, anyway. She's a kind of legendary figure among the negroes on the plantation. Miss Phœbe, Miss Phœbe—you should hear old Loretta go on about her, but of course when. Mother isn't around. Aunt Lyd loved her, Cousin César is violently mad about her! And I have a sneaking suspicion, from the way he talks about her, that Mr. Beddoes never loved anybody else

in his life, or ever can."
"We all loved her, Bruce."
"Do you still love her, Father? Go on, tell me. I'll not breathe a word of all this to Mother, I swear I wont. Wont you treat me like a man for once, Father? Though I have seen her only through other eyes, I have felt her in the way they talked, and This little house was your home once, Father, with her. How can you stand here and deny her? Do you still love Phoebe,

Yes, Bruce, I do. She was the most

wonderful-'

SLOWLY the two tall figures move away, up the quiet street. This pink-and-white youth just speaking was once, she remembers, her innocent enemy. She had kept the faith with him; and now he.

Phœbe holds her head in her hands, her eyes closed, her little teeth biting into her , struggling to breathe. Up at the big white house a radio is

switched on, taking an evening church service somewhere. Out through the open window it swims down to the little white figure bowed in the chair, rising and falling on the

bowed in the chair, rising and falling on the wind of the dusk; a great organ deeply throbbing, voices singing, drifting near, drifting away, far away, swimming back. Of the hymn she catches no word, or tries to. Except one; it keeps coming to her, staying with her, lifting her up and up. And after a while the little lost-clown comes down, goes out of the gate, across the still town, back to the circus; her shoulders swaggering, her slim feet dancing, her face as bright as the western sky where a bonfire floats, in her mind that word of the hymn shouting with the voice of a conthe hymn shouting with the voice of a con-quering army—"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

THE END

LOVE O' MAN

(Continued from page 89)

oured out and counted the coins in her

"I'll go," she whispered softly to herself. "This last day of all the days in my life is the one I would have chosen."

A trolley car dropped Marie where the woods dipped down to the highway. The old trail was gone, but she knew her way. As she neared the turn from which the As she neared the turn from which the cottage could first be seen, she ran, fearful that it might be gone. It was not gone, but an aching heart pain smothered her cry as she saw it, empty, windowless, crumbling hopelessly into the decay of long abandonment.

She hurried on as again the faint, elusive

scent of wild roses reached her.
She wandered through the house with chattering squirrels complaining noisily in the eaves at her intrusion. She sat in the chimney corner beside the fireplace where chimney corner beside the fireplace where, on winter evenings, she had sobbed and thrilled through the pages of "Little Women" with Jo. The ten city years that separated today's womanhood from the childhood of those blustery evenings withdrew swiftly to the realm of dim unreality. She unbound her hair and braided it. The long strands lying against her breast seemed to add strength and definite nearness to a to add strength and definite nearness to a comforting vision of her mother with worn hands, tired eyes, stooped shoulders, but always, too, with a smile for the little girl

curled up in the chimney corner.

And then, later, as she wandered in the attic that had been her play-room she found Cinderella—an armless, mouse-chewed Cinderella, dirty and disfigured by the buffetings of ten attic years, but still Cinderella. With a cry of delight Marie caught up the doll and hugged it to her breast, while hot tears left muddy streaks on poor Cinderella's

At a quarter before ten that night Sweet Marie was alone in her city room. Her typed sheets, her letter and her photograph, ad been entrusted to a messenger with instructions to deliver them to the editor of structions to deliver them to the editor of the Courier at ten precisely. Marie glanced at the clock. A quarter to ten! With a sigh, half of relief and half of instinctive dread, she drew out a little bottle.

Her eyes turned to Axel's empty chair.

"Good-by," she whispered as if in the chair she visualized the man. "T'm happier out the chair she visualized the man."

now than I ever hope to be again. easy to die, my dear one, so satisfying to know it's for you."

The girl's eyes turned to the vial, her face, as in the moment when she first conceived her resolution, aglow with beauty.

THE night editor of the Courier stopped

heside the city editor's desk.

"I've a hole left on the front page that you can have for a local yarn, Hec," he offered with irritating confidence. "Something with human interest and a punch that'll make 'em walk out into the street and tip the beggars. Something—"

"There isn't a thing in sight that's worth playing up. Moc." the city editor said as

playing up, Mac," the city editor said as he scribbled a signature for a packet a messenger boy dropped on his desk. The city editor tore open the packet and shook out a photograph and a half-dozen typed pages. He glanced at the picture, read hurriedly, then sprang to his feet and valled to the descript pages. He gianced at the picture, read hurriedly, then sprang to his feet and yelled to the departing messenger. "Come here, you boy! Where did you get this?" The boy named the address. "Who gave it to you?"

"Who gave it to you?"

"A girl what could double for Poor Butterfly in de movies."

"Is that the girl?" demanded the city editor, thrusting before the messenger the photograph that had come with the packet. "That's her," answered the boy. "Did she give you any particular instructions about delivering the packet here?"

"She sure did. She told me most particular to deliver it at ten o'clock on the dot—not a minute before nor after."

dot—not a minute before nor after."

"Get our reporter at police headquarters quick," the city editor instructed his assistant. Then, calling across to the night editor: "I say, Mac, it looks as if I may have that year.

that yarn for your front-page hole, and if I do it'll be a corker."

Again the city editor picked up the letter-it was Sweet Marie's.

"For God's sake do not lay this letter down until you have read it through to the

"I know your newspaper does not sell space on its first page. But you will sell me space on that page because of the price I have paid for it. That price is my life. Fifteen minutes before you read this I shall

have killed myself.
"I am not dying in sorrow nor grief nor despondency nor degradation. I am dying despondency nor degradation. I am dying supremely happy, supremely content. To your newspaper my death will be a new and different 'story;' it will buy space upon the first page; and in that space I, dead, will tell to a million readers all that I must tell them and could not, living.

"The world is kind and sympathetic and intical tell them are the state of the stat

justice-loving when once you have forced it to pause and listen. Because my voice comes from beyond death's veil the world will listen to me now and. in listening, com-



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As for the particular trip you'll takewell, there are any number of them, so the best thing is to consult the travel organizations advertising in these pages. Write them a note telling them the kind of trip you'd like and they'll save you from further wondering and worry. There is no

pel the freedom of the man I love-the best and the truest and the kindest of all men in the world. He is imprisoned unjustly and I have been unable to free him. I have written all details on the sheets that accompany this and, dying, I swear to you that every word is the sacred truth.

"You will find my body in the rear hall bedroom on the top floor of the address written below. Because you can't under-stand, don't doubt my truthfulness. Women will understand—some of them—those that have loved as I do. And so, good-by.

"P. S. You will find a ragged doll beside me and a wild rose pinned upon my breast. I picked it today—ah, what a happy day from the bush that grows beside the cot-tage where I was born. Its perfume, I think, will travel with me to Eternity.

ood God! This is a story if it's exclaimed the city editor a bit huskily. "Good God! true. "Chapman on the wire," interrupted his sistant. The editor read off Marie's ad-

assistant. The editor read off Marie's address to his downtown police reporter.

"Get up there in a hurry and let me know if there's a girl dead in the rear hall bedroom on the top floor. She'll have a doll beside her and a wild rose pinned on her breast if my tip's right. Don't let this leak. All I want from you is verification of the suicide."

SWEET MARIE was waiting, dwelling until the moment of her lost devotion upon her love.

As if from an interminable distance she heard steps on the stairway. They came up swiftly, a half-dozen stairs at a leap. An interruption? That must not be. snatched up the vial, dropped it—snatched it up again. The door was thrown open.

"Axel!" screamed Marie. She was in his arms—giant-muscled arms that crushed her slim body against his breast. Forgotten, the bottle that fell to

the floor.
"My love, my love, how? Tell me," the girl sobbed.

"Trenton Teddy! She came back from Australia to go to the Governor personally," he answered, scarcely more coherent than she. "They located McKune, too—doing life in a California prison; and at last he admitted the truth. The Governor was convinced. This afternoon my pardon came and I'm here."

Other steps were climbing the stairs. A knock, and again the door was thrown open. Marie dragged herself from the Dane's arms as a reporter peered in.
"Excuse me," he apologized. "I'm look-

ing for— Is anyone dead here?"
"Dead!" interjected the Dane, who had no inkling of the tragedy his coming had

interrupted.

"Yes. A girl with a doll and a wild rose on her breast," persisted the reporter per-

"Not here!"—indignantly from the Dane. The reporter apologized himself out. "She had the rose on her breast," he

muttered as he tramped down the stairs.
"But a suicide—not her!"
The Dane, in his chair, held Marie in his

arms. The air was sweet with rose scent.
"That perfume?" he whispered.

"Wild roses from the old doorstep," "Wild roses from the old doorstep," ex-claimed Marie, her eyes suddenly alight with new happiness. "Oh, Axel, take me back—where these very roses bloomed— I've longed for it ever since I've loved you.

Thank God we'll go back now—together."
"I found the girl with the rose," the reporter phoned his editor. "No, she wasn't a suicide and isn't ever going to be, either, for my guess. I butted in on a honeymoon instead of a funeral, Chief."

The city editor banged up his phone. "I might have known a story like that never could pan out," he growled.

THE KICK

(Continued from page 83)

at him.

knees in the street and lifted his head against her.
"Are you hurt?" she asked anxiously.

The boy's eyes opened, and he stared up with an astonishment equal to her own. He knew exactly who she was-had seen her several times within the few weeks he had

been under Charley Earle's roof.
"I'm all right, thank you," he brought
out, and tried to get to his feet.

But one leg cracked under him.
"You are hurt," she insisted.
It was then that Champagne Charley at the top of the steps sent his butler and second man to carry the valet indoors. If this fellow was really hurt, it would be wiser

to avoid publicity.

to avoid publicity.

But the girl glared at them as though they were as guilty as their master.

"Don't you dare touch him!" she commanded. "If you try to, I'll call the police."

By that time, the newspaper men were at her side. This was too good to miss.

"I want him carried into my house," she commanded. "Will some of you gentlemen halp me?"

help me?"

"Please," protested the boy, his face pulled with pain, "I can manage. Just put me in the doorway—out of this mob—and e in the doorway—out of this mob—and nd for an ambulance." Grace did not even answer. She motioned send for

the Earle flunkeys out of the way, and her arm still round his shoulders so that no one could loosen her hold, instructed representatives of the New York press where take him.

This was the first occasion in his life when the joke was turned on Charley Earle, but he failed to see the point. He came tearing down the steps and tried to stop her. She simply walked past him without a glance. He might have been a lamp-post. Champagne Charley went back to his house alone. The reporters in a body ac-

companied his valet and the girl. Next day the press ran the story with tongue in cheek. It poked fun at the man who had poked fun at so many in his day. Society began to laugh, not with him but

Nothing is funnier to the multitude than the clown who takes himself seriously. Charley had always taken himself seriously. But the Four Hundred who enjoyed his antics on the inside and the Four Million who read of them on the outside, had never before realized that fact. Now that it was brought home to them, they held their sides, and Champagne Charley toppled from his pedestal.

It was a gradual process, one that put him through agony. He tried to see Grace. His messages went unanswered. Notes, flowers, gifts, came back unopened. Meanwhile her aunt announced furiously to Charley that the girl was keeping his valet under their roof until his broken leg mended.

Charley soon discovered that the kick had landed him in a far more ludicrous position than it had his valet. A subtle thing is public favor. The world, having suddenly than it may be the public favor. The world, naving public favor. The world, naving learned to laugh at Champagne Charley, wherever he went—in whiteners followed restaurants, in clubs — whispers followed him, winks, nudges. He found himself a

monarch deposed.

The valet recovered and left his neighbor's house, to disappear from Charley's horizon. But the effects of that kick were so far-reaching that within a year Charley

Earle's dominion was completely over—so completely that he sold his house, his treasures, his properties, and sailed, an expatri-ate, to make his home abroad. He did not return to these shores until two years ago.

A ND here my story takes a turn which demonstrates the endless circle of life. I cannot claim, of course, that the kick was unquestionably responsible for the illness that sent Champagne Charley back to his own country. But the fact remains that own country. But the fact remains that he had been ailing a number of years— some spinal trouble diagnosed by specialists abroad as the result of injury to a small vertebra. They suspected he had suffered a blow in youth, or a wrench to his back in athletics. But Charley had no recollec-tion of ever having been struck, and he had never been an athlete. It didn't occur to him that the kick, cause of so much misery, might once more be his Nemesis.

After going through one European cure

after going through one European cure after another, he decided to try American doctors. The day he landed here, he descended the gangplank with the aid of two canes and the support of a male nurse who held his arm. A pathetic, bent figure, he stood on the dock. No one came to meet him—his name had not been on the pas-senger-list, and newspaper men didn't realize that here was a man whose slightest move had once aroused public interest. His clothes were careless and none too new. The war had not dealt kindly with Charley's fortune. Part of it had been transferred to foreign securities when he made his residence abroad, and that part had been wiped out entirely. He lived now on the income from such American holdings as remained intact.

When the bags had been passed through the Customs, he was led slowly to a taxicab and driven to a little hotel in the Thirties which dated from his own day.

Before long it became known in the medical world that Charley Earle had come home for treatment. The nature of the case caused an immense amount of interest and discussion. And one morning Charley found in his mail a note:
"My dear Mr. Earle:

"Will you do me the honor of calling at my office between three and four tomorrow, Thursday, afternoon? That is after office hours, and we can talk without interruption. There will be no obligation of any kind, but I believe I can help you.

The signature was that of a well-known surgeon. Let's call him Dr. Norris.

So many men had examined Charley that the process had become a matter of routine.

Hence the communication met only mild response, though he allowed himself to be taken to the surgeon's office as he had to any number of others.

He encountered a man still in his forties, who ushered Charley Earle not into his con-

who ushered charley Earle not into his consulting room, but to his study.

"I haven't been abroad since the war,"
Dr. Norris began when they were seated.

"My wife and two girls love to run over every year on a buying spree, but I'm pretty well tied down. Tell me something about the Americanization of Europe."

Before Charley realized it, he was hold-

the Americanization of Europe."

Before Charley realized it, he was holding forth, for the first time in years, on a subject other than his ailments. They sat there chatting in a casual way, much as two men who meet in the club after one of them has returned from a long journey. Later, when the purpose of the visit was taken up, a feeling of confidence had been established which only exchange of ideas can make possible. can make possible.

The process of examination and X-rays was gone through, and in a week Charley heard the verdict.

"Mr. Earle, I can minimize this thing,"
Dr. Norris told him, "but I'm not going to.
I think we understand each other well
enough to be frank. Has the possibility
of paralysis ever occurred to you?"

"Yes," said Charley Earle with a blurred ok, "I've thought of it often. But before that happens-The surgeon didn't let him finish

"We're going to try to prevent it happen-A delicate operation is the one tion, Mr. Earle. And you know what that means. Perhaps a number of months—" "And then no guarantee," came from Char-

"And then no guarantee," came from char-ley in a voice of complete despair. "They told me in Paris that an operation was necessary—and I told them to go to hell." "Well, I've been there already," smiled the Doctor, "so that lets me out. Come, old man,"—he leaned forward, speaking ear-nestly,—"I give you my word I'll use every means in man's power to pull you through means in man's power to pull you through and put you on your feet. Going on like this is no use to you, is it?"
"God knows—" began Charley, muf-

began Charley, fled, and stopped.

"Well then, be sporting. Take a chance. Isn't the possibility of complete cure worth it?" He held out his hand.

Charley Earle looked at him desperately a inute. Then he took the hand and tried minute.

"Damned if I know why I'm letting you do it," he muttered. "But go ahead."

Dr. Norris put his patient into a private sanitarium. The delicate operation was performed on a day in late summer, and for eight months Charley Earle lay in a plaster cast. Even more difficult to handle than his body was his state of mind. The than his body was his state of mind. The only person who could reason with him at all was his doctor.

"What have I ever done to deserve this, Norris?" he would moan day after day.

"It's a thousand to one, with odds all the wrong way.

For a while that was how it looked to everybody. More than once they thought Charley was going. Then Norris would roll up his sleeves and work like a dog. They had to take the sick man up to the operat ing-room a second time, and after that the surgeon didn't get to his bed for five nights running. This happens often enough, course, in a physician's career. But grim determination with which Norris This happens often enough, But the grim determination with which Norris set his teeth and fought for Charley Earle's recovery seemed to go deeper than loyalty of physician to patient, further than mere pride of accomplishment.

THE first day that Charley stood upright and took a few sure-footed steps, the Doctor sat in complete silence for a time, then said huskily:

time, then said huskily:

"This means as much to me, old man, as it does to you."

Charley's lips were dry and his eyes moist. He stood looking at the other man in a puzzled way and finally asked a question.

"Look here, Norris, put me straight, will you? I've wondered often—first your interest in me then corrections familiar about

your face; it all makes me feel we've met somewhere. But I'm hazy about it."

"Oh, possibly we've run across

"No, I don't mean that way," Charley frowned. "You're here and I'm in Europe. Still, I can't get it out of my mind—"

The Doctor laughed. "You've had me on your mind so many months," was all he said, "that I'm apt to stick there awhile longer."
"Always," Charley choked.

"Always," Charley choked.

Exactly a year after he landed in New
York, Charley Earle, erect and steady,
walked into his physician's office for a final

examination before returning to the country "Norris," he said, when assured that his condition was first-rate, "I don't have to tell you what it means to a man never to

be able to move without pain. That's been my state for years. Before I came over here, I'd concluded that unless I found re-lief, there was just one thing left to do—

+++ the nerv winter playground

Where Roses bloom at Christmas |

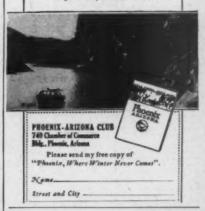
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State of Illinois, County of Cook, es.

Chiesse, Itilneis, fee October I, 1927.

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(My commission expires January 16, 1929.)

clear out. And I meant to. I was too tired to want to go on—sick of it all, finished. So you see what this means—literally, a new less on life I can't nay for that—" lease on life. I can't pay for that

The surgeon answered enigmatically: the contrary, I'm in your debt."

Charley's voice trembled a bit before

words came.

"That's a nice way to put it, but let's be honest. I owe you a lot of money. The

least I can do is settle up before I leave."

The physician leaned forward with the same anxiety he had shown on Charley's first visit.

"It's my turn to ask a favor. And I want you to grant it without question. put the matter this way? In the In the interest of science, I've been able through you to make a forward stride. Well, that wipes your debt to me off the slate. Balances things. Say fifty-fifty, and let it go at that"

Charley Earle studied him closely a sec-nd. Then in a brusque, abrupt tone came: "Science nothing! I've asked you before,

and I ask again—what the deuce did you do this for, anyway?"
Dr. Norris sat back and smiled.

"We all have queer hunches from time time," he observed in a low voice. "When you landed in New York, mine was to get hold of you and straighten you out. I've succeeded—and now I'm certain that if I take a penny for what I've done, it'll bring bad luck. Come-let's shake and close the book."

It was then, for some reason unknown, that Charley Earle had a vision. His eyes popped wide. His jaw dropped as though on a spring. His tongue moistened his lips. "Good God—" he gasped, and halted. "Good God!" And like a shot: "I know you—you're the man I kicked into the street!"

Dr. Norris met his stupefied stare with

Dr. Norris met his stupefied stare with a look of intense disappointment.

was hoping you wouldn't find out," he said presently

he said presently.

Charley's eyes pivoted round the office.
"But how—what—?" he stammered.
"You see," the Doctor explained softly,
"I had always wanted to study medicine—
from the time I was a little shaver. But when a boy is one of eight, and there's a father with a taste for liquor, the boy puts his dreams away. My father was an English valet, a gentleman's gentleman, he used to say. I was trained to follow his calling. I hated the job but never had the courage to break loose—until one day I proved myself such a rotten valet that my master kicked me out. A girl picked me up and complexy from that minut L knew. master stocked me out. A girl picked has the upand somehow, from that minute, I knew
that if I couldn't find a way to do the
thing I wanted to do, I'd be a coward who
deserved nothing but kicks the rest of my life. When I got on my feet again, that girl helped me find a position as orderly in a hospital. It gave me the chance to earn a living and study at the same time.

Eventually, I was able to work my way through college. A long tussle but worth every minute of hardship. Now do you know," Dr. Norris concluded, "why I owe you a debt I can never repay?"

"If I'd known it in the beginning," Cham-pagne Charley exploded, "damned if I'd have let you operate on me!"

HE man who had been speaking stopped I short, took a long swallow from his tinkling glass and smiled over the brim at his listeners.

"That's all," he said.

"Hey—wait a minute," the banker pro-sted. "You don't stop there! What betested. came of the girl?"

"This story was told to illustrate the dif-ference between a sense of humor and a sense of the ridiculous," was the quick reply. "It has nothing whatever to do with ro-

"The hell it hasn't!" remarked the lawyer. "No woman ever came into any story without causing trouble."

young doctor, of "She married the young doctor, of course," observed the junior partner, "and probably he'd be happier today if he were still a valet. Red-headed women are the deuce to live with."

The man who had related the story offered no information. He gazed out the links, over the silhouette of dark hills, toward the afterglow of the setting sun.

He turned as a woman in white sweater and skirt came along the veranda. She had a girl's figure and irregular fascinating features that instantly arrested attention. hair, cut in a peaked white bob, set upon her head like a silver cap. It was the superb white hair that has once been flam-

ing red.
She stopped at the table, laid a hand on

the physician's shoulder.

"I hate to tear you away, dear. You look as if you were having a gorgeous time." And to the others, who had risen, she added: And to the others, who had issen, and if if if it is boy of mine is booked to lecture to a crowd of students tonight. And if I didn't make him snatch a bite before we drive to town, he'd forget all about it."

The physician shook hands all around

suggestion of apology. When he had taken his wife's arm and gone indoors, the banker suddenly slapped the table with

a vehemence that made the glasses bounce.

"By George!" he chortled. "He told me once that his wife eloped with him twenty-three years ago. You wouldn't recall it, but I remember now the scandal of Mrs. Burke Grayson's niece, who ran away with an obscure medical student and was cut of withter the cert hy the indigenent autie."

off without a cent by her indignant auntie."
"Say—you don't mean to tell me he's
the doctor who—" began the junior partner.
"Exactly."

I'll be damned!" observed the "Well, I'll be damned!" observed other. Then in a succulent undertone: I guess a good stiff kick would put a lot of men on their feet."

THE VELOCITY OF MR. VICO

(Continued from page 69)

Some two hours later, the day's batch of pants having been finished, Mrs. De Mio gave herself over to the business of making her toilet for going out "to eat" with Mr. Vico. It took her exactly eight minutes. She gave her face, neck and ears a vigorous scrubbing at the sink, slipped the Sunday dress of black serge over her head, stepped into her other shoes, and stuck another hairpin in her hair.

Short, plump, dumpy, was Mrs. De Mio. But the lace collar on the black dress looked well. Her dusky hair waved about her face, though pulled into a hasty knot at the back of her neck; and in spite of several years of contract sewing, she didn't need any rouge.

A moment later Mrs. Ruzzi, from the floor below, stepped in for a back-door chat. Mrs. Ruzzi was not so young and comely as Mrs. De Mio.

"Mamma, she going out to rest'rant and have eat with Mr. Vico!" Angelo could hardly wait to announce this strange piece of news. "He gives us each kid a nickel!"

Mrs. Ruzzi seized upon the news with avidity. "You going to rest'rant with a mans, Rosy? Who is Mr. Vico?"

Rosy was embarrassed. "I jus' go out for little while."

"Who is Mr. Vico?"
"He jus' a mans I know."

"Where you come acquaint' with him?"

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Rosy squirmed. "Oh, I am acquaint' wit' him

him."
"You meet him at pants shop?"
"No," admitted Rosy reluctantly. "Two
days I have to carry da pants and vests.
On da street I spill dem. He pick up. He
carry. We talk. He know some places in
Sicily where I know. Nudder day after, he help me again-"

"Look out for strange mans, Rosy! Many bad mans where so crowded like Bowery and Mott Street!"

"He kind mans. He carry pantses up da all stairs for me—"
"O-o-h!"—deridingly. "What he wants

with you-you and four kids?"

That was a poser. Rosy had wondered about it herself.

Ruzzi went on: "What he wants Mrs. with old womans like you-'

"I not very old womans-I not thirty-one yet."

"Old womans like you, and four kids,"
Mrs. Ruzzi persisted. "Maybe he try to
crook that hunder' dollar you got in da
bank!"

Rosy's harried brown eyes widened. watch out."

Mrs. Ruzzi flourished her hands in scorn. "What you know about crooks? What you know how to watch out?"

ROSY turned sulky. She didn't answer. She had reached a point in life where care and poverty had so eaten into her spirit that she welcomed any deliverance, "You know about him?" Mrs. Ruzzi went on relentlessly. "He is married, no?"

Rosy did not want to admit her ignorance.
"I t'ink he not bad mans," she said largely.
"But you don' know who is he? He

work by pants?"
"No!"—in scorn. "He say—he say—he got a farms!"

"He say he got a farms! Why he down Bowery then for—with farms?" Mrs. Ruzzi threw up her hands and groaned: "Maybe he write you a Black Hand letter for that hunder' dollar, and steal da baby so you pay it!"

Rosy stiffened in terror; then, "You try for scare me!" she cried. "You t'ink Rosy muz' not have little pleasant fun some evening? Me, I have too hard! I work, work, all time, like horses! Never no fun to go out and have movies or ice-cream! Never I see no people, but jus' kids and pantses to sew! I am earn jus' so little money I 'fraid to breathe. All time I can't—"

But a knock at the door brought Rosy

to an abrupt stop, and a moment later Mr. Vico was ushered in by the attentive Angelo. "How you do, Mr. Vico," Rosy greeted him, somewhat confused. "I make you ac-quaint' wit' my friend Mrs. Ruzzi."

Mr. Vico bobbed a bit awkwardly, but with a gay smiling flash of white teeth, while Mrs. Ruzzi sharply scrutinized him.
"You have a farms?" Mrs. Ruzzi asked sepulchrally.

Mr. Vico saddened. "Yes." Gloom gath-

"But you don't stay with your farms."
"I have business to see." More gloom, with disheartened gestures.

"You think I have not a politeness if I say to ask, it is what business your work? I am the neighbor to Rosy."

Another quick gesture from Mr. Vico. "Oh, it is not like that, a work business, in a shop. I have jus' my own some business for myself a few days.

Rosy walked over and took her hat and coat from behind a red curtain which served as a closet.

"Mrs. Ruzzi, excoosa me," she said.

AT the restaurant Mr. Vico led the way into a semi-private alcove. It was no more than a stall or booth, and the res-

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taurant quite ordinary; but to Rosy, out for the first time in years, it seemed very grand.

Mr. Vico was all pleasant smiles. minestrone was set before them, he ques-tioned cryptically: "You like down here by Bowery, where is all noises and tough?"

Rosy shrugged. "No can help!" "You got no money to go some places more better?"

"I got only hunder' dollar by da bank.

So if somebody get sick—"
Rosy stopped, panic-stricken, and caught
her lip. It had slipped out, about the hundred dollars! But he didn't act like a crook! He acted so kind and polite. Mrs. Ruzzi was surely mistaken.

Rosy went on. "So much troubles wit' my all family! My Angelo making into fights, shooting da crap', getting himself tough— Excoosa me; I bodder you!" With a shy constrained smile, her rosy face still shining from the scrubbing it had received at the sink.

"You no bodder me, never!" Mr. Vico vehemently assured her. Then fixing his black eyes upon her: "Why you not get nudder mans? Can easy have nudder hosband, a woman wit' such nice lookings!"

band, a woman wit' such nice lookings!"
Rosy gazed downward in pink confusion.
"Me, I not care about nice-lookings," she faltered. "I care only to get pantses sewed for buy da rent and da eat and da clothses!"
"You is smarta womans," began Mr. Vico brightly, but Rosy interrupted:
"Excoosa me—I not ver' smart; I tell you—you find it anyhow—I get cheat' often. But you not get cheat'." Her face showed admiration. "You smarta mans!"
"Oh"—hardily: deprecatingly..."me I am

showed admiration. "You smarta mans!"
"Oh,"—hardily, deprecatingly—"me, I am
not much! But"—he winked—"I smart about one t'ing. Maybe sometime I tell you."
He paused. A waiter set the bullito be-

fore them.

"You could be more better in a country, Rosa mio, on a farms." Then starkly, abruptly, he added in his vivid way: "Why we not make pardners? How you like me
-for new hosband?"

This startling frontal attack took Rosy's breath. She looked down at her plate, moved her hands uneasily, gazed bashfully at the floor. One did not always know what to do or say! She had regarded herself for years as just a machine to furnish food and clothing to four children, and she rusty.

Mr. Vico's black eyes were fixed piercingly

upon her.

"Excoosa me," she said finally, looking confusedly into her lap. She would not have him think she had a heart of stone, yet he must be joking, for did he not know she had four children! Speech failed her.

He leaned forward and patted her hand.
"You need papa—I need wive. Why we not fix it up? You like tell me what you t'ink?"

Rosy sat motionless. One must not be too flinty; yet it seemed incredible that he should want her, with all her responsibili-ties! She would like to believe it—that a deliverance could come like this-out of the

"Excoosa me," she said again, faintly.

"Excoosa me," she said again, faintly.
"You—you—got—maybe you got—wifes?"
"My wive she dead two year," said Mr.
Vico mournfully. "I—lika have—you do
it." He was very charming when he was so wistful.

Rosy sat in wonder. It couldn't be real. It must be just a pleasant way he had of chatting with the ladies.

But she thought of one thing she could Looking up, she smiled, timidly. could back out of a smile-in case nothing was said about being married by the padre, like regular married people.

The smile seemed to electrify Mr. Vico.

He beamed upon her, reached over and clasped her hand. His spirits mounted. He

launched into gay stories about his people in Italy, his voyage across, his early hard-

Rosy's unsophisticated brown eyes shone upon him as if hypnotized. She laughed light-heartedly. What a rest it was to laugh! No one had exerted himself for her pleasure for years, and the novelty and charm of it raised the evening to celestial levels-even if his proposal turned out to be only a pleasant nothing. She felt almost like a girl. The world couldn't be so dreary to her again, with this man in it.

Rosy's compliment of sincere enjoyment went to Mr. Vico's head. His mood became festive indeed, like a celebration, all sprightliness and fire and dash.

But at last, as they finished the spumoni, he deplored: "Me, I talk too much! So nice to have nice-a womans listen, I go crazy! You get tired, so mucha talk?"

Rosy made her first long speech of the evening: "I not have good time talking, laughing, feeling young like this, for four year'. Nobody want invite Rosy out, or t'ink Rosy nice and pleasant. I not t'ink Frances me—I t'ink you ver' smarta mans to do all sucha things like those! I t'ink you do ver' good!"

A NGELO had calculated well. When Iluminate and Giovanni brought the note from Teacher the following afternoon, Rosy was well supplied with counter-irri-tants. Besides being engrossed in preparing the richest and most creamy dish of macaroni that she had ever devised, against Mr. Vico's arrival for supper, Mrs. Ruzzi was present—giving unwelcome advice.
"My Philip, he see that Vico mans go

on Black Pete's two t'ree times. bad signs!" That is

Rosy made no reply. "My Giuseppe, he hear from Luigi Calsibetto, who is policemans now, that they looking for t'ree bad Sicilian mans that got machines for make crook money

Rosy still preserved a stony silence.

"This man, he means no good by you, Rosy.... For what he wants marry a womans with four kids? So to have more kids—a whole houseful? No! Something else he want. You jus' t'ink he wants marry you. You look out! You have more childerns yet, you don't watch out-and no husband neither!"
"I watch out!"

"What for he wants so much troubles as four childerns extra, with a wife, when he can get plenty wifes without four childerns?" "Maybe he like me."

"Oh!"—with hands gesticulating scornfully. He can like anybody—a mans can! You oo foolish! Did he know you have four

"Yes, he ask me."
"Ask you!" Mrs. Ruzzi was fairly beside herself. "Maybe he is one of hospital doctors that takes childerns to try cutting and doctoring on, for sample! Maybe he wants find childerns to teach begging, or to crook from pockets!"

It was at this crisis that Giovanni and Iluminato knocked at the door.

Angelo sprang to open it.
Rosy received the note in total abstraction, tossed it into the knife-box and forgot it. Mrs. Ruzzi proceeded: "He know you got no money. He know you need money-

"I not need money! I got a hunder' dollar

"You tell him you got a hunder' dollar?"

"You tell him!" Up went Mrs. Ruzzi's hands in wildest horror. "Oh, Rosy! You You jus' got nobody home in your head!

Rosy paused wearily. "You say I old womans!" "You is old womans with baby's head! He know you is like baby! He get that hunder' dollar from you!"
"No, no!" cried Rosy. "He not like that!

And there is my Angelo; he need man-papa for boss-

"Did the man say like this-to marry-

by the padre?"
"He's not say like that, but I think he mean it.'

This was the last straw! Mrs. Ruzzi, inarticulate, left in despair.

THE next week was a hectic one for Angelo both at home and at school. Teacher was giving him "a chance" since he was behaving so well, and not pushing the matter of the note. But Angelo felt he was putting up with all sorts of humiliations— taking slaps meekly, and sarcasm and extra

taking slaps meekly, and sarcasm and extra work, even staying after school!

The boys teased him because he was punished so much—and he must not fight them! Teacher had declared solemnly she would put him back in a lower class if he got into any more fights!

At home his mother was doing unheard-of things—going to movies with Mr. Vico—leaving Angelo to mind the children, to sew

leaving Angelo to mind the children, to sew pants much, and to do a large share of the housework!

become fitful, absent-minded,

She had become fitful, absent-minded, singing old Italian love-songs, deserting her sewing any time to go out with this Vico. But Angelo, with the number of nickels behind the clock mounting steadily, had a good opinion of Mr. Vico. Yet several times now, he had seen Mr. Vico in Black Pate's Life fact Angelo sether hung about Pete's. In fact, Angelo rather hung about the place, fascinated, curious, wondering just Black Pete was tough.

Saturday morning came. Angelo, out hunting wood, had picked up the remains of orange boxes in a roadway three blocks down the Bowery and had stowed them in the sack strapped to his back, when two boys his own size called out: "Hi there, you guy, lookit! Give us that wood! We getting all the wood on this block!"

Angelo was dumfounded. They meant the wood in his sack! "I got it first" he

the wood in his sack! "I got it first," he answered.

"You give it or we knock you cock-eyed!" They advanced toward him. He

stood still, quite calmly and firmly.

They didn't just like the look in his eye, nor the easy way he stood his ground.

"Our gang, we taking all the wood here."
"Out in da street belong to ever body," returned Angelo mildly. "I take to my returned Angelo mildly. mudder."

"You can't take, you rat! We make bonfire."

You make bonfire, cops get after you." The nearest boy thumbed his nose at cops in general, doubled his fists and boldly made a lunge at Angelo, who stepped easily aside and let the boy fall forward.

"I knock your block off!" shouted the

other boy, but warily kept his distance.

Angelo wasted no energy in speech, but reached over like a casual bit of lightning

reached over like a casual and slapped the boy's face.

Right here the boy began to suffer from indecision. He didn't like Angelo's set look indecision. indecision. He didn't like Angelo's set look nor the feel of his muscles. "You hold him, Red, while I grab his wood," he compromised.

Red made a half-hearted attempt on Angelo from the rear.

Angelo, bag still on back, turned like a Angelo, bag still on back, turned like a young panther, and whacked him between the eyes. He had had much practice in straight aiming, and he did a thorough job. Then he started for his other adversary,

who had stepped out of reach; for in the twinkling of an eye, from nowhere, three more of their gang had materialized behind

"Youse guys hold him," one cried, "and I'll take his wood."

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this younger set to settle the cigarette question exactly as they settle their hard-fought games - on the sporting principle of "may the best win!"



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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE col Information. Be sure to state for boy or girl, age, location deddress Director, Department of Ed-420 Lexington Ave., New York City.



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The boldest of the newcomers made a feint at Angelo, got too close, and went down like a log. The others, careful now, rushed him together.

Angelo ducked; but the wood on his back

retarded him and he sank on one knee, giving the nearest one a chance to land on his nose. Angelo was back like a wildcat thoroughly angry now at the sight of blood. The speed of his return surprised them. Nothing could stop that cyclonic rush. He was like a coiled steel spring.

Two drunken men got in the way. They served as a shield for Angelo. Down went the boy on the left. Angelo had landed on his chin. Back dodged the boy on the right, as Angelo's foot shot out to trip him. While the third hesitated, Angelo took to his heels.

"Our gang get you yet, you rat!" they

called derisively.

Arriving at his own block, his friends helped him wash off the blood at the horsetrough, and to "slick up" generally. His mother would become noisy enough to start a riot, over the merest scratch.

They couldn't get the blood off his blouse, but a safety pin fixed up a large rent.

As he opened the door of his home, he

I got lots such nice woods!" and tried to slip quietly over to the wood-box.

His tone and manner made Rosy look up.

"Oh!" she shrieked at her noisiest. "You ave nudder fight! Your blouse is got have nudder fight! Your pantses is ripped!"—they had blood. overlooked that! "How your face clean? You is white as a goat!" Rosy's voice was rising higher with each sentence. "You is maybe bleeding in da heart and it come out on da blouse!"

She tore at the buttons of his shirt. Angelo laughed a bit hollowly. "It "It only

my nose! I not hurt. Some boys try to take da wood away. I no let."

Rosy wrung her hands. "Oh, how I can You get kill sometimes! Oh, my God! It was trucks not to get run overand now it is fightings! Now da Teach' put you back!'

Angelo looked frightened for a moment. Then, "No," he returned, "them boys no go on our school."

BUT alas, the wood conflict was fated to grow, was taken up by partisans of each side, and threatened to develop into real trouble between rival gangs.

Then a rumor of the feud reached Teacher, and Angelo's demotion was decreedeed-set for To be put November first, a week away. To be put back among smaller children—that was the thing every boy's pride balked at!

Albeit, now came a morning at the De Mio home when they hardly knew their mother, so gay and smiling and different she seemed with the dawn-working hard on a new dress for herself; no black, such as she had been wearing for years, but a soft navy-blue with gray—the gray having been left over from a frock of Teeny's.

A very sketchy breakfast they were given; then Angelo was dispatched for Mrs. Ruzzi.

"He meant marry by the padre all the time!" Rosy greeted her friend, holding up a plain ring. "Tomorrow morning it is, already!"

Mrs. Ruzzi looked more apprehensive than "Why he in such hurry

Rosy did not know.
"It not look good," said Mrs. Ruzzi.

Angelo left for school in a joyful state of ind. He could "stay out" tomorrow for the wedding! All the boys did it—came back and said coolly to an incensed teacher: make a wedding yesterday, so I mus' stay home."

T was early morning of the day of Rosy's projected wedding to Mr. Vico.

The plan was to be married at ten o'clock, at the little church near by. Then they

would spend the day packing to go with Mr. Vico to a vague place in the country, where there-were trees aplenty, and grass and fields and meadows and cows.

Rosy had been very hazy on the detailshad not quite understood them. She knew nothing about American geography, so had not attempted to retail information. She too well that she was likely knew only be misunderstood. But she trusted Mr. with absolute faith.

Angelo, however, had in the last twelve hours gathered a few details about "farms

for himself.

He sat still, in rapture, and thought of them. Sat and pictured tall green trees beside a brook—a little brook chattering along between grassy banks.

That picture in the reader had not been a lie after all! Mr. Vico had said so. A man with so many nickels must know. Angelo doubted, though, if such wonderful good fortune could really come to him. It was too much like the fairy tales in his reader.

Rosy, however, would not let him sit dreaming long. He must help get a hurried breakfast for the children, then clean them up and dress them while his mother straightened up their two rooms and dressed herself.

"Teeny, stop teasing wit' da baby!" Rosy must pause to admonish. "Tony, wash da dish' fast!—Baby, eata some oatmeal. Make her drinka da milk, Angelo. Wash Teeny's neck, Angelo; she never get clean. . . . Teeny, where you put the velvet rose you get from ten cent stops for my dress?"

get from ten-cent store for my dress?"

Meanwhile, through the other homes in the building-all Italian, save one Polish family -ran a current of excitement, gathering volume as it swept from flat to flat.

Mrs. Ruzzi's eldest daughter, who could read an American newspaper so easily that she did it for pleasure, had come across a half-column telling of a marital crime in a distant State: A strange man had married a woman, insured her life, and later on had poisoned her and collected the insurance. This news item ran over the building like

wildfire

Something must be done before Rosy's wedding, to find out about this stranger. It was much too queer that this unknown man-good-looking and still in the early thirties-should want to marry poor Rosy

with her four children, and in such a hurry!
Rosy had no people in America except a
cousin who had moved to Buffalo. Maybe the man wanted a woman without relatives, so that no one would keep track of what became of her!

Her neighbors, then, must interfere. A little knot of them gathered in the hall and lapsed into excited Italian, only to be prodded back to English by the Pole, who was out of work, and able to take a hand.

Joe Baroni, son-in-law to Mrs. Ruzzi, and

more efficient than the rest, seized a pail and went for the milk. He walked past the hang-out of the district captain, found that political nabob on the corner, unengaged, and mentioned the matter to him

"You're a good friend of ours, Joe, always votin' right—tell you what I'll do— Or it'd be quicker if you went over to the Mott Street Station yourself, just a couple blocksand tell one of the men bout this stranger. They was on the watch for two-three fellas bout like this bird you speak of. . . . Oh, here comes—aint that Dutch Berger comin' along there?—Hey, Du-utch! Come here." Come here."

A plain-clothes man detached himself from the crowd and stepped into the doorway where the two were now talking.

"Here, Joe, you tell Dutch about it, and he'll 'tend to it. I'll jest step along 'bout something I got to see to."

Joe related the case to the plain-clothes man. "All right, Tony—I mean Joe—I'll look into it. Calls himself Vico and hangs round Black Pete's, you say. I bet he's the guy we've had our eye on."

"If you don't find something queeck, he get marry this morning with Rosy going get De Mio!"

"Gosh, but he's a speedy worker! I'll look into it right away. Better delay the wedding if you can manage it somehow.'

A T nine-thirty a group of Rosy's neighbors stood in a knot in the hall, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Vico. He would come to accompany the bride to the church.

At nine-forty Mr. Vico came springing up

the stairs, clothed in a new black suit, a rose in his buttonhole, his mustaches parting over a broader, more brilliant smile than usual.

The delegation let him go on; then after

The delegation let him go on; then after an excited colloquy, they followed, and knocked at Rosy's door.

Filing in, they informed Mr. Vico, partly in Italian, partly in Polish, and mostly in broken English, that they had come to hold up the wedding in Rosy's interests, until they knew more about him.

they knew more about him.

"Why you marry so queeck?" Baroni was
the spokesman. "Why you pick womans
wit' all dese kids and wit' no papa or mamma

to her? She our neighbor. She nice womans."
"We no t'ink you no crook," put in another
cautiously, knowing well the excitability of his own race. "You look like honest mans,

like good mans—"
But Mr. Vico did nothing violent. His black mustaches again parted over the white teeth in his brilliant smile. He sat upon the

edge of the table, one leg swinging.
"I tell you," he said good-naturedly. "Maybe you not believe. It sound ver' funny.

be you not beneve. It sound ver runny. A glad Rosy got such good neighbors I got good neighbors too—tha's why I come. Me, I no eata kids!" He laughed. "I have a farms wit' no good road—my five neighbors, too—we is all back where is no good road. We have to go 'cross on top of siver and extra three mile aroun' beriver and extra three mile aroun', be cause we can no make county put a road for us. Potat', milk, hay, pig', veg'table', berrie', we haul three mile extra and mus' come back again three mile extra. The price she drop before we get haul'!

"The romething was first out. The school."

price she drop before we get haul?!

"Then something we find out. The school law say road mus' be put, if dere is kids to go to da school. But my neighbors' kids all growed up and big!" Mr. Vico's hands gestured upward. "Me, I got no kids; my wife she die two year. My neighbors of my farms say to me: 'Vico, you young buck, go get yourself marry to a widow mit' five childern! Then we get road put through easy, so kids can go at da school. School law maka dem open da road!"

"I say: 'Well, I jus' ol' bach'. I like have womans. I need kids to milka da cows and picka da berrie' and da potat'. I like kids always. Lotsa fun from kids! I

like kids always. Lotsa fun from kids! I lonesome for kids and wive.'
"I t'ink: 'I should love some womans.

I'll love womans wit' kids!'

"I say, 'All right, I do it !—and my neigh-bors they all chip in twent'-five dollars each one, and give me for present—so I come to

city—where is plenty peoples.

"I t'ink four kids more better than five, so I pick Rosy. Me, I lova da kids too—I lova everabody!" He gave his eager infectively. "Oh me, I so happy—I got now tious laugh. "Oh, me, I so happy—I got now dis nice-a Rosy, and dis nice-a kids!" Mr. Vico's audience was dumfounded—

speechless with admiration before the beauty

of this devising, if true.

But it sounded too unreal—much too

"Why you go at Black Pete's so much—where is gambling and crooks and tough

where he gambing and crooss and tough gangs—where they making bad money—"
"O—oh! So—o! You t'ink I am make bad money! You not believe what I tell—"
Mr. Vico's volatile temperament rose to this like a rocket. He leaped from the table, the light lines his muscles tight-lipped, his eyes flashing, his muscles tensing ominously, ablaze with indignation. "You t'ink I am like crooks what's at





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Black Pete's? Me, I am honest all time!" One hand beat his breast in emphasis. "I am never crook! What you t'ink! Corpo di Bacco!"

He broke into rapid Italian, into pletives. He grabbed the nearest auditor roughly by the lapels of his coat; angrily he shook a hardy fist under the man's nose. The next man, who was undersized and somewhat a weakling, reached around to the table and got his fingers on a hammer.

The others threw up their hands in mollification. They quickly disclaimed any sus-picions against him, Baroni adding lamely: "It jus' not seem for real, what you say. We know you go to Black Pete's all time—"
"O—oh! But once I know Black Pete in

Italy—on da same house—when he is boy. I go for talk about peoples I know! Black Pete, he like. He forget he is tough. We is like some boys! We laugh! He hold on my arm—he say all time: 'Come tomorrow in!' I am lonesome on my farme I co I am lonesome on my farms. I
.. So-o! You t'ink I look crook-

The trouble seemed starting all over again, when there came a noise of rattling at the door. It opened, and the plain-clothes man called Dutch stepped in.

A partial silence fell, as Dutch began to

"The district captain ast me to drop

round. Joe, here, is a good friend of his."

Dutch paused a moment to look casually over the group, then picking out his man, walked up to him.

Mr. "Congratulations, Vico." shaking that excited individual by the hand. "Just looked in to say that your neighbors upstate have a very high opinion of you, Vico. Talked with them over the long-distance. I didn't give anything away about the wedding, either. You can surprise them vourself.'

With this sudden vindication and this friendly handshake, Mr. Vico's rancor evaporated as quickly as it had risen. Before the others had recovered from this succession of surprises, he was his old gay self again-back

on the edge of the table, swinging one foot.
"Oh, I got such a nice-a farms! Such

nice-a tree' and grass!" His eyes shone.
"Forty-six acre'. Da kids, they like! Kids
be more better in country. I take good care
of Rosy and kids!"

He looked around at Angelo. "Kids help me and I help kids. We be all happy up in country-not like Bowery.

Mrs. Ruzzi turned with abruptness and went quickly down the stairs. Before the others had had a chance to do more than mumble a few words, she returned, carrying a roll of woolen dress-goods. This she handed to Rosy with a smile. "I lika you to have for present," she said shyly. "We maka da mistake."

Tears sprang into Rosy's eyes. "No, no! You've buy that cloth to make yourself for dress!" she exclaimed. "I no take! You dress!" she exclaimed. "I no take! You good neighbor to me, Mrs. Ruzzi."

Mrs. Ruzzi shoved the cloth into Rosy's arms. "You take!" she said, a tear starting

to her own eyes. "I missa you!"

Mr. Vico sprang up, gesturing. "You come all up da country—you come see us—to visit!" he cried warmly.

Came another knock at the door, this time

came another knock at the door, this time heavy, imperative. Mrs. Ruzzi opened. On the threshold stood two small boys.

"Da Teach', she send us," began Iluminato. "Angelo no come at da school dis morning. Da Teach' she no like!"

Giovanni, wishing to share in the talking, broke in. "If all de guys wouldn't came, they should brang their mothers! I think she put him back in smallest kids, if he wouldn't came!"

And now arrived Angelo's moment of triumph. He emerged from the side of the cupboard, where he had parked himself out of harm's way.

"I never go at that school no more!" said Angelo loftily. "We getting married today. This afternoon we go live in a country. Tell Teacher I no like that school." He was now quite lofty indeed. "I never coming back!"

The awed Giovanni and Illuminato backed

out of the room. "Now we go at the church and get marry queeck!" said Mr. Vico.

MILLIONS BANKRUPT

(Continued from page 71)

penalize all rich men who intrust their penaize all rich men who intrust their affairs to the admirable management of trust companies. These institutions that collect dividends and interest and stand like sentries over one's investments have released to irresponsible leisure scores of men who in better days made an occupation of protecting their possessions. Now, like myself, they wander hither and thither over the face of golf-links or the earth, wondering why the zest and savor have disappeared from life and they become but wheels revolving in a vacuum. I be-gin to suspect wisdom in the ardor of cer-tain of my associates who stick so closely to their banking houses, submerging good brains in details their clerks could man-age better. For the moment I envy the men who direct the multitudinous far-flung affairs of the great corporations in which my own capital is tied up. Even the fat spiders who hover hour by hour over the tape manipulating the rise and fall of their security familiars, are established on rou-tines which lend color to a holiday. It is a truth: vacations unbounded by time get lost in space; when there is nothing to come home to, going away is not worth while. There rises in my mind the panorama of

weeks I spent at Palm Beach this winter with my brother-refugees. If those who envy our ease in that concocted para-dise could but know the monotony of it the languid breakfast at noon, the swim and cocktails, cocktails and the over-elaborate luncheon at which I talk to the wife of an intimate or enemy in the set

phraseology of the interests we have in Earnestly we debate the respeccommon. tive merits of this or that architect or the number of bedrooms with bath in soor whether Joe can really and-so's palace, afford the million his marble bathing-pavilion cost. I learn that Fred's catch of kingfish yesterday was the best of the season and that Rupert's new steam yacht on which we had tea yesterday is inferior to the one John picked up for a song in Hamburg two years ago. I listen to whis-pers that Henry's wife is fed up over his attentions to that dazzling brunette and talks divorce—and this endlessly bandied back and forth. I escape to golf, but thereafter ensues the tea round with danc-ing at the club or at some one of the costly villas strung like pearls along the Bevies of underdressed flappers coast. mechanically seductive grass widows babble the same stuff and nonsense and will redecant it later into my tired ears at dinner. Ever the reiteration of faultless background, historic tapestries, arabesqued walls, pedigreed china and silver, antique damasks and rugs, all taken for granted and unnoted like the vintage champagne and the exquisite plats of the chef. It is gobble, gabble and rush—some to the neargoodie, gabble and rush—some to the near-est chemin-de-fer sanctuary, or to craps at a thousand dollars a throw, or bridge at two dollars per point. On the dancing floors amid the blare of jazz still others pursue tonight's love. Day after day, night after night, the selfsame distracted restless scramble! restless scramble!

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Perhaps it is curious that in periods of desperation I have not sought that favorite outlet for overmuch money and surplus time—women. Ages ago in Bogotá I was fascinated by a beautiful blonde Spaniard, daughter and heiress of an aristocratic family there. A pure type, reserved, rather haughty, I courted her with respectful devotion for months. I had letters to her father, and though the Panama trouble was even then brewing, I was given the hospitality of the home. It seemed the traditional exclusiveness of the household had been bent for the benefit of this particular gringo, and in my young conceit desperation I have not sought that favorite ricular gringo, and in my young conceit
I attributed this good fortune to the score
of my personal worth. One night she
asked me in her lisping English a question about the progress of a negotiation on which I was then engaged. Mind, I had never whispered my affairs to her, had never whispered my affairs to her, for there seemed better things to discuss. I was born skeptic, I suppose. The question aroused my suspicion, because it bore on a secret that only I and another knew. I told her a lie. Next day I discovered that the head of the family, her grandfather, was chief of the syndicate that had rooked my father and was now conspiring to oust me from the property. I never went back. Perhaps the girl was innocent, but the experience bit deep. Thereafter it but the experience bit deep. Thereafter it was easy to brush aside the blandishments that accommodating beauties and their

that accommodating beauties and their diplomatic parents spread in my path.

They called me a misogynist there, but it was neither virtue nor callousness that explained my behavior. It was caution. I had as hot blood as any vigorous youth of my years, but the trick that so nearly ruined my prospects cooled my ardor for all time. I learned the priceless lesson of objectivity—to suspect and scrutinize moobjectivity—to suspect and scrutinize mo-tives, not to move without survey and cal-culation and never to be wholly convinced. If I have missed gay adventure and the perfume of romance, I have escaped ad-venturesses. I am dubbed hard and frigid, but no woman is wearing my jewels and keeping another man on the proceeds of my purchase of her charms. And when I see around me the wrecks that strew the reefs of amorous intrigue, I am gratified for that degree of self-control or apathy that leaves me deaf to the call of the sirens.

I HAVE alluded to the excellent lady who bears my name, in terms that might be interpreted as supercilious. I should be misunderstood if I be thought to lack respect for that admirable housekeeper and mother who presides so graciously at my dinner-table. My wife is the eldest daughter of a Western railway president whose system I combined with another, to my own and their great benefit. In the inspection we made of the trackage, she acted as her father's secretary, and I observed in her traits of character that fitted the design I had drawn for a type of woman with whom I could live in comfort and leave with safety. For a free-lance operator ranges the world and is on the wing for months at a time. This ideal specified patience and tact and a willingspect for that admirable housekeeper and specified patience and tact and a willing-ness to make the best of what affection I had to spend in the home stretches of my activities. My wife has dignity, lacks sen-timental vagaries, and is kind, even gentle. She would be the most excellent of nurses should. I gratify her maternal intrincts should I gratify her maternal instincts by being ill, but she does not fuss. With her management of our homes or our children I do not interfere. She has no material wish unfulfilled, and I respect her as one of my most competent aides. In-tellectually we have little in common; morally I am sure she is an angel. In her I have a friendly partner who, satis-fied with the practical advantages of her



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enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

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ntly, without pain, operation or discountering in the straight. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, tent, is easy to adjust: its results will soon from further humiliation, and improve your from further humiliation, and improve your from further humiliation, and improve your from further humiliation.

TRILETY, SPECIALIST Binghamton, N. Y. position, does not demand expressions of passionate love I do not feel. Dealing with the actual facts of a case

within my own knowledge, register here a protest against the hypocrisy that cloaks the realities of the marriage state as it exists among us. I am in revolt against oversentimentalizing a relation that owes its permanence to biology and the social needs of the individual. The incident of happiness is another category— it is perhaps an idiosyncrasy. If I de-—it is perhaps an idiosyncrasy. If I de-clare I do not love my wife, I am thought a brute; yet how much higher the compliment to her when after eighteen years together I declare that the bond of respect and affection endures between us. It is my work that is my life, as it is that of every man who accomplishes things She is an accompaniment, desirable, useful

but not essential to my processes.

Men of great affairs like to know well
those to whom they intrust remote investments; so I have spent much time in town houses and country places, living their lives in the intervals between discussing our projects. Admitting it to be a narrow and specialized world, and that my generalities had no statistical value, I found in most instances marital relations seemed founded on every other reason save love. I seldom encountered the semblance of partner-ship or equality between husband and wife. One or the other was the supe-rior. If the wife, she cultivated her spe-cial interests and left the man to his own friends and devices. Appearances were sedulously preserved but observance of fidelity, it appeared, rested largely on in-dividual feeling.

Scores of instances of incompatibility dom encountered the semblance of partner-

and incongruity spring to memory—hus-bands and wives held together by fear of scandal, for the profitable marriage of a daughter, to protect some false position or insure a legacy—often living under the same roof-tree with never a word between them save when I or some other promoter or customer was being entertained. I met the submissive wife and the dominant husband who boasted of her adoration. Such cases are pathological. I recall the house-hold of a smart French financier who lived with his wife on terms of the liveliest affection, which indeed she deserved. Yet this man had two mercenary mistresses on whom he lavished greater attention and a larger generosity. In none of these houses was business discussed before women, for it was taken for granted that useful conversation could be carried on only among those who knew the facts.

HAVE seen my contemporaries hunting money as a bloodhound follows a scent; others pursuing a rival as pitilessly as Apaches on the trail. I know miserly millionaires who hoard as bees hive honey. the plutocrat who thrust his fortune on the Metropolitan Museum, though he had never entered its doors. If I were still never entered its doors. If I were still the Presbyterian I was born, I should find in predestination the cause and justification for all such forms of automatism. do not dispute the unknown force that shapes our ends-fate; but in my own instance I discover sound reason to think that I exercised a measure of volition. I have always proceeded by plan and calculated angles of approach. If in my projects I have headed straight for a goal, it was because I had surveyed the way and knew the best route. Not indifference but the weight of my purpose left me resistant to diversion. Let me say it is larger sport to score off an opponent in the stock-market than on the billiard-table, and that a battle for control of a railway system involves more strategy than any chess master ever applied.

I am willing to credit nature for my aptitude but not its exertion. I had a good mind, but it was I who used and made it serve my will. This will was applied in the furtherance of such purposes as seemed good in the world of which I am a part. I have captured its prizes, money and power. I am rich and trained in the exercise of authority: a graduate of life, I have nothing to do.

WOLF WOMAN THE

(Continued from page 38)

dodging thunderclouds in plane cockpits,

dodging thunderclouds in plane cockpits, the sky-flying fools!"

It was Gail who waved this wearily aside as irrelevant.

"But the Cavers," she was protesting to her father, "were never that kind."

"Well, they seem to be getting up-to-date!" averred the rubicund old man in tweeds.

tweeds

"Shut up," cried the harried Caver as he pounded the bell to call a servant. And when a maroon-clad footman had appeared in the doorway, that impassive-faced tor was commanded to find Joan Caver and fetch her to the library.

JOAN had refused to come, at first, but she responded, in the end to her father's repeated and more summary message. walked slowly into the shadowy and silent room with an empty and long-stemmed cigarette-holder of green jade held between her slightly tremulous fingers, and a look her slightly tremulous ingers, and a look of antagonism in her opal-green eyes. The girl's face, Caver had noticed, was white as paper, with blue shadows under her faintly luminous eyes and the Caver lines of sullenness about rebellious lips slightly pinched with worry and perhaps something more than worry. But there was audacity, more than worry. But there was audacity, and something more than audacity, in the cool glance with which she inspected the

unhappy quartet so silently awaiting her.

Caver, even in that untimely moment, had been acutely conscious of her beauty. She impressed him as wordlessly fragile and finished, as complete and self-contained as

the softly tinted amphora on his mantelshelf beyond the dark-wooded reading-table. She reminded him of porcelain, of something smooth and brilliant but quite table. impenetrable. It was the hardness, he re-membered, of the newer generation, the de-flecting shell of sophistication that left her inaccessible to even the more intimate hand he was at that very moment longing to reach out to her. For, with all that shadowy wisdom about her eyes, she seemed singularly untried and intense and at war with herself. But what most wrung his heart was her sense of isolation, of standing alone in a world which she was so foolishly

alone in a work trying to flout. "Well, what is it?" she had asked with "Well, what're you her quietly challenging smile.

Caver wanted to pity her. But he knew only too well she would refuse to accept his pity. It was Gail who, after getting up and once more walking to the window, swung half-angrily about on her younger

"The more important question," she cried, "is what you're going to do with yourself."

"I thought I'd done about enough," was her curtly restless retort. And it brought a cruel enough counter-retort from the in-

dignant Gail, whose breast was heaving under her absurdly opulent pearls. "Somebody ought to shoot the dirty dog!" her. Uncle Ellis was muttering, obviously following his own floundering line of thought. And that brought Joan's

glacial green eye about to her uncle's plump

and purplish-brown face.
"Apple-sauce!" she ejaculated with quiet scorn. "That stuff, old dear, went out with ankle-length skirts. His family might as well talk about shooting me."

"You mean you knew what you were doing, all along?"
"Why shouldn't I?" she demanded.

Aunt Agatha was crying openly, by this time, and lugubriously protesting through her sobs that the poor thing ought to be taken as far away as possible. And Caver was almost glad when the shrill of the telephone on the dark-wooded table interrupted their foolish and futile bick-

"Answer that," he said to Gail, who was seated next to the table-end.

GAIL, having wiped her eyes, took up the receiver. Her voice, as she spoke into the instrument, was quiet but a trifle thick and her jeweled fingers toyed with a gold-handled paper-knife. But Gail's a gold-handled paper-knife. But Gail's eyes, as she sat there, had widened per-ceptibly and the color had slowly ebbed from her face. And her hand was shaking as she gropingly restored the receiver to its

"It's-it's too awful!" she gasped as she rose to her feet, one hand resting on the

ble-edge.
"What's wrong?" demanded Caver, half-

way out of his chair.

But his older daughter disregarded that question. She turned slowly about until she faced the moodily impassive Joan.

"It's about Ronny," she said, trying to

control her voice.
"What's happened to the dog?" barked

out her Uncle Ellis, tugging at his collar.
"Everything—everything's too late now!"

she cried in a voice oddly thinned with desperation.

desperation.

"What are you talking about?" demanded Caver, stopping halfway with his hand out for the phone.

"Ronny's dead," she answered, her eyes, now quite dry, still fixed on the girl with the green jade tube in her hand. "He crashed in his plane, between here and Princeton. He—he was burned to a crisp."

Joan Caver put the jade green tube down.

Joan Caver put the jade green tube down table-end.

"I thought something like that would ppen," she said with a quietness that happen," brought their startled glances up to her

"Do you mean he killed himself?" came in a bellow from the older man in the golf

"I didn't say that," protested the un-naturally cool-eyed girl. "But he was worried and reckless and ready enough to take a chance when he saw it."

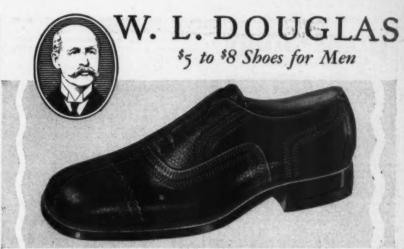
Caver was compelled to turn away from her, to turn away with something danger-

ously close to a shudder.
"How did it happen?" he quaveringly demanded of his older daughter, who had subsided white and weak into a wing-chair.

"Nobody seems to know, except that he went up from the Princeton field right after luncheon" answered Gail setting better answered Gail, getting better herself as she went on. "He was control of herself as she went on. control of herself as she went on. "He was flying alone, Colton said, and intended to make Mitchel Field. But his engine failed, just before he got to Burrowton, and people there said he seemed to be trying to make a forced landing on the golf-course. But he came down in a nose-dive, not twenty wards from the club house and and the yards from the club-house, and—and the fire started before anyone could get out to

It was Joan's voice that broke the silence.

now nobody will need to shoot him," she observed with ice-cold bitterness.
"That's ghastly—to say a thing like that," cried the quiveringly indignant Gail.
"But you've just implied that he did



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everything at a most inconsiderate time," contended the white-faced Joan. It was then that she turned to her Uncle Ellis, who was pacing back and forth muttering, "Sky-flying fools!" She seemed the one person in the room who was able to keep her head.

"Please stop that patrolling," she pro-sted. "You see, it makes me rather tested. nervous."

"But what in God's name can we do now?" demanded Gail, shaken by a small chill. "How can we keep people from knowing what's happened to us?"

"To ns!" scoffed the slender-bodied girl beside the bridge-lamp. Her laugh was still brittle and mirthless as she turned her still brittle and mirthless as she turned her back on them and confronted her harried father. "I guess, Dad, you'd better get me away from here. For I certainly don't intend to nest much longer in this round-house of whiners. There's not much for me to do now but swallow my medicine. So I'd like you to take me up to Trailend Camp until-until everything's over."

SHE was able to smile at the surprise that showed on their faces. She even looked about for a chair, and half-wearily seated herself, as though a trifle tired of it all.

"Why, you'd die up there," blurted out her Uncle Ellis, "alone in the backwoods!" "But the Caver name would remain un-sullied in the Social Register," proclaimed the pallid-cheeked girl in the over-ornate

Italian chair.

"You positively make me hate you," cried Gail, "when you—" But Caver cut her short.
"And after that?" he asked, achieving

a shadow of his own daughter's quietness. "That, I think, must remain entirely my own affair."

"But there's Allan Somer to remember," he reminded her, recalling a disturbing enough picture of the intensity with which this girl, for all her youth, had attached herself to the one man who had seemed

able to save her from herself.
"I haven't forgotten him," was Joan's quietly spoken reply. And Caver, for a moment, was able to catch a recurring wave of intensity in the morose girlish eyes that met his. It impressed him, even as he remembered how it was an instinct for every man to protect and fight for his own flesh and blood, that the ways of Destiny were inscrutably dark and tangled. She was his own daughter, but she had always remained slightly incomprehensible to him. She may have gone her own way, as was the newfangled habit of women, but she had the habit of getting what she wanted.

"You've certainly broken a good man's heart," her Aunt Agatha was inconsequentially sobbing into the inadequate hand-kerchief with the black border.

"Bunk!" Joan murmured with noted insolence. And her face, even though colorless, was quiet enough as she turned back to her father. "The sooner we can decide on what I'll need and he on our way the better it'll suit me." She spoke with a matter-of-factness that was not

without its shadow of fortitude.

"You're willing to go up there?" he sashed, startled by this unexpected valor.

"I haven't much choice, have I?"

"But you understand what it means," persisted her father, "five hundred miles



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away from what you have here, from

everything you're used to?"
"I wish it was five thousand miles away from what I have here," was her listlessly hostile answer.

Caver, as a man of the world, had always favored quick decisions. And he had no intention, in this case, of prolonging the agony.

"All right," he abruptly announced.
"We'll get out of here before the weekend. You can wait over a day or two at Duck Landing until I get those camp quarters fitted up for a woman. Will you want to take your own maid?"

"Most certainly not."

"Then a trained nurse?" Her thin and wintry smile did not escape

him. "I'd prefer nobody until they're actually needed."

'It will be a bit lonely up there," he reminded her.

"Like doing time," she rather grimly suggested. Her hard little laugh grated on him. Yet he was sorry for her, with all her selfishness. He remained oppressed by a sense of inadequacy as he sat staring at the embattled small figure in chiffon. He even nursed an impulse to throw all the others out of the room and take her in his arms and comfort her, or try to comfort her. But he knew that she would be averse to any such advances, that she would whip him back with one of her hard little wise-cracking speeches. She was a woman now, and there were reserva-tions that had to be respected, even by a father.

It was only for a moment, when they were alone half an hour later, that the veil was lifted.

"I don't want Allan to know," she had

said with altogether unlooked-for intensity.
"Good God, girl, nobody must know!"
he had blurted out before he could give much thought to that speech of hers.

CAVER moved restlessly in his none too comfortable chair of willow boughs, as though to shake from his shoulders the last of those accumulated memories. He even sighed as he gazed out on the slowly paling pinelands. But his wandering gaze focused itself, a moment later, on a dark figure that moved between him and the opalescent bay-water. This figure, he saw, was Aurora Mary, making her leisured way down to the boat-landing with her black-faced husky at her heels. she seated herself on a nail-keg, There with her back against a neatly piled stack of stove-wood. She was carrying what appeared to be a battered old bellows-accordion, and having settled herself comfortably, she balanced that strange instrument between her parted knees and proceeded to wring music from its reeds.

Caver, as he listened, was prompted to agree with the husky-dog as to the nature of that music. For Pancake, as the blithely solemn chords rolled forth, raised a protesting nose to the evening stars and gave utterance to a series of dismal howls. But there were others, apparently, who liked it, others beside the rapt and rhythliked it, others beside the rapt and rhyth-mically swaying Aurora Mary. He could see red-sashed Mike Faubert moving irresolutely out towards the water-front, followed by Indian Joe and a stumbling méti stripling, who was followed in turn by a rotund old squaw with a yellow and scarlet blanket over her shoulders. They dispersed themselves about the landing, sitting silent and motionless as the swaying figure on the nail-keg rhapsodically but none too adeptly poured out to them the strains of "Sweet Adeline" and "Old Black Joe" and "The Bells of St. Mary."

It impressed the man from the city as simple and unschooled to the verge of bar-

barism. It seemed aboriginal in its crudity. But, in the lonely northern twilight, it took on a wistfulness of its own, a salvag-ing dignity that could not be altogether laughed down. And the dusky girl on the nail-keg could not be regarded as alto-gether ridiculous. She seemed to acquire, in that mellowing light, the glamour of far-off things, uncouth and untamed and slightly incomprehensible. And when slightly incomprehensible. And when Caver went to bed he couldn't help wondering, as he fell asleep, what that young backwoods musician would do with the seldom-awakened pipe-organ in his town house on Park Avenue.

Chapter Three

THE next morning Caver awoke with such an unexpected sense of well-being that he nursed a not unnatural hunger to see his armistice-period, his interregnum of peace, slightly prolonged. He demanded an hour or two of pineland quietness be-fore going back for Joan. He would go fishing. He deserved it.

It was not until he had told Rorie of his decision and was selecting his gear that he realized how values could change under the hand of Time. That same over-ample camp-outfit through which he was so im-patiently rummaging for his fishing-tackle had seemed, two days before, a mockery and a deception, a hateful smoke-screen be-hind which he was escaping from his floundering pride. But the clock of misery couldn't always strike twelve. The morn-ing was crystal clear; there was a smell of balsam in the air, and the pools between the silky river-rapids shone sky-blue in the early sunlight. There was no reason, after all, why he couldn't snatch an hour or two of release from the darker enterprises of life.

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"Take me where I can get fish," he

commanded Aurora Mary.

But the girl, as she swung the canoe about and paddled into open water, re-mained singularly quiet and abstracted. Silence was a habit with her in her guide-So remote did she seem, in her oilwork stained khaki and her battered old hat, that Caver twisted about in the canoe-bow and

inspected her with a more studious glance. It was then that he noticed for the first time the worn leather belt about her waist, from which depended on one side a huge hunting-knife with a polished horn handle and on the other side an equally ponder-ous six-shooter, protruding from an abraded cowhide holster that hung flat against her

He smiled at that outfit, in spite of himself. It gave her a touch of wildness which did not go well with the momentary quietness of her eyes.

"Why all the hardware?" he curtly in-

quired. usually wear 'em when I'm bush-kin'," she answered, without pausing

in her paddling. 'For ornament?" he demanded. "F'r use," she quietly retorted,

"You didn't honor me with them yesterhe reminded her.

The provincial police aint crazy about gun-totin' down in a settlement like Duck Landin'," she casually explained. "But up here, you can do as you like?"

"Up here I carry this gun when I damn' please," she averred, swinging forward with a still stronger stroke.

"Any notches in your gun-handle?" he asked with his faintly ironic smile.

"Not yet," she retorted. "But I'm still purty young."

He laughed at that, in his morning lightness of mood, and noticed the firm brown line of her neck where it merged into the muscular square shoulder. into the muscular square shoulder.

"Honest now," he exacted, "could you hit the side of a barn?"

She did not answer him and he was on the point of concluding that she intended to let his taunt go disregarded, when she rested her wet paddle-blade across the canoe-thwart.

see them three yellow water-lily buds

over there in the shallows, side by side under them bulrushes?" she asked.
"Yes, I see them," he acknowledged.
They were three or four times farther than he could cast with a trout-fly.

BEFORE he quite knew what she intended doing, she swung her right hand across her left hip and revolved it hand across her left hip and revolved it in an airy "S"-shaped double-circle. Three reports rang out on the quiet morning air; and Caver, catching at the canoe-side, saw the girl thrusting the bluemetaled revolver-barrel down in its holster

"See 'em now?" she quietly inquired.

He looked, slightly incredulous; but the
tree tiny bulbs of yellow were gone. three

Then he laughed, thinly but appreciatively.
"I fancy we'd better treat you with a trifle more respect," he said as Rorie took

up her paddle again.

But he remained thoughtful as, in the prolific waters to which she piloted him, he experienced the electric thrill of rehe experienced the electric thrill of re-peated strike after strike, fought his minia-ture battles, and landed or lost his fish. Yet the strikes, he began to see, were coming too continuously. The sport thinned and lost its zest. He even failed to react to the tug of a three-pound black bass on his rod. And that, he told himself as he realized his hour had been squeezed dry, was like the younger generation that as he realized his hour had been squeezed dry, was like the younger generation that stood personified in his daughter Joan. Their reach exceeded their grasp. They got things too easily, and tired of them too quickly, and overpromptly craved new hazards and went off in search of new sensations. They considered themselves untrammeled and audacious, but they generally proved themselves to be a page or

trammeled and audacious, but they generally proved themselves to be a page or two late in learning the lesson of life.

"I want you to be good to that girl of mine," he said out of a clear sky.

The young woman in the khaki hunting-suit looked up at him, perplexed by some new note of humility in his voice.

"Eclive sit what they fee fee a rule." "Folks git what they fish for, as a rule,"

was her none too promising reply. "Couldn't you make it a little more generous than that?" he asked, resenting his own abashment before a figure so rough. You see, she hasn't been as lucky as you

"What've I got that she hasn't?" demanded the daughter of the wilderness.

"You've got strength," he found himself saying, "and a superb young body, and the ability to take care of yourself. And life is just opening up for you, in a way, while Joan has pretty well swung through the whole circle."

Flattering as it sounded, it made little impression on her.

"I've mushed over a trail or two she

"I've mushed over a trail or two she mightn't know about," announced the girl with the paddle.

"I know," he acknowledged. "And it makes me feel that if the two of you could

makes me feel that if the two of you could trade places for a while, it might be considerably better for both of you."

He waited for her reaction to that. Whatever it happened to be, however, she kept it to herself. And since petitioning was new to him, his disappointment flowered into sudden acerbity.

"Let's land and have lunch," he commanded. For she was after all mersly the

manded. For she was, after all, merely the chore-girl of a bush camp.

"Where?" she sullenly inquired.

"There, on that flat rock," he ordered,



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with a hand-wave toward the quiet-shad-

owed shore-line.

She frowned, as though in doubt as to the propriety of that particular landing-point, but proceeded to paddle dutifully shoreward.

"We're over deep water here," she cau-tioned him as he reached a hand out to the rounded lip of the rock-shelf.

THAT warning, apparently, touched him into a new impatience, for he rose abruptly and proceeded to step resentfully ashore. But the canoe, dipping under the unexpected weight on its side, veered off and slid from under him. The rounded rock-shoulder gave him nothing to cling to. He went floundering down into the amber-green depths, his world obliterated in a sudden singing rush of water. His head, as he struggled upward, struck the canoe-bottom, and he went down for the canoe-bottom, and he went down for the second time. He seemed destined to remain there, denied the fundamental right of breathing, for a calamitously long time, when he felt himself in the clutch of strong young fingers and a strong young arm

"It's all right," cried Rorie, swimming easily as she towed him about the rock-shoulder into shallow water and as coolly

helped him ashore.

He sat on the warm rock, coughing and spitting, as the girl re-entered the water and retrieved the drifting canoe. Having pulled it up on the shore-gravel, she looked about for her discarded hat and belt, picked them up, and pushed the wet black hair from her brown forehead. Her its sodden under khaki. singularly statuesque. But what most im-pressed Caver, as he sat grateful for the sun that warmed his dripping body, was casualness with which she was accepting it all.

"I suppose you know you saved my life," he said, frowning over the shake in his hands as he bent to unlace his shoes.
"You'd have scrambled out, all right,"

she said as she took off her soggy moc-casins. "About all I did was to save time." casins. But he showed no sympathy for that

stand.

"I couldn't have made it," he proclaimed, blinking down at the rough woolen socks, much-darned and obviously made for male wear, which covered her feet. Deliberately and solemnly, he noticed, she was pulling them off and wringing them -was getting groggy

She stood silent a moment as she buckled on her belt and its pendant weapons.

"You weren't ten feet from shore." "You weren't ten leet from shottered reminded him as she pulled the battered old felt hat down on her wet forehead.

"You most assuredly saved my life." h rsisted. "And when the occasion arises, added with deliberated solemnity, " persisted. intend to see that you do not lose by it.'
But that proclamation produced no promise of the desired effect.

"I guess we'd better git back to camp," she merely suggested. She moved toward him, as though to help him to his feet, but

waved her testily aside.

You seem to set a pretty low figure me and my future," he said as he on me scrambled up.

"How d'you mean?" she demanded, pre-

ceding him to the canoe.
"Saving a life like mine doesn't seem loom very large on your horizon.'

"But I didn't save it," she protested. "An' if I'd landed right, you wouldn't

even have got wet."
"Well, I insist on proclaiming that you did," said Caver as he climbed into the canoe. "And that's something you're going to hear about later."

It seemed neither to interest nor elate

her. She remained silent as she took up the paddle and headed for home, the habitual small frown between her brows. That frown deepened as she rounded the Point and swung into the home waters of Trail-end Camp, for entering the same waters, from the opposite direction, she caught sight of a Peterboro canoe laden with two wardrobe-trunks and a litter of hand-bags. The canoe, she saw, was paddled by two 'breeds from Duck Landing, and between them sat a faced young woman in a vivid orange-colored traveling-coat of camel's hair and an aggressively tilted pastel clocke. Her attitude was that of a voyageur both tired and bored and slightly indignant. And the glance which she directed towards the second canoe was in no wise a conciliatory

When Caver, a moment later, caught sight of the second craft, an exclamation of surprise touched with impatience broke from his lips.

"How'd you get here?" he demanded as drifting canoe came closer. under the tip-tilted clocke took her own time in replying to that question.

I roosted in that slab-sided wooden hotel until I simply couldn't stand it any longer," she announced as she inspected his fishing-tackle with a deliberately hostile eye.

"I told you to wait for me."

"Well, I did wait, until I got sick of it. So while you were amusing yourself in the great open spaces I hired these stalwart heroes and repacked my hope-chest and came up on my own hook. And I trust it isn't in any way interfering with

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your morning's outing!"

He resented the derisive note in her voice, but he compelled himself to ignore ti. He was acutely conscious of the still hostile stare with which that rebellious daughter of his was inspecting the khakiclad figure in the birch-bark canoe. And he wished, as an accumulating sense of climax took possession of him, that the meeting between those strangely diverse young women could have been more propitious. He saw Rorie's discerning dark eyes bent on the vivid-colored figure con-Yet in those dark eyes, oddly fronting her. enough, he detected no trace of antago-

nism. It was more a childlike and silent curiosity touched with bewilderment. "Who is this?" was Joan's curt inquiry. And Caver winced under the inescapable cool impersonality of that query.

"That," he said with unexpected heat,

"is the young woman who has just saved my life."
"From what?" asked the emotionless

girl from the city.

"From a watery grave," averred Caver, coloring a little at the consciousness of an unnecessarily theatrical tinge to his "And what's more, she's the person you'll have to depend on to make you com-fortable here at Trail-end Camp."

His daughter's laugh impressed him as

both unseemly and untimely.
"In your case," suggested the cool-eyed Joan, as she inspected his water-soaked figure, "she doesn't seem to have been eminently successful."
"Then let's hope," retorted Caver, "that

yours terminates more happily."

He was sorry for that, the moment he had said it, for he could see the quick hardening of the hostile young mouth.

And she already seemed depressingly remote from him, from the love and the help he should be proffering her.

SHE turned to her stern-man and motioned for him to push on to the boat-landing. The canoe once more got under way. Aurora Mary kept beside the new-

comers, stroke by meditative stroke, as they moved forward. Yet she was watching the other young woman intently, every mo-ment of the time. She noticed the preoccupied set face as it studied the cluster of white cabins and the clean-floored hol-low between the hills and the orderly piles of stove-wood, even the row of sweetpeas under the main lodge window-sills. But it wasn't until Pancake, scenting their approach, howled forlornly from the shorecrib, that the city girl spoke again.
"Is that a wolf?" she demanded

she demanded of no

one in particular.

"That's my dog," answered Aurora
Mary in her quiet full-throated contralto. "And who's the woodland sylph?" in-quired Joan as she directed her gaze to-ward an incredibly fat and slow-moving old Indian woman engaged in hanging a multi-colored washing along a sagging "Clothes-line.
"That's Kippewa Kate," was the same

"And who's Kippewa Kate?"

"The squaw who'll look after you when you're in camp here," explained the unexpectedly patient Aurora Mary.

"Oh, my own private and personal femme de chambre!" exclaimed the young woman with the insurrectionary eyes. But in those with the insurrectionary eyes. But in those eyes the other woman detected both weari-ness and frustration. And for one of the few times in her life, she determined to keep her temper under control. It was, indeed, Joan's father who was finding it indeed, Joan's father who was finding it hard to hold himself down.

"Money," he sharply reminded her, "won't

"I don't think it ever has bought me much, in any territory!" she exclaimed. Her face remained clouded as she climbed wearily up on the boat-landing. There her restless eye wandered back to the duskyskinned girl in the birch-bark. She seemed to be appraising her as one appraises a fel-low-traveler in unexpectedly cramped quar-ters. "So you're to be my jailer?" she ruminated aloud.

"Not by a damned sight," was Aurora Mary's blunt but in no way antagonistic

answer.

"How modern we are!" murmured the smaller-bodied young woman. like a Park Avenue trooper!" "Cussing

Aurora Mary flushed, but remained silent.
"Let's get this duffel ashore!" exclaimed
Caver, anxious to end an encounter that
bore faint promise of being auspicious.

YET later in the afternoon, when he wandered over to the chintz-hung cabin that was to house Joan, he found the two women in an unexpected armistice of quiet activity, unpacking the bags and trunks that covered the well-scrubbed pine flooring. A new light smoldered in Aurora Mary's eyes as she took up flimsy cobwebs of lace and silk and adjusted them to their A new intentness of manner took hangers. possession of her as she carried toilet articles of ivory and gold to the plain deal dressing-table with the distorting mirror in its frame of lacquered pine-cones.

Caver, as he studied her from the doorway, could see the look of hunger that crept into the Indian-brown face as Joan held a fool-ishly ornate dinner-frock up to the light. It was a tissue of flowing green stippled with silver, and a spangle of rhinestones along its paneled front made it singularly like a mountain waterfall played on by autumnal sunlight. His daughter's gesture, as she shook out the flimsy overdrape, was one of careless disdain. But the woman in the Cree moccasins found her breast heaving in a sigh that was almost audible across the room.

Joan turned to her, her smile remotely

commiserative. "Do you like it?" she asked.



Unusual PL



How to Obtain A Perfect Looking Nose

Intest Improved Model 25 nonehaping applied and a safe and go that will actually a none.

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Aurora Mary gasped, breathing deep.
"It's—it's a dream!"
"Then take it," said Joan, tossing the iridescent folds across a trunk-end. "I'm sick of the thing."

Caver remembered, at the moment, how it was hunger that eventually tamed the creatures of the wild. It was through their desires that the intractable were conwas through trolled. And that hunger need not be al-ways for food. It could be for fripperies and fineries, for freedom and wider fields, for beauty, for love itself. Yet it tamed them in the end, tamed them where oppo-sition and conflict would have left them still fighting and feral.

But Aurora Mary, Caver noticed, was not quick to reach out a hand to the cas-cading green drapery. She had not even cading green drapery. She had not even moved toward that proffered dream. "Don't you want it?" was Joan's sharp

inquiry.
"No."

"But you said you liked it."
"What's that got to do with it?" demanded the other, a new grimness about her mouth.

"Don't you take what you want?"
"Not until I've earned it," was the un-

necessarily gruff-noted reply.

Joan turned and studied her for a moment. Then she laughed, lightly and defensively.

"How unsullied we are!" she said as she brushed the gown aside and bent over the open trunk again. Aurora Mary was not unconscious of the mockery in those muttered words, but for reasons all her own the bush-rat's daughter seemed determined to avoid any surrender to anger.

to avoid any surrender to anger.

It was Joan's father who none too adroitly stepped into the breach.

"I see you two girls are going to hit it off all right," he proclaimed as he advanced into the room.

"What makes you think that?" questioned Joan, bent over her trunk-tray.

"Because you have so much in common," ventured Caver.

"Have we?" queried his daughter as she handed the woman in khaki a photograph in an easel-frame of chased gold. It was the photograph of a man of about thirty, a tanned and sinewed man with honest and humorless eyes and an unexpected promise of laughter about a rather grim mouth. It was an arresting face, the sort of face one looked at for the second time. And Aurora Mary, with her frontier directness, stared at it so openly that a faint current of disquiet flowed through Caver's body.

"Who's that?" he asked with a nod to-ward the easel-frame which the other woman was finally placing on the dressing-

Joan, standing up, turned and looked at

Joan, standing up, turned and looked at the photograph.

"That's my man!" she proclaimed. She said it quietly, and yet she said it challengingly. Caver, as he met his daughter's eye, frowned and remained silent. If some flash of understanding eddied along their insulated wires of silence, Aurora Mary remained unconscious of it, for she stood with frontier directness staring back at the face in the gold frame. in the gold frame.

"Is that your husband?" she bluntly inquired.

Again the wires of silence carried their flash of understanding.

"No," was the unexpectedly grim-noted reply, "but he's going to be!"

Chapter Four

A URORA MARY'S face was grim as she went putt-putt along the quiet shores of the Pakishan. The sunlight fell warm across that winding valley, but the girl in

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the gas-boat felt that summer was over. For already the September-end frosts had turned the hardwood hills into a riot of color, flaming with crimson and gold and garnet. The days were growing shorter; the birds were stealing away; and a sense of completion, vaguely saddening, was taking possession of the pearl-misted northern world.

Much had happened, she remembered, since she had last threaded those lowshadowed waterways. Some imprint of it, indeed, seemed to have attached itself to her, for her face was thinner and more thoughtful, and the once rebellious mouth seemed set in lines more resolute. Yet the brooding face softened as she shut off her engine, and leaning forward, bent inquiringly over a hammocklike contraption of plaited babiche edged with narrow bands of wolf-skin, swung by rawhide thongs from wale to wale of the open boat.

She had fashioned that papoose-cradle with her own hands, and she was proud of it. But she gave it scant thought as she turned back the edges of a slate-gray blanket, peered intently into the little cavern of security between the wolf-skin edgings, and dropped satisfied back to her edgings, and dropped satisfied oak to he iller-seat. The earlier look of preoccupation returned to her eyes as she studied the shore-line and picked up the familiar landmarks above Duck Landing. She nursed a sense, as she rounded the river-bend and came in sight of the lonely boatdock, of history repeating itself. For on that timber-crib, as she drew closer, she could once more discern the mackintoshed figure of John Caver. He was waiting for her, as he had waited for her over four long months before. But time, she could see, had also put its imprint on him, for the pallid face seemed grayer and more deeply lined. She could detect the anxiety in his eyes as she swung into the untidy tamarack wharf-crib, just as she could decipher the unworded apprehension in his glance as he stood studying her own silent face.

He did not speak, however, until he had passed his hand-bags down to her and clambered none too steadily into the bow of the boat.

"Everything all right?" he asked. He tried to speak casually, but there was an unexpected quaver in his voice.
"Everything's all right," she assured him in her quiet contralto. She even forced a

smile, to make his assurance doubly sure, for she still nursed, in spite of everything, a stubborn liking for the man. She even felt a little sorry for him. But he impressed her as less opulent-looking than ever before.

A new, high-hearted, care-free story of college life-three "students' and a cored, a dean of men and a dean of women—in an early number. It is by Bernard De Voto, who wrote "Front Page Ellen," and is entitled (after the words of the dean of women):

"THIS MUST NEVER GET OUT"

"And Joan?" he asked, dropping his eyes. "She couldn't be doin' better," was "She couldn't be doin' better," was Aurora Mary's mercifully mendacious answer. "She's sittin' up now, eatin' hearty an' takin' sunbaths in a camp-chair."

AVER took a deep breath and looked

off along the shadowed shoreline.

"She had rather an awful time of it?"
he half-questioned and half-proclaimed.

"It was pretty awful," acknowledged the grim-eyed Aurora Mary.

Her passenger winced and looked away

"I should have been up here, of course," he resumed, finding it none too easy to go "But that appendix of mine went on strike and had to come out. I was on my back in that hospital for three solid weeks. And there was no one to send."
"I know," explained the girl in the boat-

rn. "I got your diff'rent messages."
"And the other things?" he inquired,

able to meet her eyes once more. "Everything came through all right," she

listlessly acknowledged.

He apparently wanted to put other questions to her, but found it no easy matter to articulate them. He looked at her, frowning heavily, as she leaned forward and stared into the papoose-frame of oddly plaited deerskin thongs.

She thought, for a moment, that he would move toward her and share in that inspection. She assumed, when he failed to do this, that he would in some way refer to the small passenger swinging between But he avoided the subject, almost timorously. The light in his eyes was even a stricken one. He was, in fact, pointedly studying her own rough figure. She wore, over her old hunting-suit, an incredibly worn and ragged raincoat that hung about her in a pauperizing shroud of tatters. And he seemed to resent her raggedness. "You say those things came up all right?"

he reneated.

She nodded assent, intent on picking her

course through the channel. "You don't seem to have made much use of them."

She frowned over that, apparently not following his line of thought.

"There wasn't anybody round here could set up the radio," she explained. "An' Joe said the phonograph made her kind o' homesick for the Silver Slipper. She asked

me to call her Joe."

"I mean the things I sent up for you,"

Caver amended.

"I couldn't use 'em," said the girl in the ragged rain-coat. Why not?"

"I hadn't earned 'em."
"I guess the Cavers," he said with an unpremeditated head-nod towards the "mould still." babiche hammock amidships, be owing you something." "would still

That prompted her to lean again, and bend low over the wolf-fringed cradle-swing. Her face, from stooping, took on an almost Indian bronze-red tone. "He's a great little kid," she proclaimed. "Not one whimper out o' him from Trail End to Duck Landin'!"

The note of pride in her voice nettled Caver.

Caver.

You're-er-looking after him?" guardedly inquired, with a vague gesture

"Abso-lutely!" was the unabashedly prompt reply. Yet he knew, even before she spoke, that the heart of a mother beat in her body.

"And you're not unwilling to?" he pur-

"I love "im!" was her full-throated an-ver, not without a note of fierceness. "But his mother—surely—"

Caver let the sentence go unfinished. He sat depressed by a sense of inadequacy, of



blunderings and hesitations where he should

have been open and honest.

"Joe had a hard time of it. a hard time of it she didn't want to see him. There was only of Kippewa Kate an' me there, an' we couldn't help much. An' when she got over wantin' to die, she seemed too weak to show much interest."

Caver closed his eyes. And little more was said until they swung in to Trail-end Camp, where Caver caught sight of a thinfaced figure sitting in the slanting autumnal sunlight. She was wrapped in rugs, and she reminded him of a passenger on a liner's deck. It was only the black-faced husky, lying at her feet, that moved as they approached.

A URORA MARY, for reasons of her own, left father and daughter to-She was quietly sterilizing a row of round-bottomed bottles when, an hour later, Caver somewhat irresolutely joined her.

"Joan tells me you've been taking care of this child as though it were your own," he began, discomfited by her overdirect gaze. But she ventured no reply to that statement.

"She says," pursued Caver, "that you'd rather like to keep him."

He was, for the second time, depressed by a sense of inadequacy, of too closely

bargaining with destiny.
"I'd like "im," assert asserted Aurora There was something elemental, he felt, in her singleness of purpose uncomplicated by tugs and counter-tugs of civilization. And he wondered, as he stared down at her moccasined feet, at the wolf-skin on floor, at the abraded old bellows-concertina that lay beside a tattered mail-order catalogue, just what this thing called civilization would do to her. But he was remembering, the next moment, how much he himself would have to do for her.

You said once," he reminded her, "that you'd like to go to the city, to learn city ways and have what other women have." She stood silent and shadowy-eyed before

She had no intention, apparently, of

helping him along.

"You'll forgive me: for telling you, I take it," he laboriously pursued, "that I've a million or two that doesn't seem to have made me any happier than other men. Money, once you've got it, doesn't appear to count much. But what I want you to remember is that four months ago you saved my life. And for that, now I'm able to, I intend to see that you are adequately rewarded."

That was nothin'," she protested.

"And-

But he cut her short. "And quite beyond that, there are a few other things for which Cavers have to balance up your ledger of life. It's coming to you, Aurora Mary, and you can't escape it. The only thing is, I'd like to know where we stand and how we can work it out."

A little of the color faded from her dusky face as she sat down on a campchair made of elk-antlers.

"You mean tnat?" she asked, with the earlier crusading light momentarily gone

from her eyes. "I do," he he asserted, slightly abashed at his own secret emotion. "And on this oc-casion any promises I make will be kept." The solemn and cloudy eyes were still

studying his face.

"Will you take me into your own home?" she slowly exacted.

If he hesitated, it was only for a mo-

"I will," he proclaimed.
"An' keep me there until I've a chance to better myself an' make myself into some-thing you wouldn't be ashamed of?"
"And not only keep you there," he added

with a belated small tingle of enthusiasm, contrive to have you get the best teaching and tutoring that can be got in all America

"I was thinkin' more about my boy," she

Still again the elemental simplicity of the woman astounded him.
"Your boy?" he echoed.
"Aint he mine?" she den

she demanded. "Aint somebody got to mother that poor little unwanted toad?"

"Of course," agreed Caver, trying to keep an absurd and altogether unexpected lump out of his throat. He was remembering, at the moment, his own daughter's recent and mercilessly "I've paid my price, and now I'm through with it." with

"Of course," repeated Caver, compelling himself to calmness, "he's yours. He should belong to somebody who loves him.
that love, Aurora Mary, will prowill probably make you richer than you imagine."

THERE was a tremolo in his voice which he could no longer control. even reached out for her hand, her brown and toil-hardened hand, and took it in his own, as though a compact were being sealed between them. And his confusion deep-ened as he saw an answering flame of friendliness break through the fixed moroseness of her gaze. She had, after all, had very little to love in her life. And she would be true to her trust. He could even see the great breath that tightened the faded khaki across the Artemis-like breasts still lunar with youth. She was uncouth, but in her own way she was superbat least, in her own setting. was, of course, asking for the impossible. Tutors and teachers could never make her And her childlike faith in the city over. And her childlike faith in the city would soon come a cropper. But she was entitled to her illusions. She might even surprise him, he amended as he studied the rapt brown face with the pioneering light in the wide-set eyes, for she possessed what the other women of her age seemed so forlornly without, ardency, in-tensity, a passionate singleness of purpose. "It will take some time," she was warn-

she was warn-

"It will take some time," she was warning him, "to git me civilized complete."

"The longer the better," he could afford to assure her. He even smiled a little at her solemnity, for he was conscious, as he glanced out the window to where Joan basked motionless and remote in the autumnal sunlight, of the lessening of more than one load that day. "And what's more, I propose to accept you as one of my fam-I propose to accept you as one of my family, as such legally and officially."

William Slavens McNutt brings to you a real character in Sharkey Tyler, race-track tout and tipster. His situation is (at the outset) desperate; his way of meeting it, inimitable. Every step of the way is humorous. Read, in an early number,

"FRONT"

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

He was not unconscious of the harder light that crept into her eyes.

"Then since we're talkin' musquash," she ventured, "I s'pose this could all be put down in writin'?"

"Of course," he agreed, though he wasn't quite sure what talking musquash meant. But she didn't, apparently, entirely trust

him as yet.

"An' when you or your womenfolks want me out o' camp, I'll be told so open an' honest?"

His laughter, over that, was brittle and ended abruptly. It was, he saw, the shadow of her own sex, the women of his housethat prompted her distrust.

"Our womenfolks, all things considered, are a trifle too much in your debt not to

remember it."

HE wanted to say more, since she had given him the awaited opening, but he noticed that she was no longer listening to him. She was listening, instead, to the listening hoarse barking of her husky dog down by the boat-landing.
"What is it?" asked Caver, following her

into the open.
"It's Bill Little-Beaver," she answered over her shoulder. "He must 'a' paddled up after us from Duck Landin'." A lean half-breed in checkered shirt and

A lean hair-oreed in checkered shirt and corduroy trousers was pulling a much-patched birch-bark up on the shore. He advanced irresolutely, stopped, and stared wonderingly about. It wasn't until he caught sight of Aurora Mary that he moved forward again.

Joan, for some reason, laughed openly from under her west that unborsis forms.

from under her rugs at that unheroic figure. He had little of what one could look for in a courier-de-bois. But from his hand Aurora Mary had taken a soiled and crumpled envelope, over which she stood frown-

ing long and intently.

"It's for you," she finally announced, handing the sweat-dampened message to Caver. And he, with a flash of annoyance, took it and opened it, as Bill Little-Beaver caught sight of the portly Kippewa

Kate and sagaciously drifted kitchenward. It was Joan, once more settled back in her rugs, who glanced about at Caver's

small throat-sound of dismay.
"What is it?" she demanded.

"It's Somer," he answered, without look-g up from his yellow-sheeted message. ing up from his yellow-sneeted through "What about him?" was the sharp-noted

inquiry.
"It's a "It's a night-letter from Gail," Caver said, speaking as quietly as he could. "The Bear Lake operator must have sent it up to Duck Landing. It—" Duck Landing. It-

"What about Allan?" interrupted the overtense girl in the chair.

"Gail says that he's on his way up here. He got no letters and no word for two months, nearly, and he seems to be so worried about it all that he's insisting on digging you out."

"Oh, God!" gasped the girl in the enmuffling rugs.

muffling rugs.

manded her father.

Caver's unhappy eyes met Aurora Mary's. But her glance, he found, remained as noncommittal as a shuttered window. "I can't see him!" the other woman was

crying. "I wont! I daren't-yet!" "Then what are you going to do?" de-

JOAN threw off her burdening rugs and J rose to her feet with unexpected vigor. "I'll get out of here."

"Perhaps we can head him off," Caver

"You don't know Allan," was the grim-noted retort. "When would he get here?" Caver reconsidered the telegram. "To-morrow, apparently."

Joan swung about on Aurora Mary.
"Isn't there some other way of getting

out of this camp," she demanded, "of get-ting down to where the railway is?"

She colored a trifle under Aurora Mary's

stimative glance, but her mouth remained firm. And Aurora Mary, Caver noticed, was still keeping the shutters closed across window of her soul.

"You could go out by Indian River and the Little Waubigo," the wilderness girl was explaining, "an' by portagin' back to the Kokomis, you could hit the steel at Mashagon Falls. goin' by canoe." But it's three days' hard

That consideration, however, Joan waved

promptly aside.

promptly aside.

"Who could take us?" she demanded.

"Us?" repeated Aurora Mary, a sudden cloud shadowing her face. It made Caver think of a wild animal with its young unexpectedly threatened.

"My father and me," answered Joan.

she even smiled, mirthlessly, as her gaze met and locked with that of the other woman. Yet it was a moment or two before that other woman, breathing deep,

could speak with the quietness she wished.
"You couldn't git a better man than
Bill Little-Beaver," she answered in a slightly deadened voice.

It was Caver who spoke next. "But what good will that do?"
"I can't see Allan," was the tight-lipped

"But what's to be said to the man? Whatever his feelings may be about you, he's not altogether a fool."
"Neither am I," retorted Joan.
"Then just what word, under the cir-

cumstances, do you propose leaving for

That all depends on Rorie."

"Why on Rorie?"

"Because she'll have to explain to him how the spot cleared up on my lungs and how I left for home, or what's even better, for three weeks at Pinehurst."
"But is that fair to her?" demanded

Caver.

"It's as fair as I can afford to be, at a time like this." Caver winced at the half-weary shrug from his own daughter. It said so much,

"But have you stopped to think just what you're running away from?"
"Rorie and I understand each other," was Joan's abrupt reply. "We both know what want.

Caver, as he stared at the two oddly verse figures, battled against a belated diverse figures, Datted against a bluverse sense of frustration. Women, after all, were eternally incomprehensible to him. But he remembered, as a man of the world, that the absconder seldom found absolution in flight.

THAT mist of perplexity touched with apprehension still hung over him apprehension still hung over him when, after his hour of hurried packing, he saw Joan step into the room where Aurora Mary was stooping over the outlandish swing-cradle of plaited deerskin. But Joan, he noticed with an involuntary tightening of the throat, did not once look down at the papoose-frame so gently swung from side to side by the intent brown hand.

"And you're going to see this through?"
she challenged, her hard young eyes fixed
on the abstracted Indian-brown face.
"Yes," was the quiet yet determined

was the quiet yet determined answer. "You'll-you'll have to lie for me," ex-

acted Joan.
"I know," answered Aurora Mary
"And you will?" demanded the otl demanded the other. "Till hell freezes over," proclaimed the

girl in the smoke-stained hunting-suit. The next installment of this engrossing novel by the distinguished author of "The Prairie Wife" will appear in the forthcoming January issue.



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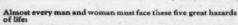
ABIES and old people are life's widest contrast and life's closest comparison. The younger they are and the older they are the more they need our love and care. For the helpless baby it is a sunny world. There is always someone ready to wait on him, to take care of him. Whether he laughs or whether he cries, the world smiles on him and tries to anticipate his every need.

But it is a gray, cheerless world for the tired, brave old soul who fails to get the care and waiting on and the affection she hungers for. And charity, when clumsily bestowed, stings almost as much as neglect. A big business man said recently: "I think the saddest sights in the world are the old people whose relatives regard them as burdens-especially when they realize the situation. I think it is fine to build churches and take care of babies and the growing boys and girls, but every dollar I can afford to give away goes to the old people. Sometimes I pay their rent and keep homes together, and sometimes I provide little comforts when their homes are broken up."

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to the unemployed.

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